LIFE AT A NORTHERN UNIVERSITY

NEIL N. MACLEAN.

Life at a Northern University

BY

NEIL N. MACLEAN, M.A.

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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ILLUSTRATIONS

NEIL N. MACLEAN - - - - - - *Frontispiece*

KING'S COLLEGE, SHOWING THE PIAZZA - *Facing page* 25

PROFESSOR DAVID THOMSON - - - „ 39

THE DEBATING ROOM (MATHEMATICAL CLASSROOM) - - - - - - „ 83

PROFESSOR GEORGE FERGUSON - - „ 96

COLLEGE BOUNDS - - - - - - „ 186

KING'S COLLEGE BEFORE 1860 - - - „ 280

(From a Painting by Sam Bough, A.R.S.A.)

KING'S COLLEGE CROWN - - - - „ 336

OLD ABERDEEN

I stood on the bridge at midnight
As the clocks were striking the hour.
—*Longfellow.*

Unchanged, yet changing! Fifty years have fled
And left but little of the scene he drew
When, in the long past days that now are sped,
In silent, drowsy streets the green grass grew.
Here still the river wanders to the view,
The ear yet catches echoes that are lent
Of breaking surf upon the bar, and new
With old familiar memories are blent,
As now, 'twixt twelve and one, the north wind tears the bent.

He trod the streets of strangers: but to me
"Scenes that are brightest" then abide so still;
Change if on every side around I see,
To-night, in dreaming fancy, I can fill
The scene again, and recreate at will
That older day the heart far lovelier feels,
Of lowing kine in lanes, of flowers, until
I catch—ere came trams, motors, cycles, wheels—
Your lilacs all in bloom and far-flung Marechal Niels.

W.K.L.

INTRODUCTION

"Quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita."

—Horace: Sat. II., i., 32-4.

"It was many and many a year ago
In a kingdom by the sea."

—Poe.

DURING the last week of October in 1853, when the days were visibly shortening and the leaves in the Chanonry were falling with a browner shade, the following notice from the Aberdeen papers would lie on the tables of the teachers all along the North, conveying the important information about the number of vacant bursaries to be competed for at the ensuing Competition—

The Annual Competition for Bursaries will be held in King's College, as usual, on the last Monday of October, at Nine o'clock, A.M. Of the Twenty Bursaries to be disposed of on this occasion, there will be one of the annual value of £30, one of £20, one of £18, one of £17, one of £16, two of £15, two of £14, two of £13, three of £12, and six of inferior value.

Candidates for these Bursaries are required to bring with them Certificates of their age, signed by the Ministers and Session-Clerks of their respective Parishes, as four of the above Bursaries (viz., two upon the foundation of the late Dr. Hutton, of Deptford, and one upon the foundation of the late Dr. Simpson, of Worcester), can only be given to Young Men,

natives of the British Empire, who have attained fourteen years of age.

Candidates for the Macpherson Bursary will lodge their testimonials—including one from a Gaelic Minister as to their knowledge of the Gaelic Language—with the Secretary, on or before the last Monday of October, and be present, on that and the following days, at the Public Competition, when the Bursary will be assigned to the most distinguished Competitor.

Presentation Bursars entering the Greek Class will be examined on Thursday, the 3rd of November, at Ten A.M.

All Candidates for Bursaries and all presented Bursars will, in addition to the usual examination in Latin, be required to Translate and Analyze a Passage in Greek, selected from the First Book of Xenophon's Anabasis.

All Candidates for the Degree of A.M. entering the 3rd and 4th Classes, and all actual Bursars, will be examined on Thursday, 3rd November, and following days, on the Greek and Latin subjects prescribed at the end of last Session; and all the Bursars entering the 3rd and 4th Classes will be examined on the same days, on the subjects taught during the last Session, Greek and Latin excepted.

At the close of the Session, there will be given Two Simpson Prizes of £60 each—one to the best Mathematical Scholar, the other to the best Greek Scholar, they being regular Students in the Fourth Class.

The Lectures on the History and Principles of the Civil Law, as a Branch of General Education, will be commenced on Saturday, the 12th of November, at Half-past Ten o'clock, A.M. Magistrands will be allowed to attend gratis.

DAVID THOMSON, Secretary.

King's College, Aberdeen,
Sept. 12, 1853.

As the last Monday in October drew near—from time immemorial the day of the Bursary Competition at King's College—a little more stir than usual would be visible in the streets of the ancient burgh. The beating of carpets in back gardens, and a general air of alacrity in the female population, betokened to the initiated that the long summer torpor had come to an end, and that the somewhat

subdued life of evening small talk and cards among the landladies and old maids—in whom, I understand, Old Aberdeen still proudly maintains an unbroken record—was giving place to the more arduous duties of a new session. The few shops in Don Street, High Street, and College Bounds, by the greater attention to the dressing of the windows, indicated that supplies were being taken in, while the pipeclay on the door-steps and the sand in the entries and on the stair-heads all in turn bore witness to the advent of new and old faces to the silent streets; for the time was now at hand when, as Principal Sir William Geddes used to say, the tribes were setting their faces to go up to Shiloh to inaugurate another Northern Olympiad. The few politicians about the door of the post-office would have heard confused rumours about the trouble in store for the Aberdeen Cabinet, for, on the 1st of November, the Czar Nicholas declared war on Turkey, and the question was eagerly debated whether hostilities would extend to our shores, or if Lord Palmerston would remain firm in his attitude.

But in the provinces the one topic of absorbing interest was, with teachers and parents, the Bursary Competition, and so, in Peterhead, the scene of our story opens with the conversation between the parish schoolmaster and his more promising scholars, who were looking forward with common anxiety to that all-important ordeal.

The author himself, in his book, has dwelt so fully on the Competition, and illustrated in such loving detail its history and working in the North of Scotland, that little here can be added, and that little is, I fear, perfectly superfluous to the initiated. In the Notes will be found some archæological and

historical illustrations of the system, but it may be well to remind the general reader that, until very recent days, nothing parallel to what the Aberdonian understands by the idea of a Bursary Competition has existed at the other three seats. Any biography of an academic worthy in the North cannot long avoid dwelling on the point, and its influence on the subsequent career of its subject, but the reader will search in vain the lives of distinguished graduates elsewhere for this feature. We are all fully acquainted with the school and university days of such men as Leyden, Carlyle, Livingstone, and Principal Cairns—to select but a few out of the large number that will readily occur to the memory of everyone—and nothing in the faintest degree is shown to indicate that an educational aid, such as for centuries had been familiar to every Aberdonian, lay within the reach of such men. Leyden, indeed, in the "Scenes of Infancy," where he describes leaving "my father's old abode" for Edinburgh, in a passage quite analogous to that of our author's quiting Peterhead for Aberdeen, never thinks of such a thing; and even Carlyle, in his legacy of bursaries to Edinburgh, dwells on it in a way that seems to indicate his own unfamiliarity with a procedure that with us would have been settled at once, by the testator's simply leaving it to be added to the general bursary fund of the University. Scott has occasion to deal with the four Universities through well-known characters in his novels. He has described in "Guy Mannering," the Glasgow days of Dominie Sampson, and has dwelt with exquisite local colour on Nanty Ewart, in "Redgauntlet," "at the head of the highest stair in the Covenant Close" of Edinburgh. Twice he deals with St. Andrews, through the course of Reuben Butler in the "Heart

of Midlothian," and of Triptolemus Yellowley in "The Pirate." In none of them did it occur to Scott to mention the point, but when he introduces his great figure of Dugald Dalgetty the novelist's eye for local colour at once seizes on the familiar word.[1]

Some slight aids to learning doubtless had long existed at the other seats, though they were more analogous to what the Aberdonian understands by presentation bursaries, but nothing parallel to the Bursary Competition was in operation, so that when our author speaks of the last Monday in October as having been looked forward to from time immemorial as an important date in the year, he is no less historically correct than accurate in seizing a situation unfamiliar to the rest of Scotland. The greater area from which Aberdeen draws her recruits also contributed to the eagerness with which the event was annually expected. From the Orkneys to Aberdeen, from the town itself to a district stretching far southward, every parent and every teacher had become acquainted with the procedure. "The Scots University, affording a very inexpensive education, is never a luxury. It is a positive necessity of life. It is the quickest way by which a youth may hope to 'get on' and occupy a better position in the world than his father did before him. Many a boy of the same social status, if born in Lancashire, would undoubtedly graduate in a cotton factory; in Wales he might go down a mine; and in a hundred towns he would enter some branch of the Civil Service. In Scotland a university lies within reach, and to that end his whole young life is bended.

[1] "The former quality [of eating very fast] he had acquired while he filled a place at the *bursar's* table at the Mareschal College of Aberdeen."—"Legend of Montrose," ch. v.

The question, indeed, is mainly a financial one after all. It is necessary to get a bursary."[1]

From its foundation Aberdeen has been rooted in Latin. The first Principal of King's College, Hector Boece, had written Latin with great ease and grace, and his note as a humanist of the Renaissance is seen clearly in his command of a correct prose style. The "Musa Latina Aberdonensis"[2] shows that Latin as a literary medium had long been familiar to scholars, so that it is but natural that out of the four great Scottish Latinists commemorated in the window of King's College—Buchanan, Arthur Johnston, Ruddiman, and Melvin—three should belong to us. Something, too, there may be in the clear-cut lines of the tongue that suits the northern type of mind, eminently hard and practical, and it is this Latin touch and vein that Scott has seen to be a characteristic of his inimitable creation. Such a note would be quite inaccurately applied to St. Andrews or to Edinburgh, while its ascription to Glasgow would be perfectly meaningless, through the depressing teaching in the Western Isles and elsewhere that for so long has coloured, and yet prejudicially affects, the standard of that University. Inspectors of Schools transferred from the northern counties to the South lament the change of educational atmosphere as comparable only to an exchange of light for darkness. The teachers, all along the line, had been trained in this excellent medium, so that the nexus of direct communication between the parish schools remained unbroken. Somewhat addicted they may have been to the methods of

[1] "Aurora Borealis Academica: Aberdeen University Appreciations, 1860–1889." Aberdeen, 1899. P. 382.

[2] Vol. I, 1892; Vol. II, 1895. Edited by Sir W. D. Geddes for the New Spalding Club.

Orbilius and to the use of snuff—and all Melvin's men modelled themselves so carefully on that great teacher as to take to snuff as an essential part of their calling—but a very creditable knowledge of Latin prevailed over the entire area from which students were drawn. I can recall with pleasure how at the Grammar School in my time the dictation of an old version by Melvin—full of that scholar's recondite reading about Denys Lambin, Forcellini the lexicographer, and the early days of George Buchanan and the struggles of his mother, Agnes Heriot—would bring out among the boys old copies in books belonging to their former masters. I can see yet the faded and yellow pages, often redolent of peat reek, showing that in remote parishes and in "the lone sheiling of the misty island" the writers, who long ago had formed their boyish style of penmanship on the beautiful model of Melvin itself and that of Professor Patrick Forbes, based in turn on poet Beattie's,[1] still retained the tincture of their early Latin training. Here am I, after one hundred and fifty years, still reproducing the handwriting of the author of "The Minstrel." Many of the old parochial teachers and others,[2] many of them now forgotten *vate quia carent sacro*, all faithful builders of the edifice and system of to-day, deserve to be held in kindly remembrance, and one of them is drawn for us by the author in his book.

[1] See Principal Sir William Geddes in "Alma Mater" for Jan. 10, 1900, p. 96.

[2] "I would associate with his memory [Dr. Anderson, of the Aberdeen Gymnasium] that of many another good dominie whom you, readers of these pages, will remember in your hearts, when I consecrate to it the loving lament of the humble Eumæus over his lost lord—'Never shall I find so kind a master, . . . he loved me greatly and had care for me in his heart.'—'Odyssey,' xiv. 138-147." "Meminisse Juvat." By Alexander Shewan. 1905. P. 72.

A few words, then, fall here to be added on master and pupil. The former was James Lyall, an alumnus of Marischal College, the parish teacher of Peterhead, who held office for thirty-four years, and established for himself an excellent record, dying suddenly of apoplexy on November 16, 1875, and resting, as his tombstone at Peterhead says, "from the days of well-sustained labour." He produced an able succession of scholars, and took himself seriously as a Latinist, turning the Inspector under the Dick Bequest out of the school after a debate on the functions of *si* and *qui* with the subjunctive, and preferring to miss the grant from that source rather than to recognise what he considered official ignorance. His pupil, Neil Nathaniel Maclean, was a native of Peterhead, and entered, as he has described it for us, the Bajan session in 1853. By engaging in teaching, to assist him during his course, he prolonged his curriculum in Arts, and graduated M.A. on April 7, 1859. After acting as a classical master in a school at Greenock, he erected buildings in Hartlepool for a high-class institution, which he kept for five or six years. He had purchased a Young Ladies' Institute and Boarding Establishment at Devon Bank, near Glasgow, to which he was about to transfer himself, when he died suddenly at West Hartlepool, on May 17, 1873, aged 38 years. He had been a contributor to "Chambers's Journal" and other magazines, and written a book that received an appreciative notice from Carlyle.[1] He had bestowed great care on the preparation of his "Life at a Northern University," "many anxious

[1] "Memoirs of Marshal Keith, with a Sketch of the Keith Family." By a Peterheadian. Peterhead: David Scott. Aberdeen: Robert Walker. 1869.

hours were spent over it,"[1] and the Notes will attest the perfect accuracy and veracity of it all. If the outsider wishes to obtain a true knowledge of the actual life at the time, it is to Maclean's book that he must turn, and not to the absurd caricatures in "a Babylonish dialect," unknown to any Aberdonian, which have been set forth by Dr. George MacDonald. His apologists have dwelt much on his Celtic glamour, but in Aberdeen no great respect has ever been shown to the theological jargon and spurious speech of "Alec Forbes" and "Robert Falconer." Neil Maclean, by his comparatively unknown book, has deserved well of King's College, nor can I doubt that its reissue on this occasion will serve to make known to a wider circle its sterling merits and the memories he has so faithfully preserved of his class-fellows and their "golden prime."

The Aberdeen which he entered in 1853 was a city of about 72,000 inhabitants. The railway system was still in an undeveloped state in the North, so that Old Aberdeen at least preserved an air of general aloofness from the outside world. It had a Corporation of its own. The Provost was Professor George Ferguson; the Town Clerk, George Grub, afterwards Professor of Law; while among the merchant councillors were Professors Andrew Fyfe, Hercules Scott, and David Thomson. Of the baillies of the burgh in 1854 one yet survives.[2] The place was quite remote from the new town and preserved its separate feelings, its distinct college, and a town's drummer. As I fondly recall it, it cannot better be described than in the words of a distinguished

[1] "Free Press," May 24, 1873, copied from notice in the "Middlesborough Gazette."

[2] Dr. R. L. Polson, M.D. 1847; 2 Chanonry, 1854–1906.

historian and alumnus of Marischal College.[1] How far it is changed to-day, the graduates returning this year, after long absence abroad, will decide.

"If ever any man," he writes, "should wish to find himself in the last century, to be for a while in the midst of the things, the people, and the manners of a hundred years ago, let him go to the village of Old Aberdeen. There, as he stalks through the quiet, straggling streets, unroused by the sound of the rattling car or the hum of commerce, he may see the old ivy-covered houses, sticking their *gavel* ends into the pathway—with the little pigeon-hole windows prettily painted green, crow steps at the ends, and moss-covered flag-stones on the roofs. There he may see tall, sturdy, weather-beaten old men, with broad bonnets, knee-breeches, and huge, red velveteen waistcoats reaching almost to the knees; old women with high-topped *mutches*, sitting on huge stones at their doors, knitting the stocking; and, perhaps, some stately old lady of eighty winters, whose high-heeled shoes, as they clatter on the empty pavement, are faintly re-echoed by the tread of the old footman, who slinks obsequiously behind her. There he may see the grave students wandering about in their *red* gowns, and the professors stalking to their classes in their *black*. And, finally, the place is famous for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of its young ladies, whose pianos the stranger may hear gently struck, through the honeysuckle of some open window, as he saunters about in some fine, sultry summer evening, in the Cathedral Churchyard or the College Square."

All that, of course, concerns us here is the question of the double existence of King's College

[1] John Hill Burton, M.A., Mar. Coll., 1829, in "Tait's Magazine" for May, 1833.

and Marischal College. The first had been founded in 1494 by Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen, under the authority of a Papal bull obtained at the instance of James IV; the second had been established in 1593 by George Keith, Earl Marischal.[1] They were united and fused as one University by Act of Parliament, on and after September 15, 1860. The University takes rank among the Universities of Scotland from the date of the foundation of the University and King's College—1494. Whether the foundation of Marischal College was after all a misfortune, through the splitting of the educational resources of the North, need not be considered here. The town of Aberdeen boasted that it had two Universities and that the whole of England had no more. The detailed history of both colleges must be studied elsewhere, and of recent years the issues of the New Spalding Club and the annotated "Fasti" have put before the graduates a more elaborate account of the University than is available for the illustration of the other three Scottish seats of learning.

One hardly knows even yet how to touch upon the Fusion of the Colleges. There are still many graduates to whom the question opens up memories of a painful nature, when the strained relations among the students were such as to prevent any general intercourse of a friendly nature, so that one feels that even at this late date he is walking

"per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso."

[1] "William's father, a man always venerable to me, had founded Marischal College, Aberdeen,—where for a few, in these stern granite Countries, the Diviner Pursuits are still possible (thank God and this Keith) on frugal oatmeal."—*Carlyle*. For Carlyle's letter in 1850, and again in 1859, over being proposed as Lord Rector of Marischal College, see pp. 359 and 362 of "Rectorial Addresses delivered in the Universities of Aberdeen, 1835–1900," edited by P. J. Anderson. 1902.

Charles Lamb said that all his life he had been trying to like Scotsmen, but had to give up the attempt in despair. This represents my own feeling for the younger foundation, and it would be affectation in me to pretend to any other attitude, born within the ancient burgh itself and cradled in the views—or prejudices, if you will—of the time. Whatever different views may have been held on other questions by women, all were then unanimous in the conviction that Madeline Smith, of the celebrated Angelier poisoning case, that convulsed Scotland and eclipsed the gaiety and harmony of families, should have been hanged; while all men were equally anchored in the invincible and complacent opinion that Marischal College was a futility. Then, as during the last Commission, there was a lack of clear educational horizon and far-sighted men, so that to many graduates of to-day it has ever appeared obvious that the claims of the Arts Faculty have been unjustly overlooked in the recent extension of the Medical School. The embers of the old controversy may be said to be extinct, but one comes upon curious old survivals of feeling from the past. I had occasion lately to read the account of a meeting of King's College graduates, held in Edinburgh at the time of the Fusion, when the controversy was at its height. They spoke with no uncertain note, and in a rare and breezy style. McLennan,[1] the well-known author and pioneer in the unfamiliar

[1] John F. McLennan, Hutton and Simpson Mathematical Prizeman, M.A. 1849, LL.D. 1874. Author of "Primitive Marriage" (1865), etc. "It was from McLennan that Smith first derived the pregnant idea of the value of the *comparative* method as applied to the investigation of primitive society and religion, a method which he was to work out in later years with brilliant results."—Dr. J. F. White, on Prof. W. R. Smith, in "Aurora Borealis," p. 191.

studies of totemism and the matriarchal theory, while anxious to find some palliating circumstances for Marischal College, had yet to confess that he had never known a good man, in the educational sense, produced there. But the Attorney-General of Greece[1] evoked the enthusiasm of the meeting by his vigorous and impassioned style, and by awakening a chord familiar in many a distant meeting of the Debating Society. He was, he said, the oldest graduate there present, and his earthly time was short; but it was possible for some of his hearers, in their travels by the Ilissus or on the Plains of Marathon, to see a lonely grave with the inscription that there beneath lay a graduate of King's College, whose boast had been that through life he had been ever faithful to her best traditions, and would never, at its close, consent to the step that would link her fortunes to those of Marischal—no, he would not add "College." I know not if that lonely grave exists, but I feel sure that the very thought of it as a possibility in the landscape must materially add to the feelings with which Aberdonians repeat the lines of Byron on the mountains that look on Marathon and the sea.

The curious reader will find below some references to pamphlets[2] of that stirring time, but I shall here content myself with the selection of two views. All will recognise in the first extract the fine Roman

[1] Edward Masson, M.A. 1824; Secretary to Lord Dundonald, High Admiral of Greece; Professor of Greek, Belfast; Attorney-General at Athens; author of "Philhellenica" (Edinburgh, 1852), etc.

[2] "Has Marischal College the Power of Conferring Degrees in Divinity, Law, and Medicine?" David Thomson, 1850. "The Right to Confer Degrees Vindicated." By Thomas Clark, Aberdeen, 1853. "Notes on the Foundation and History of Marischal College." By Professor William Martin. 1849.

hand of a well-known and loyal burgher of Bon-Accord.[1]

"Many citizens of Aberdeen felt, as Mr. Forsyth felt when he wrote 'The Midnicht Meetin',' and not without reasons did they entertain his feelings. They had from their own pockets raised a large sum in aid of rebuilding the college—many of them had been educated there, and their sons and grandsons were at that very time being educated at Marischal College, well and cheaply. The new buildings—the designs of a popular local architect—were by many esteemed highly. To many the thought was unbearable that those buildings were destined to become only Medical and other class-rooms for that single University with which in future they were to be blessed. No longer was Aberdeen, like England, to joy in the possession of *two* Universities. The angry critics of that day failed to see, in the closing of the gates of their University, anything else than a process by which they were to

Lythe the Aulton brose,
An' mak' the Aulton parritch thicker,
An' gar the yill ream roun' their nose
Twa inch or mair abune the bicker."

But the higher claims of the future were cogently set forth by Professor David Thomson of King's College, following the lines of his predecessor in the chair, John Fleming. Wider views than the necessities of Broad Street fortunately prevailed. "The point which caused the bitterest feeling," writes his biographer, "and the sharpest division of opinion, was the question of the distribution of the faculties, when fused, between the two colleges, or rather, simply the site of the Arts classes. He contended strenu-

[1] "Selections from the Writings of William Forsyth." Aberdeen, 1882. Prefatory Note by Dean of Guild Alexander Walker.

ously that, while Medicine and Law *must*, for obvious reasons, have their home in Marischal College, Arts *ought* to go to King's; because to place Arts also at Marischal would be practically to extinguish King's—an act of intolerable injustice to the older institution, the owner of the larger endowments. But whatever side men take on such questions as these, there are certain services rendered by Professor Thomson at that time which will be acknowledged by all. When many convinced Fusionists wavered, and, influenced by the clamour around them, would have accepted half-measures, Professor Thomson performed a service of the highest value when, with unflinching firmness and courage he held his ground, and contended that there should be complete fusion or none at all. To have united the Faculties of Divinity, Medicine, and Law, and left two rival Faculties of Arts, one at King's and one at Marischal College, would have been a lame and impotent conclusion indeed. Moreover, from the financial point of view it would have been wasteful. That such a thing was prevented was due in large measure to the firm attitude and powerful arguments of Professor Thomson."[1]

In looking back over that distant day of the old curriculum of King's College, yet to me in many ways nearer than my own period in the united University, I am sure that I anticipate the unanimous decision of the graduates when I say that one man stands out head and shoulders above his colleagues, and ranks chief in the memories of the generation before and even after the Fusion. This is the Sub-Principal of King's College.[2] As to him,

[1] In "Aurora Borealis," pp. 79, 80.

[2] David Thomson, Professor of Natural Philosophy, 1845–1880.

there has been ever only one opinion. Unloved, unpopular he doubtless was, and remained so to the last. He never courted popularity, but his services both in a business and educational capacity were great. Coming with a higher degree and a wider experience than had before been known, he simply found it impossible to continue the standard with which his colleagues had been contented. He set himself deliberately to raise it. Those who saw him only at the close of his day could naturally not fully appreciate the work he had done, but those who know his pre-eminent business qualities in the Senatus, and the course of steady advance in his subject, are unanimous in regarding Thomson as the true and second founder of King's College. His pupils must ever regret a certain coldness and caustic wit that seem inseparable from their conception of the man, for every anecdote and trait they recall is found to be tinged with that quality. There was no doubt a softer side, and the same biographer assures his readers that "his kindliness, geniality, racy wit, and wide accomplishments made his company delightful at home and in society." A little of these graces could well have been expended on the class. Thomson's bust in the library but feebly recalls his services. The Fusion is his best and truest memorial.

With him rises the inseparable figure of his Mathematical colleague, Frederick Fuller.[1] To the older generation the word seems almost cold and strange in such a form. For them he ever must remain "Freddy," and no missing word competition among them will ever be needed to supply the fitting designation. He was in the chair ere I was born, and when I reflect that he has taught Lord Kelvin and myself, I humbly submit that something in the

[1] Professor of Mathematics, 1851–1878; LL.D. 1883.

direction of the Absolute and Infinite has at last been reached. He still survives, the last link with the old staff of King's College, rich in "that which should accompany old age, in troops of friends," and in the affectionate regard of every one of his numerous pupils for one of the most successful occupants of a chair in a Scottish University.

Latin is so fully dealt with by the writer of the book that no more need be said on George Ferguson.[1] His may have been a narrow routine, but he did his work accurately and well. I quote in the Notes the testimony of Cosmo Innes and Professor Barker; and so I pass from "George"—a familiar name to me as a child, the hero of the book as it were, and a great figure with the past generation. Greek had long been unfortunate. Professor "Habe" Macpherson knew little, and his teaching by deputy was an unfortunate and dangerous practice. His immediate successor was equally incompetent, the Reverend Peter Colin Campbell. He had in the Disruption dislocation been elected from Canada to the parish of Caputh in Perthshire, from which in 1854 he was translated to the Chair of Greek. His best students saw his deficiencies only too clearly, and his elevation to the Principalship in 1855 proved the salvation of the subject. The Chair of Moral Philosophy had, under Hercules Scott,[2] tried or been compelled to combine the functions of four—Moral Philosophy, Logic, Christian Evidences, and, at least for one period, English Literature and Composition. Such a course of study could only have been superficial, and during the period before us, from 1854 to 1860, his lectures were read by his

[1] Last of the "Humanists" of King's College, 1847–1860.

[2] M.A., Mar. Coll., 1812; Professor of Moral Philosophy, 1821–1860.

substitute, John Fyfe,[1] afterwards the University Librarian and Professor of Moral Philosophy from 1876 to 1894. Chemistry was taught by Professor Andrew Fyfe. The Divinity Professors,[2] Andrew Scott and Robert Macpherson, are fully dealt with elsewhere.

The course of study then pursued at King's College was limited to Arts and Divinity. Medical classes were held elsewhere, and the curriculum will be found in the Notes. The general course was no doubt narrow, yet it produced good results, so that the pre-Fusion generation seems to have had nothing to fear from the present. Over all the North Melvin reigned supreme, and his beneficial influence is seen fully in the novel. The outlook of the graduates was limited to the pulpit and the parish schools, and, through the attendance of school-masters on Divinity classes, the numbers of that Faculty would, towards 1860, rise to as many as a hundred. There were no vacancies in the Indian Civil Service, the English Universities were but little known, and the Ferguson Scholarship had not been founded.

As a result of this and of the closer intimacy among the students, not to speak of the hostility of feeling separating them from Marischal College, there was generated a greater feeling of loyalty than now exists. The gown was *de rigueur* with all. The majority of the students lived in, or near to Old Aberdeen, while to-day, I believe, few are to be found there, and I am informed that they are chiefly to be sought

[1] For this vital figure in the history of the University, see the article in "Aurora Borealis." A window in the Library perpetuates the memory of "Johnny," which can fade only with the last of his Magistrands.

[2] In "Aurora Borealis." By Principal Sir William Geddes and Rev. Dr. Donald.

for in the region of Mount Street and Watson Street. With this dilution of life and feeling there cannot obviously exist the same bonds that in the period under our notice united the students with the building,

> "Linked to the story and aim of the Crown,
> Bound by unbreakable tie." [1]

For what the City of the Seven Hills was to the Roman, the City of the Violet Crown to the Athenian, what "the familiar Arno and the dome of Brunelleschi" were to the Florentine, the Crown of King's College was to the Fusion race, and the feeling is faithfully recorded in the book. The students of to-day are quite unfamiliar with the Old Town, and not one in five hundred could tell the "Needle's E'e" from the Art Gallery. This is in later life a great loss to the subtler feelings of association. It may with myself be the partiality of the native that recalls with particular pleasure the drowsy and hot-baked streets in summer about the Town-house, and the screaming of the seagulls about twelve o'clock at night at the Preventive Station, "the noises of the Northern Sea," "the water lapping on the crag," the unforgettable smell of sea-weed, the league-long roller on the beach,

> "And the long glories of the winter moon."

I have seen five university cities. I am familiar, more than most can be, with the country described in Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis" and the "Scholar Gipsy," "the wintry ridge of the Hinkseys," and the

> Lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
> Where at her open door the housewife darns.

I have seen the cheerless acreage of Buchanan Street and Sauchiehall Street, stood on the Calton

[1] "Alma Mater," 14th February, 1900.

Hill at night—the scene so much admired by Stevenson—and walked by the moon over the Links of St. Andrews. And, in associations at least, I feel that I have nothing to regret.

In the life depicted in the novel there is one omission that can hardly fail to be noticed by the reader. There is no account of a Rectorial Election. The last Rector of King's College, John Inglis, did give his address,[1] on October 14, 1857, in the hall of the college, but so utterly was this an event of interest only to graduates that Maclean has not thought it necessary even to chronicle the existence of such an official, though I am told that Lockhart was busy over the election of Colonel Sykes at Marischal College. For many years the office had been reduced to a nullity, and the original purpose and system of voting set aside. In 1855, to quieten the feeling rising over the necessity of academic reform, the graduates were allowed to elect the Rector. On October 15, 1856, they voted in the old Nations of King's College—Mar, Moray, Angus, and Lothian. The Rector, Lord Ellesmere, was elected for four years, but his death, in 1857, necessitated a fresh choice. This fell on Inglis, the graduates voting *per capita* and not *per gentes*, so completely was the statutory method of election ignored and disregarded.[2]

"*Singula anni præcdantur euntes.*" The graduates returning to the scenes of their youth will scarcely know the surroundings of King's College. What Maclean describes as "those shady lanes that are to be found in such numbers scattered about the outskirts of this old University town" he will now seek

[1] "Rectorial Addresses, 1835-1900." *v.s.*, pp. 92-106.

[2] "Lord Rectors of the University of Aberdeen." By J. M. Bulloch, M.A. Aberdeen, 1890. P. 23.

for in vain. I myself have failed to find many. Streets occupy their sites, and Orchard Lane has become unrecognisable and a misnomer. The 'bus and the tram run along places where the coach to the North or the cackle of some vagrant hen alone woke the echoes. The railway at Kittybrewster will seem strange to many, and a new town has practically usurped the green fields in that quarter. The feeling of remoteness has for ever passed away. But if the exile walks the High Street late at night he will feel that two things yet remain. "Two voices are there, one is of the sea" and the other is of the Crown. These abide, with the loss of much of its surroundings, to console those who, like Jonathan Monkbarns in the "Antiquary," feel they are getting "old and somedele gray."

In reading this work of Maclean, where the past is so faithfully depicted and so lovingly recalled, I am sure that many will feel young again. The possession in common with others of such memories and such links with the past is one of the best prerogatives of the Arts classes. "It is well," says Professor David Masson,[1] "that among the customs of university life there should be some that, if they have no other purpose, should at least be the means of accumulating, in extra abundance of particular points, reminiscences of fun for future years." In recalling those days they may confess that with them indeed the years unrevoked have run their wonted course, but they will also agree

"Time has but half succeeded in his theft"

when they can dwell with pleasure on the days that are gone. There is always something to be suspected

[1] M.A. 1839, Mar. Coll.; LL.D. 1864. See "Macmillan's Magazine," February, 1864.

of those that cannot so revisit the glimpses of the moon in their youth, and have never heard the chimes at midnight. The real possessors of the true feeling can assure themselves of being in good company. "I know nothing," writes his friend, Mr. Charles Baxter, "would have gladdened Stevenson's heart more than the idea that his name should be held in affection by the magnificent raw stuff of which our Scottish students are composed. He loved the life, was *of* them, with them, and no happier hours were ever passed than in the recalling of our old student-days' escapades. His name is recorded in the police books, for he passed the bar as defendant in one of the snowball riots. This he and I always considered a niche in the temple of fame."[1]

The older generation was nothing if not convivial. I fear there was a good deal of drinking about. Many of the students came from country districts where such customs were prevalent, and something must be allowed to the common life and its influence in promoting convivial ways—"that appalling element of gregariousness," as the Chicago belle said to the post-graduate student at Vassar, "which one does *so* deprecate in the surroundings of the modern hotel." "In an earlier day," writes Mr. Bulloch,[2] "I am told that he practised conviviality as a fine art. The Tree of Knowledge was replaced at regular intervals by the Lemon Tree, and Bursary Night was celebrated at Pegler's with something of the enthusiasm of the old English hunting squire. But by the eighties the student world had begun to wear a new face. Bands of Hope and Mr. Murphy had talked

[1] "Scottish Students' Song Book." Edition de luxe, 1897, p. 356.

[2] "Aurora Borealis," p. 387.

to the young generation not in vain; and even a Temperance Society[1] had sprung up. Bursary Night was almost a tradition, and, again, the Bajans' 'Supper' had ceased to engage the attention of the police." No one need regret the passing of that element. It was being sapped and mined in my own time, and it was at last suppressed by the advent of the University Magazine, "Alma Mater," that invaluable legacy of the 1880–84 Arts class, the ablest that has yet passed through the gates, which has accomplished for the intellectual and social welfare of the student more than has been effected by all the Commissions that have ever met. Cosmo Innes was of the opinion that in some form or another the residential system should be revived, and with an influential section of graduates this idea has long been present. Enough and more than enough has been sunk in stone and lime in Broad Street, and the claims of King's College have been unwarrantably neglected. No benefactor could more effectively raise the tone and standard than by the purchase of such a block of buildings as would revive the old inside residence which ceased in 1825, and which in every newly-founded university is recognised as an integral part of its existence. Under the present chaotic system of individual classes the old ties are fading and the feeling belonging to a definite "year" is gone. In such circumstances no new university novel could be written, for the author would find no life to describe and no emotions to revive.

The student of to-day is amply—the Old Brigade may think, too amply—provided for in the way of amusements. The Cinderella was then known as "the Lobby," described in the work and in

[1] Instituted in 1882.

the Notes. The institution had to be suppressed when the dancers took to taking in porter as a refreshment. The Choral Society, instituted in 1875, had a faint analogue in the Psalmody Class, meeting in King's College and sometimes reaching a hundred members. "The meetings," writes its conductor,[1] "were evidently a pleasing variety to the graver studies of the University, and the members entered into its work with real earnestness, so much so, indeed, that I sometimes had a fear lest my prepared outline of lesson-matter would run out: everything in the preliminary stages—scales, tones, transpositions—being so speedily comprehended. But to master the 'parts' of psalm tunes was the chiefest joy. How the fresh young voices—Highland and Lowland—used to ring forth the tenor and bass, particularly when the stalwart figure of venerable Principal Colin Campbell would appear for a brief hearing, or we got a kindly look in and quiet smile from the patron of the class—tall, not-easily-fathomed Professor David Thomson."

What memories cling round the old theatre in Marischal Street, closed in 1873! I never was in it, but every graduate retains in his mind some chosen story. It could hardly be said to be aristocratic, or even reputably middle class in tone, though they certainly gave you the worth of your money, and would mount a triple bill in good style. The company was stock, and the audience mostly of a pit and gallery type, everyone being on perfectly easy terms of acquaintance with his neighbours. The corner men at the end of the gallery took themselves seriously as students of the legitimate drama. It was not safe at times to lower the footlights when

[1] "Reporting Reminiscences." By W. Carnie. Aberdeen, 1902. P. 167.

the audience was in a mood of primitive facetiousness, as interpellation and gag of a free and fescennine vein would come from the gallery. The "gods" constituted themselves the patrons of the moral law, and, in the language of the playbill, reserved to themselves the right of withholding admission. A whisper would run round the house that its decorum had been infringed, and that the Seventh Commandment was in danger from intruders. Then you saw the gallery rise to a sense of the moral trust confided to it. A gradual murmur, swelling to a shout, would shake the pit and fulmine over the boxes. "First," said my informant, dropping into the vernacular and lingering lovingly over the words, as if he sought to prolong the rapture of the recollection, "it begood wi' a laich 'heet-teet,'[1] syne it m'untit up to a perfec' collieshangie, an' afore ye could hae said 'Jeck Robi'son' the hoose wis up." Then peace would be restored, either by the hurried flight of the offending fair or by the sacrifice of some blameless Iphigenia. But this, added my authority reassuringly, did not often happen, as the virtuous indignation of the "celestials"—"*tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!*"—if apt at times to assume a frenzied tone, was ever found to be accompanied with exact knowledge of the particular circumstances.

At the time of the book the lessee was Mrs. Pollock, and among the favourite actors was Barry Sullivan, so well and long known to a later generation. In 1854 he played, with great acceptance, the part of Claude Melnotte in Bulwer Lytton's "Lady of Lyons," and another favourite cast was his

[1] *Anglice*—"Commenced with a subdued 'hoity-toity'!" *Latine*—"Primo incertum gliscebat murmur, mox dissoni clamores, donec citius dicto atrox exarsit spectantium mugitus."

Master Walter in "The Hunchback" of Sheridan Knowles[1] to the Julia of Mrs. Pollock. I recollect, about 1883, a notice in the cage at King's that, owing to the visit of Barry Sullivan, a meeting of one of the societies would not take place—the first occurrence, I fancy, of Students' Nights at the theatre. At a little later date Mr. Edward Price, in turn the lessee, was intimate with many students at King's College, and visited them in College Bounds. It may be new to many to learn that Miss Braddon, the queen of the circulating library and author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc., appeared as an actress in the old theatre, and she is remembered for "the lovely head of hair in wavy rings" that entranced her student admirers. In one of her books she even describes two of her characters as "tall, raw-boned, sandy-haired, red-complexioned youths, fresh from some unpronounceable village north of Aberdeen." I fear all this goes to show that the sighs of our artless academic Romeos from Botriphnie, Monquhitter, Ordiquhill, and other melodious hamlets, were spent in vain. I understand bouquets are now officially tendered to the prima donna. The following letter to the editors of *Alma Mater* will show Miss Braddon has not forgotten the past:[2]

"Well do I remember," she writes, "a long, snowy winter in your noble city. It was the dreadful winter of the Crimean War, and Marischal Street was a frozen slope, almost impossible for horses and very difficult for pedestrians; and the sleigh-bells used to enliven that splendid thorough-

[1] In the "Life of Knowles," by his son, in 1872, limited to twenty-five copies, it is stated that Knowles held a Medical degree from Aberdeen, but no corroboration can be had from the official records.

[2] "Alma Mater," July 3, 1901.

fare, Union Street, and the country road beyond. I was very young at the time[1] and a passionate admirer of Byron, and the knowledge that his childhood had been spent in your city gave a special charm to the place. My almost daily walk with my mother, who had taught me to love her favourite poet, was to 'Balgownie's Brig's black wa',' and I can remember, as if it were yesterday, the long, level road between the stone-walled fields."

But the chief amusement was the Debating Society. The debates that from 1848 to 1860 occupied our fathers and grandfathers are naturally somewhat different from those in the present day, just as the place is itself altered. The 1848 session opens with the rules and a happy pen-and-ink sketch of King's College, by the Rev. Dr. Joass of Golspie, which shows with perfect accuracy the cows grazing in University Road, quite close to the now demolished buildings. The debates appear session after session as hardy annuals. You find Total Abstinence (never carried), the Abolition of Gaelic, of Capital Punishment; the Influence of Burns, of the Stage, National Education; Classics *v.* Mathematics, Savage *v.* Civilized Life, The Claims of Britain and America in the War of Independence. Lord Rosebery, the old Lord Rector, will rejoice that the stock subject of Cromwell never finds the Protector defeated—perhaps the memories of the Tower, where the Society met, and its foundation by the Oliverian Principal of 1658, John Row, kept them sound. The Slave Trade, Free Trade *v.* Protection, exercised them greatly. Mr. Birrell says the characters of Henry VIII and of Mary Queen of Scots will be with us as long as the schoolmaster. Along with Charles I they both turn up as stock subjects of debate, but never as

[1] 17 years. B. 1837.

favourite characters. Chartism was in the air—hence the Franchise, Electorial [*sic*] Districts, and Paid Members find eager discussion. But Female Suffrage—or Women's Rights in any form—never appears, and the excited "Suffragette" had not yet appeared to mob Prime Ministers. Questions about the Fusion of the Colleges are always rejected "by a large majority."

The meetings were held on Friday evenings, and lasted from six to eight o'clock. There was no syllabus, but the subjects for debate, together with the openers and the speakers, were selected in advance at the preceding meeting. The opener and the replier were allowed twenty minutes each, the other speakers ten each. The descriptive touches are few, and the tone severely formal and earnest. Medical students were not admitted, though some favour was shown to those attending Professor Andrew Fyfe's Chemistry Class. Some little points I shall dwell upon, selecting known names, while I draw discreetly a veil over the noisy—those that spoke out of their turn, were warned but persisted, and were expelled. The motion was first carried to "turn him out"; then, that the offender be expelled the Society; and, finally, that this be entered in the minutes. Sometimes the member would bow to the storm and appeal for mercy to the shorn lamb; others would, like a defiant Irish M.P., shake the dust off their feet, and demand that their names be erased from the list. Evidently all this was more formal and orderly than in the days after 1860, when the increase of numbers through the Fusion introduced a freer and more lively style of debate and of manners.

The end of the session seems ever to have awakened tender feelings. In one year it is merely

stated that "expressions of sorrow at parting from the Society" were dropped by the Magistrands. In 1853 this has warmed up into "pathetic speeches," and tears from Magistrands, "fain to linger longer in the academic grove." Who shall say, after that, that the Aberdonian is like his native granite and has no soul! "Talk not of tears," as Mrs. Hemans says, "till ye have seen the tears of"—the Magistrands of old.

Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent, was as a Bajan an active member. He is found to fail, however, in convincing the Society about the merits of Queen Mary in the Darnley affair, and the advantages of Phrenology. "The debate was interrupted by a circumstance," says the secretary, "that at first threatened to leave a stain on the Society." A wag, a daring and bold Bajan, had handed to the President a communication, purporting to be from a member present, indicating an intention to speak. It turned out to be a hoax—a forgery! For a Bajan then to hoax a Magistrand was as grave a sin as high treason, levying war against, or conspiring to take the life of, the sovereign. Expulsion was at once demanded. The joker, whose address shows he lodged with Archie, pleaded for mercy. He authorized Forbes to "confess for him"—I am informed authoritatively that the hoax was perpetrated by Archie himself—and speak for him. This was done, but a motion for severity was proposed and carried —31 to 18—by Sir James Stirling.[1]

Burns and his influence they often debated, and once Professor Black[2] is found doubting the bard. I remember his recantation early in the 1873 Bajan

[1] M.A., King's Coll., 1855; Senior Wrangler 1860; LL.D. 1887.

[2] M.A., King's Coll., 1855; Professor of Humanity, 1868-81.

year. He had quoted the last verses of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," when a foolish Gymnasium boy scraped his disapproval. The Professor hotly said there was a snob in the class, as Professor Martin used to say that there was a liar in his. Sir David Stewart (M.A. 1855), scenting from afar Kruger and Protection, is found justifying the relegation of Napoleon to St. Helena, and taking part in the old favourite of Total Abstinence. A motion made that evening that there be no meeting next Friday, to give members an opportunity of hearing "Mr. Gough, the famous total abstinence orator," was simply thrown out by a show of hands.

Peter Fender, so familiar in the book, proposes that all speakers take the floor; but the amendment was carried that this be recommended but not imperative. They condemned the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Crown Prince of Prussia, demanded the raising of the standard for degrees, and ominously refer the thinness of a meeting to its being Bursary night. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" at the close of a session dates from February 26, 1858. Ossian first crops up in the Bajan year of Dr. Whyte,[1] of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, who is found supporting Cromwell. A joker that perpetrated an "outrage" by setting a cracker to the door escaped detection from a commission empowered to track him. Up to 1864 they met in King's College, either in the Mathematical classroom—Professor Fuller's, the lowest in the Tower—or in the "old" Moral Philosophy room. The Fusion brought in the New Town. The motion for removal thither was carried, though opposed by Professor Minto, a most active delegate, member, and president.

[1] M.A. 1862. In Orchard Cottage, 1858-9; 45 Spital, 1859-60. Moderator, 1898.

Large was their bounty, and their soul sincere. The voting away of the surplus funds of one or two pounds created great interest. In 1848 it went to the "relief of the families of seamen during the late storm at Peterhead." Other recipients are the Royal Infirmary, the Female School of Industry, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, the Missionary Associations of the two colleges—the only link of union between the two rival foundations—the Florence Nightingale Testimonial Fund, the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, and the liquidation of the college debt (against the Wallace Memorial Fund). In 1853 there is a finely descriptive entry. By "an overwhelming majority" it went to "Uncle Tom's Penny Offering." "The proposal was received with loud expressions of enthusiasm, and the vote was accompanied by tremendous shouts in praise of Mrs. Stowe's admirable work, while the mention of American slavery was met by outbursts of blasting indignation." But such a pitch of moral exaltation is difficult to sustain, and in February, 1860, virtue has fallen. The funds went "to be expended on a supper party." Let us hide the decline decently, and not draw their frailties from their dread abode. The men of the pre-Fusion King's College, with its older ways, had passed for ever.

A Bajan then had no solace for home-sickness in the weekly paper from home. For the session he had retired to a desert place, and was emphatically "off the main." Home supplies reached him either by the carriers congregating at George Allan's stables, in Gerrard Street, or by the various coaches —the "Marquis of Huntly," the "Defiance," the "Earl of Fife," "Lord Forbes," etc.—that had their general terminus at Robertson's Royal Hotel, in Union Street. If you came from America or India

there was an embargo on Cupid or the Fifth Commandment in the shape of a shilling and one and tenpence for each letter. And posting was posting then. The printed regulations instructed you that "the most effectual plan is to dip the stamp wholly in water, to shake the water off immediately, and to press it upon the letter with a piece of clean blotting paper." This was "to counteract the tendency it has to curl up from the letter when one side only is wetted." So you took the value of your trouble. Now postcards seem sapping filial affection by the obsolescence of the long family letter, in which the mother was anxious to know "if ye wis wearin' yer linder," and the father chronicled the parochial small beer, "hoping this will find you well, as it leaves us—thank God—at present." Outside news was vague. Maclean seems untouched by the Crimean War and the Mutiny. The "Journal" of the time—when newspapers were dearer—circulated in two or three copies up all Donside by rotation, so that the lists of the old 93rd—the "Thin Red Line" men—were thumbed into tatters ere the paper reached the last eager expectant at Kildrummy.[1]

There was no "Students' Song Book," and nothing in the way of social reunions. When classes separated they did so for ever, with no chance of seeing one another again. One class, however—that of 1856-60—is engaged in the production of its "Record," and its early appearance this year will fitly mark the link of the pre-Fusion period to the Quatercentenary of the University. The great song of the time, which has survived only

[1] "I have seen, during the Peninsular War, Captain Leith, a very tall man, standing on the top of a cask at the mouth of Adelphi Court, reading the news of a battle to several hundred people"—"Selections from William Forsyth." Aberdeen, 1882. *v.s.*, p. 182.

in name, was the theatrical ditty of "Fare You Well, my own Mary Ann."[1] The Crimean War had largely revived Bayly's "I'll hang my Harp on a Willow Tree," and it was then firmly believed, in spite of chronology, that it referred to an early love affair of the Queen. "Old Bob Ridley"—Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voices!—and Charles Mackay's "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" woke the echoes at night, the last having been written to commemorate the finding of gold, in 1851, in Australia, and sung by the troops in the trenches of the Crimea. The first crop of the darkie melodies—untainted by the music halls—was in the mouths of all, and Foster's "Old Dog Tray," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Cheer up, Sam," "Nancy Till" ("She lies high and dry on the Ohio"), "Old Folks at Home" (chap. xxix) were heard everywhere. The sentimentalists had "O, Steer my Bark to Erin's Isle!" which I have never heard since, "The Rose of Allandale," and Dempster's "Doubting Heart." I know not if the decidedly more strident and vulgar airs of the present are in any form an improvement.

The first edition of this book, issued in 1874 at Glasgow by Marr & Sons, was unrevised by its author, whose death had occurred before the proof-sheets were ready. It was disfigured accordingly by many grave orthographical mutinies and errors in proper names. These have here been silently cor-

[1] Among "the changes of this age that fleeting time procureth," as Minstrel Burne says, we must reckon the disappearance of this delectable ditty, the "Bluebell" and "Bom-Bombay" of an earlier day. *O tempus, edax rerum!* A later generation will remember how, in 1873, "The Little Bunch of Roses" ("In her hair she wears a white camellia") seriously disorganized the Bajans, and threatened to imperil the decorous restraint of the Magistrands.

rected, while mottoes have been added to the chapters and pages. In all other respects the book is issued unaltered.

I have to thank Mr. John Grant, 31 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh, for permission to make use of his copyright in the work. Other debts are acknowledged in the Notes. To the Rev. J. A. Sutor, M.A. 1862,[1] I am especially indebted for local colour in particulars, while his personal acquaintance with the deceased author of the book and with all the characters mentioned by name in it has been found invaluable in many ways. I would also desire to associate peculiarly Mr. P. J. Anderson, M.A. 1872, the University Librarian, with the production of the book. *Virgilium vidi tantum.* I had the fortune once to see Mr. Gladstone, but it was in such a situation as the great leader himself would have esteemed most fitting. It was at the top of Oriel Lane, in Oxford, when he was taking, in February, 1890, his last look of the University. He stood so long and looked so earnestly on the surroundings as to be quite oblivious to the respectful salutations of the passers-by. I stood at his elbow and watched him. Some nights before at the Union, amid great enthusiasm, he had used the words that Mr. Morley preserves in his "Life."[2] "There is not a man that has passed through this great and famous University that can say with more truth than I can say, 'I love her from the bottom of my heart.'" These words I would fain here apply to us both.

As I close this introduction a letter reaches me from an old classfellow, who writes to me from a

[1] Mr. Sutor, with whom a rich store of academic memories was preserved, has died [7 August, 1906] as these sheets are passing through the press.

[2] "Life of Gladstone." Book I, chap. iii.

remote corner of New South Wales, "in sight of the waves of the Pacific." He says they have there no snow and no east winds as in Aberdeen, while the geranium grows to the size of a whin bush in the open air, and has only to be planted to take care of itself. After five-and-twenty years he is still full of the Crown and Tower. I trust he is the type of many into whose hands this book may fall. Little was done to promote any feeling of loyalty in the academic "Old Guard," and how much that feeling will avail the present generation is a question that must be left for the future to decide.

WM. KEITH LEASK.

Aberdeen, May 25, 1906.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

No books are read with greater avidity and pleasure than those relating to college life. Rich and poor, educated and uneducated, alike take an interest in those institutions which are the pride and boast of our country.

Singularly enough, with the exception of some works of George MacDonald, almost nothing has been written concerning student life at our northern colleges. And yet this has an interest as great, and in many cases is more instructive, than student life in the great universities of the South. As the best crops are obtained from virgin soil, as the real character of a people may be best learned by mingling among its peasantry, so the best idea of the craving in the Scottish mind for learning may be found in the classrooms of these northern universities. Comparatively poor, they open their doors to the poor as well as to the rich, exact from them no badge of servitude, place them on the same benches as their more fortunate companions, and value them for their scholarship, and for that alone. Liberty,

equality, fraternity, in their best sense, was their motto, but if all we hear be true this is fast passing away. The adoration of wealth (the great sin and curse of the present generation) has taken root and flourishes even here, and good scholarship becomes subordinate to it. Alas, "'tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true!"

In the works of George MacDonald we understand —for we have purposely abstained from reading them as yet—that he deals with individual characters, not with students in the aggregate. Now, what we have endeavoured to portray in the following pages is the life of students in a mass: their hard grinding, their wild vagaries, their drinking parties, and their practical jokes. If it should be complained that the first appears far more seldom than the others, it has to be remembered that the frolics of our youth seem to stick to our memories, and afford us pleasure in after years, while the daily routine of life presents none of those salient points on which memory loves to hang her "shadowy recollections." If you happen to meet two old college "chums," and listen to their recital of the past, you will find that it will consist principally of those wild pranks which are common to the heyday of youth.

Our great object in this work has been to show that the poor man can by his talents and perseverance command a place for himself in the literary world equal to the best in the land. To obtain this he has, however, to exercise great self-denial, and live upon what to an English mechanic would be absolute starvation. But

to the man who has resolved to rise in the world these are but minor considerations which trouble him very little, being but the means to an end. He will endure any privation, and do almost any work, provided it will help him forward in the march of improvement. Distinguished students have been found acting as "gillies" on the Highland moors during the summer recess; attending as golf-club carriers or professional golfers on the links of their university town; going a voyage to Greenland or Davis Strait when the funds became low; in fact, doing anything that would recruit their purses and their libraries. And to see what a number of these have risen to fame, and left a name of which their country is proud, let the incredulous reader take up any book of eminent Scotsmen, and run through it, noting down the names as he goes along. If we mistake not, he will be as much surprised as we were at the number of those, particularly from the counties north of the Dee, who rose from the ranks, gained a bursary, and consequently a university education, and now live in the annals of their country.

To the Messrs. Chambers we have to return our best thanks for their kindness in allowing us to reproduce the greater part of our article entitled, "University Life in the North of Scotland," which appeared in their excellent Journal for May, 1872. The curious reader we would refer to that paper for some interesting information regarding the *living* among students, which could not be very well introduced into this work.

Hoping that none will be offended at the liberties which may have been taken with certain august personages, we send the book forth into the world, trusting that others may derive as much pleasure in its perusal as we have had in its composition.

TO

MY OLD COLLEGE CHUMS

AS

A REMINISCENCE OF OUR GOLDEN PRIME

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR

CHAPTER I

There's an old University town
  Between the Don and the Dee,
Looking over the grey sand dunes,
  Looking out on the cold North Sea.

—Dr. Walter C. Smith,
M.A., Mar. Coll., 1841.

"THIS wull never dee. If ye're gaun to cairry aff the first bursary at the Competition, and be a week's won'er, ye'll need to gie ower makin' sic things as maxies. A maxie's jist as sure to spoil ye as gin ye had never been there. Nae that a version wi' maxies hisna got the first bursary afore noo, for I could show ye the version o' a first bursar wi' sax o' them in't, and as mony medies as wid mak' a gweed mony mair. Bit that wis a while ago. And yet there's nae tellin' fat may happen noo, for, atween oor twa sel's, the folk at the college are nae great sticks o' judges o' versions. I could pick oot fifty schoolmaisters for ae professor that kens better aboot them. Bit that's maybe because it's their business. Bit, as I wis sayin', maxies winna dee ava. Ye maun gie ower makin' them, for they are nae profit to onybody, maist ava to the folk that mak' them. And, look here, there's *ignis*, feminine; noo, everybody kens it's masculine. *Ignis fatuus—ignis fatuus*, man! Fat's up wi' us? Remember that, for gin I see the like again I'll begin to think that ye are yersel' a *ignis fatuus*."

Such were the remarks made by my schoolmaster one day in sunny September as I stood at his desk, after the dismissal of the other scholars, and had my version examined. I had been unfortunate that forenoon—whether owing to the fine day, and the thoughts it engendered of green hedges and waving cornfields ripe for the sickle, or whether from my own obtuseness, I cannot say, but this at least was certain, I had incurred his displeasure by making a number of foolish errors. Spite of this he was in evident good humour and rather garrulous, for he had thrown aside his usual reserve, and seemed determined to give me a lecture on my future course with regard to versions. At all times he was a very considerate, kind master, particularly to anyone in whom he saw energy and a determination to work at his favourite classics. With these he would exercise all the powers of his stored mind, and work for hours after the other scholars were dismissed.

His great delight was to prepare boys for college and the annual Competition; and if other branches of study were somewhat neglected for these, one could hardly blame him when the results were so good. A thorough classical education gave to the scholar such a knowledge of his own language as he could not acquire by any other means; and, besides, put in his way a college education, which, according to him, was the *ne plus ultra* of everyone's existence. Whenever he found a clever boy he would turn his studies in the direction of the classics, and if his parents would not or could not pay for his education, he would teach him free, assured that he would soon obtain his reward by his gaining a bursary at the annual Competition. Once thus far on the way, he left him to push himself forward, certain that with this groundwork laid he was able to raise a super-

structure which would be a credit to himself and all connected with him.

No one ever gloried more than he did in a good scholar, watched more closely his efforts to succeed, and gave more willingly a helping hand over the stumbling-blocks that came in his way. An ardent lover, as we have said, of the classics, he thought no man could arrive at any eminence without a knowledge of them, and that therefore it was the duty of everyone to become acquainted with them. He had a sovereign contempt for all mere money-makers and dancing-masters, and often referred to the seemingly curious anomaly in life—that the "master of heel and toe," as he was facetiously called, should be paid for his three months' "jumping" more than he got for the whole year in instructing them in what was to guide them through life. He was himself a splendid classical scholar, and wonderful stories were related regarding his success at school and college, which were in the main true. That he was fitted to fill a much higher position everyone knew, but, like many another schoolmaster, he remained contented with his lot, happy if he had only two or three young men, or rather boys, to prepare for college. With these he would work, as we have said, long after school hours, pointing out errors, praising their successful efforts, placing before them for their imitation some niceties of his favourite languages, and giving them words of encouragement when encountering difficulties, which were of immense service to them in after years.

In school he was rather original in his system, and very different from the stuck-up specimens now sent out from our normal seminaries. An excellent musician, he generally kept a flageolet, tin whistle, or such-like instrument in his desk, and when the

work was hard and he and his scholars began to flag, it was no uncommon thing for him to jump into the desk, take up one of these, and play the "Braes o' Mar," or some of those glorious stirring airs so common to the music of Scotland. Then, nodding his head and cracking some joke, he would jump up, call out another class, and proceed with his work, both master and scholar being greatly relieved by the pastime.

His method of teaching and marking errors was very different from what is now of common use anywhere but in certain districts in Scotland. After a sufficient knowledge of the elements of the Latin language had been acquired, the pupil was put into what was called versions. These were translations from English into Latin, graduated in such a manner as to be adapted to the growing knowledge of the pupil. To be proficient in these was the true test of a scholar, as anyone unacquainted with the language might know. It is an easy matter to translate a piece of Latin into good English, but it requires a thorough knowledge of the language—of its idiomatic peculiarities and niceties—to turn a piece of English into good Latin. To write a *sine errore* version was the acme of my ambition, the greatest feat, in my opinion then, which could be performed by anyone, and a sure proof that the performer was destined to stand high at the next Competition. The errors in these, as we have said, were also marked in a manner which insured perfect accuracy. One in gender, conjugation, or of the grossest kind, was called a "maxie," and counted four; one of the medium kind, a "medie," which consisted of false tenses and such like, was marked two; while the lowest of all, such as mis-spellings, etc., was termed a "minie," and counted one. By

this means a greater accuracy was obtained, and a horror engendered in our minds of anything approaching to the grossness of a maxie.

That he produced good and great scholars none will deny. It is a fact that, from the time he was appointed to the parish school until the day of his death, not a year passed without his having one or more bursars at the neighbouring universities. Some of his old students also went farther south, to the great colleges of England, and carried off the highest honours that the country offered. Some are professors in their own and other lands; some hold the highest positions in their native towns; some command the noblest vessels afloat; some are ministers of the gospel; and some are schoolmasters. Others, alas! lie in the silent grave of their own solitary churchyard, or beneath the sun-baked earth of foreign lands; whilst others lie under the snow-wreaths of the icy north, 'mid Franklin's noble band, or are swept through ocean's green caverns—the sailor's vast and wandering grave.

This special forenoon my mind had been running upon something else than Latin, and, on that account, my version was worse than ordinary. The master, after glancing over its contents, knocked his feet out before him until they came into contact with the front of the desk, and made such a noise as caused me to start. Noticing this, he said—

"Ay, ye may weel start! It's fu' o' medies an' maxies, and is nae mair like a version than my fit is. Fat's the maitter wi' ye th' day?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid I've been rather careless, for my mind has been occupied with other things than the version."

"I'm thinkin' that's aboot the truth ye're speakin'," said he, as broadly as he could, for he

invariably spoke thus when giving advice or in a good humour. "Yer min's been wan'erin', an' fan ye're deein' that it's perfectly impossible for ye to mak' onything like a gweed version. Nae man born could dee't. I can tell ye it needs ane to hae a' his wuts aboot him to mak' a version withoot maxies. Fan ye're at Latin, my man, dee naething but think aboot Latin."

"I'm afraid I'll never be able to make anything of it," said I, despondingly.

"Afraid! Fat richt hae ye to be feart, I wid like to ken? Let me tell ye, my man, that gin ye be begun wi' onything o' the kin', ye'd better stop it at ance. Naebody'll dee onything at Latin that's feart. Determine ye to write *sine errore* versions, an' ye'll be sure to dee't sometime or ither. I'll nae say ye'll dee't a' at ance, but the time wull come fan ye'll get 'S. E.' at the en' o' yer versions as aften as onything else. Feart! Jist listen to me for a minute," and he wheeled himself round in his desk, and rested the one leg upon the other preparatory to taking a huge pinch of snuff. "Ye ken Nicol Macnicol as weel as I dee. Weel, he wis ane that wis feart, wi' his tale o't, an' whenever the Competition wis drawin' near gid clean gyte a'thegither. Nae scholar o' mine could dee better than him if it wis some months afore the Competition, bit fan it cam' to the months o' September or October, he wid mak' maxies richt an' left, an', for the life o' him, didna ken fan he made them. I eest aften to be sorry for him, an' couldna feel in my hairt to scald him fan he made sic blunders, for I kent weel it wis jist a case o' doon-richt nervishness. Ae week he wid be makin' versions that wid hae delighted yer hairt, the neest he wid be jumblin' aboot like ane dementet. Fan the *sine errores* were being made I wid sometimes say to

him, 'Ay, ay! jist wait a wee! Wait till the month o' October, an' we'll see a vera different story.' An' jist as certain as the month cam', there wis he at his aul' trade. Noo look, again, at Peter Robertson. Ye ken he his a gey conceit o' himsel', an' thinks that there's naebody like him. Weel, he eest to flounder richt and left through his Latin, and if he did happen to hit upon onything gweed it wis mair by chance than gweed management. Fan poor Macnicol wid be makin' versions that perfectly scunnert a body, he wid gang on an' sometimes write ane abeen the average. Noo, there wis nae comparison atween them, for Robertson couldna haud a can'el to Macnicol as an accurate scholar at ony ither time than the months o' September an' October. Bit ye see the ane wis feart an' the ither wisna. Weel, the Competition cam', an', wid ye believe't, Robertson cam' in for a £12 10s. bursary an' Macnicol wis naewhaur. Noo, ye see fat it is to be feart."

"But those maxies beat me completely. I don't think I'll ever give over making them."

"Never gie ower makin' them! If that's yer intention, I'll hae naething mair to dee wi' ye. I've seen the day fan ye made far mair o' them than ye dee noo—ay, even than fat there is in this version. A body maun mak' maxies until they ken better, an' then, if they've ony sense ava, they stop. Nane bit a feel wid mak' maxies, or ane that kens nae better. Jist look, noo, at Wullie Robb. He eest to mak' maxies richt and left, jist because he kent nae better. Ay, man, I've seen him sometimes cryin' ower them like to brak' his hairt. Weel, fat cam' o' him? He persevered, an' in time got ower maxies an' medies, an' a' the troubles o' a Latin scholar, an' wis ane o' my highest bursars. He noo hauds ane o' the best positions i' the Kirk, an' afore he got there he

cairriet a'thing afore him at college. Noo, there's a man for ye to follow."

"It will be long before I will be able to do that."

"Ay, maybe it will; bit naething in this warl' is worth trying for unless it be difficult to obtain. Indeed, gin it wisna, it widna be worth tryin' for. Div ye think ye can mak' Latin as ye mak' yer ain language? Na, na, my man! Ye maun work—ay, an' work hard—an' gin ye winna dee that ye're nae worth tryin' to push forret. Grind, grind hard, an' the maist difficult things'll become easy. Grindin' can dee onything. It'll mak' the greatest dunce a gweed scholar."

"Well, I'll do what I can. I must say, however, it is very disheartening to find, after all your exertions, that you are still making blunders."

"Ay, that's something like the thing. Dee fat ye can—ye canna dee mair. An' as for the blunders, never min' makin' them. If ye didna mak' them ye wid never ken fat they were. Ye wid gang on makin' them and remain in ignorance o' them till it wis ower late. There's naebody in the warl' bit fat'll mak' a blunder sometimes. There's naebody infallible, nae even the Pope o' Rome, though they wid try to mak's believe itherwise. Set ye him doon to a Latin version, an' see gin he widna mak' some maxies. Ay, an' pretty dog Latin it wid be tee, gin we're to judge by fat he sen's oot noos an' thans in his bulls an' fatnots. Determine ye to be a first-rate scholar—ane that wull write *sine errore* versions every day, an' I've nae doot ye'll dee't sometimes. Remember the motto, 'Humanum est errare,' bit determine ye that your motto as regards your versions wull be 'Humanum est non errare'."

"I'll do my best to follow out what you say. I must own that my version to-day is very bad."

"Bad! Aye, far waur than it ocht to be. Ye ken as weel as I dee that there is naething I like waur than to come across Latin nae fit for dogs to speak. It's only feels that write *mens tuus oculus* for 'Mind your eye,' or only folk that are fu' that say *Bibere janitorem a te sed*, bit I wid expec' better things fae you than to read in your version sic an expression as *sequens fabula* for 'The following story,' fan *haec* wid hae been far mair elegant. Lat's hae nae mair o' that, mind you."

"I'll take care of that. It is indeed a very foolish error."

"Foolish! It's waur than that—it's suicidal. It's aneuch to ruin a body for a lifetime. A decent, plain version, withoot a single elegant expression in it, wid be sure to come in lang afore ye. The evil o't is that ye pit doon withoot thinkin' a word that wid nae mair dee than a donkey wid, fan, gin ye hid thocht for a minute, or consulted yer dictionar', ye wid hae seen that it wis gross nonsense. Aye look at yer dictionar'—ye'll be sure to fin' something in't that ye didna ken afore; an' even though ye didna', its only the trouble o' turnin't up."

"I am very sorry that I have been so careless, after your great care and kindness towards me."

"O ay, nae doot ye are, bit ye see ye hinna been yersel' at a' th' day. Yer min's been runnin' aifter something else than Latin. Ye're gey near that window, an' see ower weel oot to the green fields an' wavin' corn to mak' *sine errore* versions. Weel, weel, my laddie, I canna blame ye. It's only fat's naitral, an' I like to see a touch o' *it*, even though there is alang wi't a version fu' o' maxies. An' it *is* a fine day," said he, looking out at the window. "Gang ye yer waa's for the aifterneen. Roam aboot the green fields, rin aboot the braes, an' think aboot naething,

or raither aboot a'thing, an' enjoy yersel'. It is only at your time o' life ye can dee't; nae like me, fan ye're aul' "—and there was a tender ring in his voice as he said this. "Gang awa' noo, an' fan the morn comes, attack the Latin teeth an' nail, an' lat's see nae mair maxies. Rin awa', noo—rin awa'."

CHAPTER II

Anticipation forward points the view ;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

—*Burns.*

THE days wore on, and the dreaded time of the Competition drew near. For months previous to it I had been working very hard, both at Latin and Greek, and composing versions but very indifferently. Sometimes they would reach the acme of perfection, and I would be greeted by the master with the remark, " Ay, that's the kin' o' version to mak'! Dee that at the Competition, and ye'll be sure to cairry aff the first bursary." But, on the whole, my efforts were rather disheartening, and I was beginning to entertain the idea that there was little use of my attending that annual gathering, to which are collected all the talent and scholarship of the North of Scotland.

It may be, perhaps, as well here to explain what these bursaries are. They are what would be called in England scholarships or foundations, tenable by the fortunate competitor for four years, provided he passes all his examinations. They were originally founded by the lovers of learning in past times, out of gratitude for the education which they had received at the University, and in order that others in humble circumstances might be able to obtain that *summum bonum* of every Scotchman, a university

education. Many of them were founded by Highland lairds for the benefit of those bearing their own names; others, such as the Seafield Bursaries, are in the gift of certain people who may present them to those whom they may consider the most deserving; and a number are annually competed for by all comers, and decided entirely by scholarship. This is called the Competition. These public bursaries, about twenty in number, range in amount from £3 17s. 6d. to £30 per annum, but each of them, by the terms of the foundation, pays for the expenses of the college classes, and leaves a little over for the purchase of books. The number of all the various kinds of bursaries, presentation or public, in these colleges is very great—more than the half of our class, consisting of ninety-four. It should also be mentioned that the presentation bursars have the right of entering the lists at this great annual gathering, and should they be so fortunate as to gain a higher bursary than their presentation one, they relinquish the latter, as they are not allowed to retain two.

It will thus be seen that a number of young men by this means are annually enabled to obtain a college education who would otherwise be debarred from it. It was this system which generated and kept alive the desire of looking forward to a university career among the sons of the lower classes, and it speaks volumes for the excellencies of this system when we find that the whole of the Scotch wranglers at Cambridge were bursars, and that the greater number of our most illustrious Scotchmen, those who have left their mark on the world, were indebted to a bursary for their university education, and for their means of subsistence when attending college.

It has been often said that you will nowhere find so many or so good classical scholars as in the north-

eastern counties of Scotland. This has been caused by the system pursued at the colleges, the influence of the Grammar School of the principal city, particularly that of its famous Rector, and the Bursary Competitions at the commencement of each session. The latter are what gave, and still continue to give, the impulse to the parochial teaching of the North; and so important are they in the eyes of all, that they are looked forward to with greater anxiety both by teacher and scholar than the holidays. In fact, all events of the year seem to date from this period—the last Monday in October. Almost every master, however insignificant, has his boy to send up, who enters the list with his compeers, and by his own unaided talents makes his mark among his fellows. No one, except those who have lived in that part of the country, can have any idea of the state of excitement into which all classes of the community are thrown during the bursary week. All the town, for the time being, devotes its attention to the list of the successful bursars, and watches with jealous eye the superiority of any other part of the country to its own educational establishments, of which it is justly proud. But it is not in the city alone that this excitement prevails. In every part of the country from which scholars have been sent up to the Competition —and this may be said to be from every parish school in the North—the posts are watched with great anxiety for a week. At the end of that time news arrives of success or defeat, sending the master and parents into the seventh heaven of enjoyment or the deepest pit of despair. After a little the excitement wears off, and the master again applies himself to the task of preparing another young man for the next Competition. In truth, nothing seems to give those teachers more real pleasure than to hear of the

success of their pupils at this great annual gathering, except, of course, the still higher honour of their becoming senior wranglers.

On account of those Bursary Competitions being keenly contested, every schoolmaster is on the look-out for clever boys to prepare for them. Whenever any such are found, if their parents are too poor to pay for their education, the master invariably takes them as free pupils, and when he has brought them to a proper state of proficiency, sends them to college, certain that they will gain a bursary sufficient to keep them there. And it is very seldom that they are mistaken, for the great proportion of those who used to carry off the bursaries at our University was of this class. When they return home during the summer recess, they apply themselves to some business, or find some private teaching, which helps to recruit their purses and their libraries. The libraries of their teachers are almost always at their disposal, and there are very few in the counties we have mentioned whose libraries are not full of the finest editions of the classics, invariably without notes, as they consider these beneath the dignity of a scholar.

It is principally from the lower or working classes that the best scholars are obtained. We have heard schoolmasters repeatedly say that these were by far the most diligent students, and that there was a greater amount of work in boys of this class than in those of any other. They seem really to feel that education is a boon, and that no opportunity should be let slip of improving themselves. We have known such students prepare themselves for the University in two years, and carry off some of the highest bursaries and honours there. It has also to be remembered that most of those who did so were

engaged during that period in working at some trade, to which they would return during the summer recess. But, after all, it is not surprising that such men should carry off all the honours. Their lives from the first have been a struggle, and hard work is to them only their allotted portion in life. Study that to one brought up in the middle and higher classes of society would be accounted very hard, is to them mere child's play; and often previous to going to college they work much harder than the great proportion of students do during their college course.

As the last Monday in October drew near, I began to feel still more anxious and to become very nervous. The schoolmaster noting this, rallied me upon it, and treated the whole matter as a mere nothing.

"Tak' it easy, man. Dinna fash yersel' aboot a thing that winna fash itsel' aboot you. Besides, the great secret o' success in life is to be easy, to mak' folk think ye're careless, to tak' things as they come, an' nae to fash yersel' aboot them ava. Be a kin' o' fatalist, an' believe that it's a' for the best. Fat maun be maun be, an' we canna change it. Gin ye're to get a bursary ye'll get ane, an' gin ye dinna, ye maun jist come back again, an' we'll see if we canna fettle ye up for the neest Competition."

"But it is so disheartening to be worsted in this manner."

"Dishairtenin'! Man, I've kent students that hae gaen to the Competition for ten years, an' aifter a' got naething, an' I've kent ithers that hae gaen for twal' years, an' cairried aff a high bursary. They becam' sae weel kent that they were looket for regularly as the day cam' roon'. *They* warna dishairtent, an' foo sid ye? Gang in to win, an' there's nae fear o' ye."

I tried to take his advice, but found it was a very easy matter to give one counsel but a very difficult matter to follow it.

And so the days passed, and the Friday previous to the eventful Monday came. Next morning we were to start early and walk into the city. We had been requested by the schoolmaster to call upon him the evening before we left, to receive his final orders. When we arrived there we found him sitting in his room smoking a pipe as unconcerned as if no momentous Monday was before us—no Monday big with the fate of so many.

"Come in aboot an' tak' a seat, an' lat me say a fyou words to ye afore ye start. Ye'll be up early the morn, I'm thinkin'."

"About four o'clock, I suppose."

"Aw, weel, ye'll hae the day afore ye if ye get up then. Bit tak' my advice an' dinna knock yersel' up. It's a gran' thing that ye hae a day o' rest afore ye—Sunday. Dinna look at a book, dinna think even aboot the Competition on that day—that is, gin ye can. Lat yer mind hae full rest, an' be sure an' spend it weel. There niver wis ony gweed cam' o' grindin' on a Sunday, or deein' onything on't that ane sidna dee. It's a gran' thing to be fresh for wark, an' to rise feelin' ye hae been refreshed an' that ye could write a hunner *sine errore* versions. Naebody can dee that that grinds on a Sunday, or that spends the day as it oughtna to be spent. Gang to the kirk twice, ay, three times, gin ye like. Ye'll be far better there than stravaigin' aboot the streets o' that hard steeny toon, or even in your lodgin's thinkin' aboot the morn."

"I'll attend to this, and promise you not to do anything I should not on it."

"An' noo a word or twa aboot yer wark. Dinna

be in a hurry wi't. Tak' yer time, for there's lots o' it gi'en ye; in my opinion far ower muckle, for it only gars folk mak' errors. Read the version carefully ower at first, try to get the scope o' the passage, an' then set tae wi' a full determination to write a *sine errore* ane. Dinna mak' fule errors gin ye can help it, particularly at the beginnin'. Dinna try to mak' it ower fine, for, atween you an' me, the professors dinna ken fat a very fine phrase is. An' by a' means be plain, an' see that ye lat them ken weel fat ye mean."

"I will try my very best, you may be sure, and will endeavour to follow out the directions you have given me."

"An' noo, afore ye start, I'm gaun to gie ye something to tak' wi' ye, an' I hope ye winna disgrace it," and he turned to a side-table on which were a number of books. From these he lifted two whose forms I well knew. "Noo, this is my "Riddle and Arnold," which was presented to me by my pupils many years ago. Every year since it cam' into my possession it has gaen to the Competition, an' every year it has returned bearing on it the name of another bursar. Look here, ye'll see them a' on the first leaf, from the first that ever I had to the last. That's a leaf I'm prood o', an', fat's mair, I'm nae ashamed to say it. Noo, I'm gaun to gie it to you, an' I hope ye winna be the first to return it to me withoot gettin' yer name engraved amon' the ither worthies that are to be seen there. Ye've as gweed a chance as ony o' them, an' see that ye dinna fail in the day o' battle."

"I really am afraid to take it, for were I so unfortunate as disgrace it, I would never forgive myself."

"There ye are! Aye lookin' at the gloomy side

o' a'thing. Hoo aften hae I tel't ye to gang up to college wi' the full determination to cairry aff the first bursary an' ye'll be sure to cairry aff someane or ither. It's doonricht nonsense to blether awa' wi' you, unless ye gie ower sic nonsensical wyes o' talkin'. There's nae sense in't, an', besides, it's the very thing to ruin ye. Ye maun stop that."

"I only said, 'If I should fail'."

"Bit ye hae nae richt to say ony sic thing. I send ye up to gain a bursary, an' nae to fail. I gie ye my "Riddle and Arnold," an' expect that ye'll send it, nae bring it back to me, an' that ye'll tell me to add your name to the list o' those that are afore ye. I hope ye winna be ashamed to appear amon' them."

"Ashamed! I should think not. I will be far prouder of that than anything I know."

"Weel, jist gang ye awa', an' lat's see fat ye can dee. Nae man can dee mair than his best, an' gin ye dee that I'll be satisfied. Be sure an' sen' oot a copy o' yer version an' the English by the first post, an' lat me ken foo mony there are o' ye. I'll expec' the Latin an' Greek the second day, an' min' the conjugations o' yer Greek verbs, particularly the second aorists. Good-bye. A pleasant journey to ye, an' a high bursary!"

And so I was sent forth, armed with his "Riddle and Arnold," to do battle for myself at college. It was my first entrance into life, and I was rather nervous, feeling that I should like to know something about it, or wishing to have someone to tell me how to act. This, however, could not be obtained, and so I went home for the purpose of preparing my luggage for the morrow, and packing my trunk with everything needful. I went soon to bed, as I knew I would have to rise early next morning. My parents said little that evening, but I saw that they were

thinking much about me, and feeling all the pangs of the separation. By four o'clock I was astir, awakened by my kind mother, and sat down to a comfortable breakfast. My heart, however, was too full to eat, and the good things before me lay untasted, though I was pressed most affectionately to partake of them. With much exertion I managed to take what satisfied my parents, and after my mother had packed up something for me to eat by the way, a movement was made for departure. This was the time I had most dreaded. I was sure I would break down, that my mother would be so affected as not to be able to contain her feelings, and that my father would also give way. While we were all standing irresolute I heard him say, "Let us pray for our boy before we send him forth into the world," when the whole of us knelt down, and our dear father poured forth an earnest and fervent prayer, begging that *his* God, who had led him hitherto, would watch over his son now about to enter into the battle of life and come into contact with the temptations of the world. Not one of us had dry eyes when we rose from our knees, but yet this had the effect of removing the awkwardness that formerly existed. And then came the final parting—the kiss from my dear mother, the warm shake of the hand from my father, and his heartfelt "God bless you"—and then I was alone upon the road in the dim light of an October morning.

On, on I went, finding the miles at first long, but as my limbs relaxed and I began to think of the future, I pushed on with greater vigour. By the time the sun had fully risen, I had proceeded a considerable distance on my journey, and was by no means tired. As the day progressed the miles became longer, and I began to think with anxiety concerning the end. Many an idea ran through my

head in my solitary journey, many a Latin and Greek verb did I conjugate and puzzle my brains with, noting down anything about which I was not quite certain. After refreshing myself at an inn standing about half-way, I again set out, and after a few hours' more travelling began to note the various indications of the proximity of a large town. Vehicles became more common, foot passengers more numerous, and all the various signs which mark the roads leading to the great resorts of men began to be visible. O, how weary and long were those last few miles, and how I wished that some kind-hearted driver would invite me to a seat beside him! But no such good fortune befell me, and I had to drag along the weary length of those miles that seemed lengthening out to an indefinite extent. As the sun was beginning to descend in the heavens, the grey turrets of that old seat of learning that had been surrounded in my mind with a halo of sanctity, began to peep from among the trees, and instilled into me a feeling of determination and an intense longing to be there. An elasticity of step returned to me, and I seemed not to feel the fatigue of the past journey. Past it I went, gazing upon its time-honoured pile with the feelings of a devotee, and only turning from it when the more busy life around me compelled my attention. Along the stony streets of the town so anxiously looked for did I tramp, and soon finding hospitable quarters, rested at last from my self-imposed journey.

CHAPTER III

There are bells in my ear that are ringing,
  First bells that I ever heard ring ;
Never tune of the mirthfulest singing
  Can now such a melody bring.
The first winds of winter are shaking
  The last hectic leaf on the tree,
Down the Spital the red gowns are taking
  Their jocund way careless and free ;
    Is it fancy deceives,
    Or I hear in the leaves
  Their pattering feet in their glee?

—*Alma Mater*, *XVI*, *1*,
"*October*" (*W.K.L.*).

THE eventful Monday came, and after a restless night I rose early and had a long walk. While discussing breakfast, my room door was thrown open, and in rushed my cousin, Frank Jamieson. His merry face and jolly laugh was indeed a great contrast to mine, and for a time drove away that feeling which was weighing me down. He was the son of a United Presbyterian minister, very well-to-do, had been two sessions at college, and was coming up for his third.

"Hullo, old boy, how are you? Down in the mouth on account of this abominable Competition. Never mind it. Take life easy; that is my motto."

"But I can't, and only wish I could."

"Ha, old boy, wait till you have passed as many examinations as I have done, and you'll think precious little of your paltry Competition. It's mere child's play to what you will yet have to do."

"All I can say is, that it is not child's play to me just now, for I can assure you I feel quite nervous."

"Nervous, be hanged! Eat a hearty breakfast, take a jolly smoke, and walk to college with the full determination of carrying off the first bursary, and you'll be sure to do it. That's what I did."

"But you did not get the first, you know."

"Not exactly the first, but the third. If it had not been for an abominable medie that escaped my eye I would have been first. They're abominable things medies, but maxies are far worse."

"I would be quite content to make a medie, if I were to be so fortunate as you."

"Well, come along. Now that you have finished your breakfast, take up your pipe, and let us have a jolly good smoke, and talk about auld lang syne. It will do you good, and steady your nerves."

"Thank you, but I cannot smoke this morning. It goes completely against my grain. I feel as if it would be impossible for me to put a pipe into my mouth."

"Go to blazes! Sit down there and fill your pipe. Here is some of the finest Latakia you ever smoked—enough to put the worst tempered fellow in the world into raptures. Sit down, man, I say."

"Really, I could not do it. In fact, I would rather be moving. It is about time for us to be going to college."

"Two hours after this will be in plenty of time. Just take it easy, and let a fellow have his smoke if you won't have one. It is a great mistake, though, on your part, for a good, delightful smoke, such as I am now enjoying, would calm your excited nerves and make you feel another man. Try it, man."

"No, thank you. Remember that I am not accustomed to these things so much as you, and

therefore cannot take them so coolly. I suppose all the books I can take are my dictionary."

"Yes, and some paper to write upon. Upon my word, if I had anything to do with it I would debar the dictionary also. It as often leads you wrong as right. But are you really determined to go? I assure you you are fully two hours too soon, for they do not hurry on such occasions. Very well, if you are determined to go and stand in the cold, and incapacitate yourself for real work, why, do so! I'm your man to walk the road to lead you to your future 'Alma Mater'."

"I do really hope she will be, for you know I cannot go to college unless I get a bursary."

"Of course you'll get a bursary," said he, as we walked down the stairs and proceeded along the street. "Of course you'll get a bursary. Go in determined to have one, and there is no fear. Books heavy, eh?" inquired he, seeing that I could not very well manage to keep my books under my arm. "I'm sorry I can't assist you, for it is beneath the dignity of a Tertian to be seen carrying a dictionary under his arm. I will be happy to pocket your paper, if it will do any good."

"Thank you for your generous offer, but since I am able to carry the dictionaries, I think I'll manage the paper. I should be sorry in any way to lower the dignity of a Tertian."

"Come now, none of your nonsense. You don't know yet what it is to be three steps up the ladder, and what a feeling of dignity it adds to you."

"I don't know, but I see it."

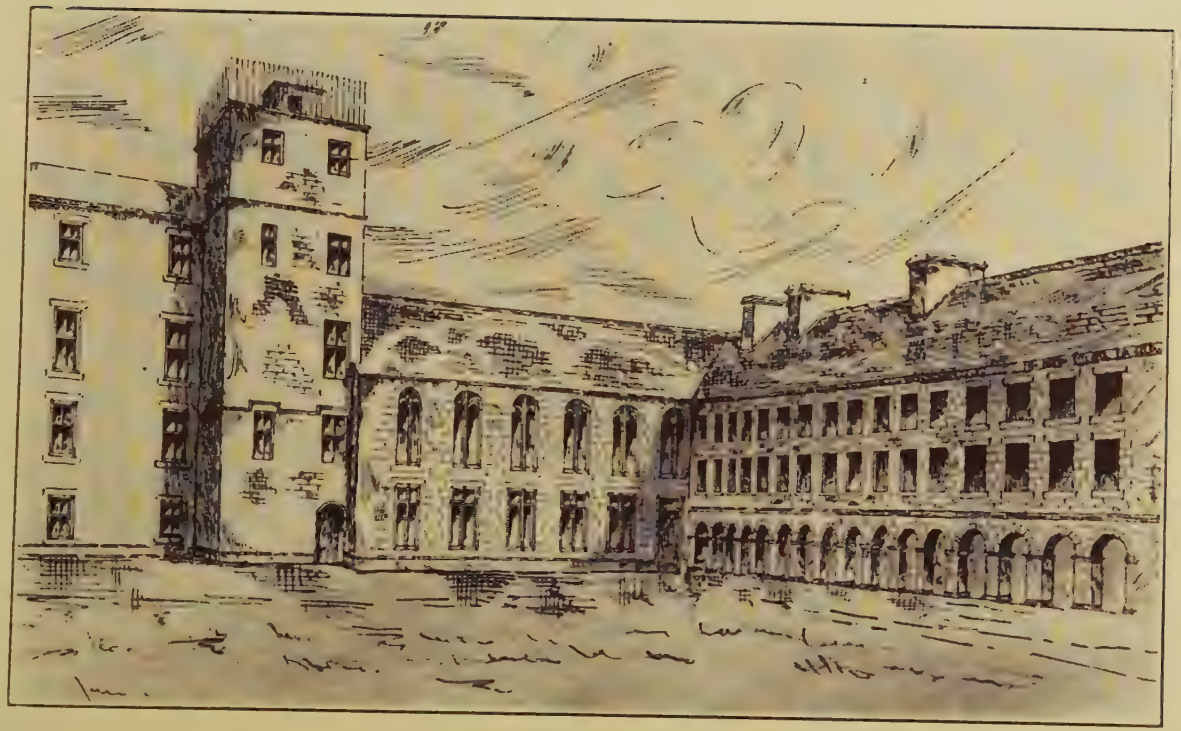
"Come now, no chaff. Hand me that 'Arnold,' will you? I'll carry it, though the whole of my classfellows laugh at me."

"There is not the slightest occasion for it, as I

can manage them quite easily. I've carried far more than these many a day."

Thus chatted we as we wended our way along the stony streets to our future "Alma Mater." It was a frosty morning, I can remember well, ay, as well as if it had only been last Monday, and as I left the city behind me and came to the less thickly peopled part between the two towns, the rich October hue of the morning and the bracing air began to affect me, and to make a wonderful change on my spirits. In the distance sparkled the dark blue sea, and when I reached the top of the hill and caught a glimpse of it, I felt the smell of home, and had a strong desire to do my best for the sake of those that were there. Then came the downhill walk past the small houses alive with occupants peering out at the raw recruits who were wending their way to the University. Down, down the incline, on, on to the spot where trees with leafless branches were to be seen, and then there burst upon me the lichen-covered Crown, that time-worn edifice which was ever afterwards to be associated in my mind with the happiest, sunniest, and pleasantest days of my life. There it stood with its portals wide open to receive me, and welcoming us all beneath its noble form.

By the time we arrived, the quadrangle was dotted with groups of students. The competitors for the day were easily recognised by the books under their arms and the rolls of paper in their hands. With eager eyes I looked around to note how many there were there. Gradually the numbers increased, until the whole square was comfortably filled with students in all stages of advancement. By and by a sort of separation seemed naturally to take place, the new students standing in groups, and looking rather awkward, while those of former years formed



KING'S COLLEGE, SHOWING THE PIAZZA.

themselves into companies of threes, fours, and fives, who, linked in each other's arms, paraded the quadrangle like so many rank and file.

O, those marches in that quadrangle and under those colonnades (now no more), how many tender memories do they recall! How we did envy the fortunate many who walked there arm-in-arm, and into whose company we were not permitted to enter because we had not passed the opprobrious period of Bageantdom! And how proud did we feel when first we returned to our old "Alma Mater," and paced her square with the high hopes of a new-born Semi! How we did look down upon our more tender brethren, upon their greenness to the ways of college life, and their awkward blunders! How many tender memories do these recall of those whose arms we used to clasp, but whom now no more we will see on earth, no more hear the ringing change of their laughter! O, how many tender emotions do all these recall! As I bury my face in my hands, and by fancy's help conjure up the various groups that paced the foot-worn colonnades or the gravelled quadrangle, I could almost weep with the sad memories which it stirs.

My cousin was right when he said that I would have to wait some time. Fully two hours were spent by me standing in the cold and feeling anything but comfortable. The monotony was relieved by meeting various old friends, and conversing with them regarding the probable style of the version. By some of these I was introduced to others, and more than once I was confidently informed that the party to whom I was introduced was certain to be first bursar. At first I looked at him with an interest which I cannot express, but when this had happened to me once or twice, I ceased to consider them

rarae aves, assured that all could not obtain this much-coveted honour.

But suddenly a loud cheer arose from a group that had been standing near the entrance to the quadrangle. This attracting the attention of all, a rush was made to the quarter. Owing, however, to the greatness of the crowd it was impossible to make out what it was, but as I was returning to my former position the crowd opened and showed me a little fellow, a mere boy, staggering along under the weight of a huge "Ainsworth" Dictionary, of the old style, which was strapped to his back. He did not seem by any means to relish this demonstrative way of receiving him, for he struggled manfully to push his way through the crowd and convey himself to some corner where he could deposit his huge tome. It was with great difficulty that this could be done, for the students kept crowding around him, cheering and crying out, "Well done, young 'un!" "Hope ye'll be first bursar!" "You're a brick, and deserve a bursary!" and such-like expressions. The poor little fellow seemed quite overcome, and was glad when a diversion of another kind withdrew their attention from him.

"Three cheers for Geordie! Three cheers for Geordie!" was the next cry. I at once jumped at the conclusion that some favourite student had made his appearance, or that one of the minor officials of the college was the object of this demonstration. On and on went the cheering, without, to me, any cause, but gradually above the sea of heads that swayed backwards and forwards I could distinguish a hat bowing to the enthusiastic cheerers. Happening to come near my cousin, I inquired what was the matter.

"O, only Geordie! They are giving him a cheer.

Precious few of them will do that six months after this."

"But who is 'Geordie'?"

"O, I forgot that you were a 'Verdant Green' in these matters—that you are, in fact, new to the trade. To the initiated, 'Geordie' means George Ferguson, *alias* the Professor of Humanity, who has kindly consented to prepare a version for your perusal to-day."

"I see. I must say it is rather an irreverent way to speak of one's professor. I thought you would have had more respect for them than that."

"Well, as to respect, that is entirely as they take it. We do not mean any disrespect to them; indeed, quite the opposite. It is only a familiar way by which we make them known to one another. Of course we, who are acquainted with the mysteries of the college, are slightly privileged in this respect," concluded he with a lofty air.

"I suppose so, if one is to judge by the airs you assume. Are there any of the rest of them that are honoured in this manner?"

"O yes, there's 'Davie,' for instance, or, as he is more generally called, 'The Fiend,' because he is such a Tartar when he begins upon you. And then comes 'Fifie,' which, by the way, is a term of endearment, for he is beloved by all of us, though I must say we do not show it by our conduct in the classroom. And then there is 'Habe,' who stuck at the first word of his Latin prayer, which he had forgot to put in the crown of his hat, and was ever afterwards honoured with it. Another, who is continually talking about the Doric, we have dubbed 'Dorian,' and the short cuts which he invariably takes to college (for he is always late) go by the classical name of the 'Dorica Via.' Another of the

professors, who was so unfortunate as to break one of his legs, or, as he facetiously called it, 'lost one of his understandings,' rejoices in the name of 'Dot-and-carry-one.' There are many others, 'too numerous to mention,' as the bills say, but which you, having now arrived at this temple of learning, will soon learn for yourself."

"Just so. You seem on very free-and-easy terms with your professors."

"That's the advantage of being two or three years at college," replied he very proudly, looking down upon me from his fancied height as if I were one whose education had to a certain extent been neglected and who had yet a great deal to learn. I was somewhat piqued at this, particularly at the tone of pity he assumed, as on all former occasions—in games or in company—I had kept my own, ay, often beaten him, and therefore I did not see what right he had thus to lord it over me.

But my thoughts were interrupted by my cousin wheeling round and crying out, "Hullo, John, how are you? Glad to see us back again, eh?"

"Yes, rather," replied he in a queer tone, as he shuffled past us with light footsteps.

"Is that another of the professors?" inquired I.

"Well, you are a jolly green one and no mistake. 'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise'—as Geordie says. Now let me inform you, in the most delicate manner possible, that the said gentleman who passed us, and whom I addressed in such a familiar manner as to lead you to suppose that he was one of the professors, was John, the porter, *alias* the janitor, *alias* the mace-bearer on grand occasions, and whose life we tease during the session."

As soon as he had finished, he turned on his heel

and departed. Perhaps it was as well for both that he did so, for by this time my anger was almost at the bursting, and I might have said something that I would have regretted. I also noted that the same sort of airs were assumed by almost all the old students, and that they looked down upon us "greenhorns" with a pity bordering on contempt, which was very hard to bear. Perhaps there may have been some reason for it, though I am very much inclined to think that the greater part of it was due to pride and vainglory. It must be confessed that many of us were indeed raw recruits, utterly unacquainted with the ways and habits of this small circle, which seemed to be all the world to the more advanced students; but in this we were only like our persecutors a few years before, though they were very much inclined to ignore the fact of their ever having enjoyed the greenness of Bageantdom.

"There he comes! There he comes!" was the next cry we heard rising far above the din of voices and the clatter of many feet. Of course we pressed forward to see what was the matter, and standing in the midst of an excited group was a rough, rawboned Highlandman, almost as he was when he roamed his mountain side. For a little he seemed to relish the inquiries that were made regarding his health, but when some, more impertinent than others, put rather personal questions to him, and inquired regarding his tailor and hatter, the poor man seemed to feel his position keenly, and endeavoured to escape from his tormentors. But this was not so easy a task.

"Hoo's the wife, Alister?" cried one.

"Foo's the bairns?" cried another.

"Is this the saxteenth time ye've come to the Competition, Alister?"

"Are ye gaun to cairry aff the first bursary, or are ye gaun back again to yer Heelan' clachan?"

To all these inquiries the poor fellow deigned no reply, but tried to force his way through the crowd. Very little regard was paid to his feelings, though it was evident to all, from the compressed lip, the glancing eye, and the heightened colour, that he was doing his utmost to control them. No outward sign was given of the fire smouldering within, unless the sudden "flooring" of one little impudent fellow who had been particularly demonstrative in his behaviour. Like a flash of lightning the Celt's arm went forth, sending his tormentor to the ground and completely silencing him, while not a muscle of his face changed, and the surrounding crowd scarcely noticed the act. Hustled here and there, forced back when he attempted to press forward, and annoyed by questions the most impertinent and teasing, the poor fellow would have come very badly off had not some of the better disposed and more feeling-hearted of the students cried out "Shame," and ordered the rest to desist. This, after a little, they did, and the Highlandman, making his way through the crowd, found a place of refuge in a corner of the quadrangle.

I afterwards found that this was Alister Macalister, one of the unfortunate few who, having been unsuccessful for a number of years, had still persisted in coming up to the Competition, until his face and figure had become so well known that he was looked for as regularly as the day came round, and invariably received the same rough treatment. Poor fellow, his was a hope that hoped beyond hope, and that no disappointment, no contumely, could daunt or overcome, and which in the end received its reward.

And so the time passed till the order came for us to enter. Like so many wild animals we rushed in, forcing our way up the stone staircase, and swaying backwards and forwards to such an extent as almost to smash the banister, which creaked and groaned with the extreme pressure. After a considerable and annoying stoppage at the door, which was only opened as far as would admit one at a time, I managed to force my way inside, and found myself in a hall hung with portraits of those men who had shed a halo of glory around the old place. I seated myself at one of the three tables that ran the length of the room, and which were soon filled with a crowd of eager faces. Opposite me were the little fellow with the huge "Ainsworth," and the Highlandman, Macalister. Gazing around the large room I noted that my competitors consisted of raw-boned, red-haired Highlandmen, fresh from their native hills, with all their rusticity about them, which the four years at college would be unable to rub off. All the northern counties had sent their quota to swell the number, and even the Orkney and Shetland Islands were represented, for the descendant of the ancient Norseman, with his flaxen hair and deep blue eyes, was there to prove his courage in a contest much more intellectual than that of his ancestors. Many rosy-faced young fellows were also to be seen, who had left their country occupations for a little, and who, if unsuccessful, would return to them, and work in their leisure hours at their favourite classics until another Competition came round. Here and there were to be seen a few rather better dressed than the rest, unmistakably showing their town life and the natural polish which it gave them; whilst among the crowd the eye rested on many a studious, thin, cadaverous, hard-worked face, which made you look

again and feel in your heart that there sat a bursar. A more motley crowd as respects age, dress, and features could scarcely be found anywhere, and yet over all there was an intellectual, manly look, a look of innocence and unacquaintance with the low ways of the world, which contrasts favourably in the Derby of the North with its low-typed, swindling namesake of the South.

After we had been seated for some time, one of the professors opened the Senatus door, which was at one end of the hall, and entered with a bundle of papers in his hand. Another and another followed, when instantly there was a flutter among the crowd that sat at the tables, and someone beginning to "ruff," it was taken up by the rest, and a deafening noise ensued. In vain the gowned professors held up their hands, in vain they stopped the distribution of the versions and implored silence: silence could not be obtained until the whole of the copies had been distributed, and then the uproar died away in muttered and intermittent growls. Then there was a hush, and everyone set himself to examine the version.

O, the anxiety of those few minutes when one has really before him the version thought and dreamed of for months—when he looks over it for the first time, and inspects it narrowly to discover the lurking traps! Let him who has done this try to describe his feelings, and we are certain he will signally fail. It is a moment of awful suspense, a moment upon which the future of many a life hangs. By and by the version is carefully read, and with a sigh the unconscious bit of paper is laid before him, and he begins to think what he will do.

But there is no time for delay. Out comes the paper, pens, and ink, and, spreading out a clean sheet,

I make a commencement. How anxiously do I watch lest some unfortunate maxie should escape my notice, and how carefully do I scan the dictionary for any elegant phrase which might help me on! Here and there a clause will come in my way which puzzles me and makes me rack my brain to find it out. And then, that subjunctive mood! How its tortuous peculiarities do make me sigh and wish for the sight of a certain phrase book which would remove my difficulty. But no such thing can be got, and so I must do the best I can.

The faces of those around me were indeed a study. Some looked with greedy and anxious eyes at the paper, and, finding no relief there, would fix them on the ceiling or on the faces of some of the worthies that decorated the walls, but, discovering no inspiration in their steady gaze, would scratch their heads, and finally thrust their hands deep into their trousers pockets. Others were proceeding very coolly, as if it were a matter of no moment to them, and it was quite clear to an onlooker that their future course in life did not depend upon the sort of version they were writing. Some—such as Highland Alister—were in a perfect flurry of excitement, and gave vent to loud puffs and sighs. At one moment he would make a furious onset upon his dictionary, and range through it as if mad, but not finding the object of his search, he would pause and scowl upon the paper as if it was the real cause of his excitement. Then, seizing his shaggy hair in his huge paw, he would puff and blow as before, attracting the attention of all who were around him, and creating many a laugh. In this matter he was quite a contrast to his neighbour, the little fellow with the huge "Ainsworth," who went quietly on his way, paying little attention to those around him.

Occasionally this serious work would be interrupted by the clatter of feet, particularly when any of the professors made their appearance. One in particular created a great deal of merriment by his jokes and appearance, and I afterwards learned that this was the one whom my cousin had designated by the name of "Dot-and-carry-one." He paid little attention to the clatter, but during a temporary lull looked round and gave vent to some of his jokes. "All right, gentlemen. Remember the remark, 'Empty barrels make the most sound'"; and, as the loud laughter rang through the room, he would continue, "'The silly goose cackles the most'—so cackle away."

And so the day wore on, and the shades of evening began to fall. One after another had gone up with his paper, and deposited it in a box placed there for the purpose. I, however, was very unwilling to part with mine, and again and again looked it over, testing the truth of my translation by repeated applications to my dictionary. As darkness came on, the janitor entered, and placed candles, stuck in lumps of clay, upon the tables. As each received his original candlestick there would be a "ruff" and a laugh, and a quick resumption of work, for almost all those now left were anxious to do their best, and knew that upon their efforts their future course in life mainly depended. But this could not last for ever, and as six o'clock drew near I rose from my seat and walked towards the box. With trembling hands I put my version into the opening, and when half-way down felt greatly inclined to take it out again and change a phrase. Luckily for myself, I was prevented from doing so by a sense of shame, and so the paper fell into the box, and my fate was sealed for a day.

On my way home I racked my brains concerning certain peculiarities which had cost me a great deal of trouble during the day. Alternate hope and fear took possession of my breast as certain phrases bearing on the vexed points occurred to me. Nor did I dare to settle the matter at once by handing my version to some of those who were quite willing and able to look it over, and who were waiting for the purpose, but hurried home, anxious to satisfy myself, and in the solitude of my own room spread out the copy before me. After an hour's careful perusal and consultation of various authorities on the subject, I came to the conclusion that I had made an average version, and fortunately escaped making any glaring maxies. My opinion in this matter was confirmed by my cousin, who dropped in to see how I had got on, and who, in his patronizing way, declared I stood a very good chance after all of being a Bageant.

Another day was before me, on which I had to translate a piece of Latin and Greek, answering questions on the latter, and conjugating the most difficult verbs. As it partook very much of the nature of the former, I need not describe it in detail, but simply state that, as far as I could judge, I managed to make a very creditable appearance, and felt that, on the whole, I had written exercises of which I needed not to be ashamed.

And then, the excitement being over, came the weary waiting, the long days spent in thinking over my probable chance of success. Wednesday and Thursday thus passed, and then Friday—the eventful Friday, big with the fate of many—arrived, which was to decide my chance of college life—at least for a year.

CHAPTER IV

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
—*Scott: "Old Mortality," XXXIV.*

FRIDAY came at last, and with it hopes and fears that almost made one distracted. How it emanated I know not, but the report became general that the list of successful competitors would be announced at twelve o'clock. Accordingly, about that hour great numbers were to be seen wending their way towards the old college, and soon the large quadrangle began gradually to be filled with the expectant bursars and their friends. Very few of the old students were to be seen, owing to the fact of the greater number being engaged at that time in passing the entrance examinations. The raw recruits formed themselves into groups, and discussed the different peculiarities in the various papers we had written, or, arm-in-arm, paraded the quadrangle and colonnades. Among their number might be seen some who had not been present on the former occasions, and whose anxious faces showed that they took a deep interest in the matter. These were the parents of some of the competitors—ministers in threadbare coats, and with slender incomes; schoolmasters, shabbier than even the most shabby-genteel; working men in common attire, or dressed for the occasion; farmers in rough, coarse clothes, and faces wearing anything but their usual joviality; and ancient representatives

of the Celts who had taken part in the battles of Monday and Tuesday. And there were others also, though unseen, who were not less felt, for, far away in the homes of many of those that paced the college walks, there were anxious and fervent prayers rising from parent lips that God would crown their young one's efforts with success, and place him among the fortunate few. But as all could not be successful, to many there would be disappointment, the crushing for ever of hopes long cherished in the breast, the final renunciation of what had been their life's dream—a liberal or college education—the dull, weary journey home, and the tender sympathy of friends far harder to bear than open insult. All, and more than all, this takes place every year at the close of this grand contest of the North, only that the Scotchman—never demonstrative—does not trumpet it out before the world. The victor takes his place quietly in his class, and performs his duty with an eye to the prizes at the end of the session; whilst the vanquished retires without a murmur into private life, and perhaps never more emerges, though others, nothing daunted and by no means despairing, toil on with greater vigour than before, hoping for a more favourable issue to their efforts at the close of the next Competition.

Spite of the various expedients resorted to by us, the time hung heavily on our hands, and our anxious hearts grew sick of the suspense, longing for a settlement one way or other. True, true it is in a matter like this, that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

After two hours had been thus spent, a commotion was noticed in the direction of the public hall, and a rush was immediately made towards it. After a good deal of rough usage I managed to get a seat

at the farthest end of the hall, and in an elevated position, from which I was able to look around me. The room was crammed almost to suffocation, and as the dust rose in clouds from the continual "ruffing" and "scraping" of such a number, the atmosphere was soon not of the purest. A loud whistle piercing your ears would ring out, causing a momentary silence; while the head of someone that appeared particularly prominent above the rest, would be assailed by a volley of peas, not particularly pleasant to those in the vicinity. In one corner you would be startled by the barking of a dog, in another by the crowing of a cock, both imitated so closely that you could hardly doubt but that some of these creatures had been surreptitiously introduced into the room.

Suddenly a cheer was raised by those near the door, and taken up by all who were in the room. All eyes were fixed upon the entrance, when, to the excited imaginations, there appeared the form of the Janitor, robed in a faded gown, and carrying a high silver mace on his arm. He seemed extremely proud of his position at the head of the procession, and carried his head so high as to excite the ire of some of the evil disposed, who, with a trueness of aim quite remarkable, and worthy of William Tell, shot a pea right against his nasal organ, from which it was seen sharply to bound, leaving behind it a little red mark. Suddenly John ducked his head, carefully and quietly rubbed his proboscis, and passed rather hurriedly along the way that had been partially cleared for him. In his train came one of the professors leading a very old man whose steps were tottering, and whose sightless balls rolled about in his head. After these came the rest of the professors, who took their seats on a raised bench

Professor DAVID THOMSON.

erected for the purpose, the old man being placed in the centre. While a prayer was being offered up by one of the Divinity professors, I watched the face of the old Principal, which twitched and moved in a most extraordinary manner. His appearance was altogether striking, for his long white locks fell down in clusters upon his shoulders, and on his head was a small skull cap, which gave him a strange and antique appearance, recalling the figures of some of those famous scholars of medieval times. After the prayer, "George" claimed to be allowed to make a few remarks regarding the exercises which had been handed in, characterizing them as better than usual, and a credit to the majority of the competitors—a piece of information which none seemed to care about, if one was to judge from the unmistakable signs of disapprobation which were manifested during the time he was speaking. As soon as he had finished, the Secretary or Vice-Principal rose and said he would now have the pleasure of announcing the list of the successful competitors at the Bursary Competition. "The first bursary, of the annual value of £30, has been gained by"—and he whispered the name into the ear of the Principal, who, after a great deal of twitching and manting, roared out in a voice that surprised us all —"James Plufferson!" All eyes were turned to every corner of the room to see the fortunate gentleman, when they were arrested by a remark from the Secretary to the following effect—"The gentleman's name is James Paterson." Again all eyes glanced round the room, and, seeing a commotion in one of the corners, became fixed there, and on the crowd opening I was very much surprised to see a little fellow step forward—none other than the hero of the "Ainsworth" Dictionary. When-

ever the students became aware that it was he, a deafening shout arose which shook the building, and evidently disturbed the equanimity of the conquering hero. After conversing with the Professor for some time, he was ordered to stand to one side until the rest were announced. The second seemed well known and a favourite, if one might judge from the shouts and remarks made when his name was declared. He, after a similar colloquy, took his place beside the first bursar, after which the third was announced, who evidently came from the country, and was unknown, for little greeting was accorded him. Then came a name that seemed strangely familiar to me, but which at the time I appeared entirely to have forgotten. In an instant, however, it dawned upon me that it was my own, and scarce knowing what I did, I rose and mechanically walked up to the Principal. There I was informed that I was the fortunate winner of a bursary of the annual value of £18 10s., and would I accept of it? Of course I said I would, and was told to take my place beside the others. Name after name was called, but I did not seem to hear them distinctly, or heard them in a dream, for my mind was in such a state of excitement that I really did not know what was going on around me. The feeling of success was so sudden and unexpected that I felt as if I would choke, and trembled so violently that my next neighbour asked if I was ill. Then, when all was over, and we had given in our names, birthplaces, and parties under whom we had studied, the congratulations of our friends outside became the pleasant awakening from the lethargic state into which the unexpected news had thrown us. Our companions were so demonstrative in their manner of showing their appreciation of the

success of the first bursar that despite his protests and earnest appeals, they raised the little fellow shoulder high, and, carrying him through the streets of the town, deposited him with three cheers at his own door.

When I gained the solitude of my own room I could hardly bring myself to believe that the last hour was a reality and not a pleasant dream. I had gained a bursary far beyond my most sanguine expectations, such as I had never even dreamt of, and I was now in a position to remain unassisted at that fountain of learning for which I had so long hungered and thirsted. I sat in dreamy joyance, unable fully to realise it. But I was soon roused from my reverie by a well-known voice.

"Hurrah! Well done, old boy! Glad to find you are in the bursary list, and so far up too. I told you there was nothing like going in to win, and not caring a fig for anything. If you had smoked that pipe with me, you would most undoubtedly have come in first. It was a very great mistake, and one which cannot now be remedied. But never mind, you have done very well, and that is a great consolation. Come, let us have a smoke now, and if you have no objections, I will be delighted to drink your health and future success in the Bageant class in something stronger than water."

"Certainly, I shall have no objection, for I consider the present one of the occasions on which one may make merry with his friends. I suppose you will have the pure *aqua vitae*."

"That's the stingo. Bring it here."

"This must have been placed here for the purpose of soothing my spirits under defeat, or allaying them under success, and as the latter is the order of the day, I shall be highly delighted to remove

the seal. I know well that you will find it first class."

"I have not the slightest doubt upon the subject. Get a kettle of boiling water placed on the hob, and I'll brew myself a tumbler of the strongest toddy with which to drink your very good health, and pour out a libation to your becoming a Bageant."

Having been supplied with all the condiments, we set to work, and soon were sitting over steaming bowls. As the whisky warmed us, and the jets of smoke rose in light blue puffs into the air, my cousin's tongue became very voluble, and he began to treat me to a long dissertation regarding my future life at college.

"Now that you are one of us, and made such a creditable opening, I must take you in hand, and initiate you into the mysteries of college life. There is nothing so ruinous to a young fellow as getting into a bad set when he first makes a start. Not but one soon finds his level here, for there is no place so democratic, so thoroughly opposed to any assumption of dignity, unless for talent, as your dear 'Alma Mater.' A fellow may be as rich as Crœsus, and yet find it no value to him here, in as far as it will give him any position among his fellows. Talent, and talent alone, is appreciated and looked up to, and perhaps also the fact of one having been longer at college than his neighbour."

"I should rather think that that weighs a good deal, if I am to judge by the treatment the raw recruits received on the days of the Competition."

"Well, you are perhaps pretty nearly correct there, but then you must remember that there is a dignity attached to a Tertian or Magistrand. They have been proved in repeated contests, and you have not."

"And perhaps found wanting in very many."

"Far be it from me to say that a Tertian or a Magistrand may not be fallible—may not be stuck. Like everybody else, they are liable to errors, though I must say they have not the greenness, the new-fledgedness of a newly-born Bageant," said he, with a leer towards me, which by no means excited my ill-nature.

"Which they were themselves not very long before. Why, I should say that there are as good men among the Bageants as among the Tertians or the Magistrands."

"O, yes, there is the making of a good Tertian in them occasionally," continued he, as he poured out another glass; at which I only laughed, for my good nature was not so easily ruffled as on former occasions. "However," he went on, "I hope you will be an apt pupil in all matters connected with the out-door life of a student in which I am to instruct you. Take my advice: do not be surprised at anything. Take nothing for gospel; give chaff back to those who treat you with it; do not presume too much on your being a Bageant, and willingly follow your leader, and I have no doubt, when the close of the session draws near, that you will have made as much progress in my branches of study as in many of those of your professors."

CHAPTER V

The City of the Scarlet Gown.
—*Andrew Lang.*

By the end of another week we had got into the full swing of college work. At no time was much leisure permitted us, both on account of the amount of work to be done and the shortness of the session. Our classes were two in number—Latin and Greek—with an attendance of five hours. The work in these was most thorough, and excellently adapted to mature the mind, foster self-reliance, and make excellent scholars. It consisted of part of Cæsar, Ovid, or Cicero in Latin, and of Xenophon, Anacreon, or Homer in Greek. The passages were translated with very great care, each nicety and peculiarity noted and commented upon, and collateral readings mentioned and explained. It was, on the whole, more exact than in our parish schools, or rather our exactness was turned in another direction, for, as good versions previous to this had been the great aim of our life, so now a nicety in the translation of the languages became our chief object. The former seemed beneath the dignity of a professor, though some of the students did not hesitate to say that the professor himself could not write one *sine errore.*

The appearance of the class was a very motley one indeed. As most of the students came from the country—generally from the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland—they brought with them all

their native roughness and coarseness of manners. The great majority of those who had spent their lives in town frequented the neighbouring University, where the entrance and other examinations were not nearly so severe. In general, the great bulk of the students were far behind in good manners, and that polish which a large town always gives. Their secluded habits when at college, and their intercourse only with their own number, prevented any improvement in this matter. On the whole, their conduct in the class, and their behaviour towards some of the professors, were anything but gentlemanly, and soon settled the point that there could be little intercourse between professor and student until there was a softening down of that roughness and asperity of manner which was a marked trait in the student character.

Nothing surprised me more than the utter want of respect displayed by a great many of the students towards certain of their professors. It is true, and must be allowed in their favour, that some professors were scarcely fit for their duties, and had been placed there through influence, and not on account of scholarship. They tell in annals of the University not very ancient, that a surgeon in the Navy, having married the daughter of one of the Principals, was appointed to the richest chair in the University, and had to learn the alphabet of the language after his appointment. Such a person could not be expected to receive the same amount of respect as a ripe scholar; and as the language of the quarterdeck would often break out when he was excited, the students took every opportunity of working upon his irascible nature, until the class often became a scene of indescribable uproar. Heavy fines were imposed, students expelled, and all the

terrors of the University courts held up before them, but they treated them with contempt, and pursued the rough tenor of their way. Another, whose jokes were of a uniform nature, and who had handed them down from class to class until they had become stale and unprofitable, was at last treated by the students to yawns instead of laughter. Another, whose domineering disposition made him no favourite, was teased and annoyed in such a manner that he thought of resigning. Urged by his colleagues, he kept his post and redoubled his vigilance, but in vain, for, though student after student was punished, the real aggressor seemed likely to escape and become the pest of the class. At last the better disposed and working part of the students—seeing that no work could be done as long as this continued—took the matter into their own hands and formed themselves into a vigilance committee. In a few days the annoyances had completely ceased, and the professor was able to proceed with the work of the class in peace.

It was formerly the practice for all prayers to be offered up, and the work of the class conducted, in Latin. This was in many cases the cause of ludicrous mistakes. Thus, in the case of the surgeon of the Navy who had been raised to the dignity of a professor, it was very inconvenient, principally from the fact of his being unacquainted with the language. Having, however, obtained a copy of the Latin prayer, he inserted it in the crown of his hat, so that he might be able to read it as that article of head-dress stood before him. But one morning the MS. having dropped from his hat or been surreptitiously removed by some evil-designing person, the unsuspicious professor rose up, clasped his hands in the attitude of prayer, and closed his

eyes, preparatory to proceeding. As the first word, "Habe," came from his lips he opened his eyes and looked into his hat. Finding nothing there, he became confused, repeated the word over and over again, and then, looking up, said, "Gentlemen, I will give you the prayer to-morrow." From that day he was dubbed "Habe," and was much better known by that than by his own name.

Frequently also during the delivery of a prayer by any of the professors, when the least hesitancy was shown or repetition attempted, some of the more impudent would shout out, "That's a maxie," which would of course raise a laugh and embarrass, often entirely put out, the professor. There was no use getting angry or attempting to discover the offender, for all the students considered it a point of honour to screen such from the punishment which they richly deserved.

On account of the obloquy thrown upon it, the Latin prayer was dispensed with, but it is still the practice for all the students to assemble in the Public Hall for the purpose of having the roll called, when an English prayer is offered up by one of the professors, each of whom takes it in turn. On these occasions the prayer of the professor is often interrupted by certain sounds which indicate that the parties uttering them are by no means deeply engaged in their devotions. One professor in particular, who was very methodical both in manner and matter of prayer, came in for his share of caricature. Here and there through the room would various parties be seen imitating him, clasping their hands before them in the same manner, pulling down a tuft of their hair over their brows, and muttering in the same hollow tone of voice in which he was accustomed to utter his petitions. By and

by the murmur would increase to a distinct sound, which, when he came to a certain part of the prayer, became perfectly audible, and you lost the sound of his voice in the sonorous accents of a number saying, "May teachers and taught be alike taught of Thee, who alone teachest savingly and to profit." Then would come a sudden lull as the professor opened his eyes and looked before him at the Magistrands, who were the chief delinquents. But there was not a figure there but what was in the most appropriate position for devotion. Again his eyes were closed, and again the prayer was proceeded with, when something similar would take place, and some one of the more impudent close all by calling out in a loud and nasal tone of voice, "Amen," which would send a number into fits of laughter.

If such was the conduct at prayers, we may easily suppose that in the classroom every opportunity was taken of creating a diversion and affording amusement. And yet the work was in general well done, and the amount gone through far more than might have been expected. Of course, the conduct we have indicated was only pursued towards one or two professors, for all the others were so much respected, or had so much personal influence, that no scenes of such a disagreeable nature occurred in their classrooms. The routine of lessons went on like clockwork, and every student, from the highest to the lowest, felt an interest and pleasure in work which he had never before experienced.

As the majority of the students are regular, or take the regular course of study for Master of Arts, there are very few of what are called private students. Each student is named according to the

number of sessions he has been at college. Thus, the first year students are named Bageants, supposed to be derived from a French word meaning new-fledged, like a young bird in a nest, and brought originally across from Paris by the founder of the University; the second, Semis, from being half-through their course; and the third and fourth year students, Tertians and Magistrands, from an equally clear source. On account of the students being so regular in their studies, and almost all taking the degree of Master of Arts, the professors have greater power over them, and can keep them more closely to their work. It has to be remembered, also, that before a student could pass for his M.A. he *must* pass a certain amount—more than one-half —of all the papers, and in the Mathematical Class this embraced part of conic sections and the differential and integral calculus. Besides, nothing was more looked down upon than the fact of being "plucked," or, as it was called with us, "stuck"; and though the professors were very considerate in this matter, and only informed them in private, yet such bad news would by some means or other get bruited abroad, and the party be looked upon as a *rara avis* in his class. As all bursars—and, in the third and fourth year, all students—had also to pass entrance examinations at the commencement of each session on the subjects of the previous one, it can be easily supposed that we were not allowed to be idle, and that the system pursued was one excellently adapted for keeping up knowledge of the various branches of study which the curriculum embraced.

About the end of the first week the important duty of buying the gown had to be performed. This is red, and is the distinguishing mark of all the students. As the student increases in years and

arrives nearly at the close of his college course, the gown becomes smaller and smaller until it finally disappears, when he is capped A.M. Before that important event takes place, the gown has been known to be reduced to a small shred fixed to the button-hole of the coat. The Bageant, however, luxuriates in his gown, revels in his gown, glories in his gown. There is nothing has such a charm for him as his red toga, and the day on which it is donned is marked by him with a white stone. On the first Sunday, therefore, on which the wearing of it is compulsory, the fresh, newly-fledged Bageants are to be seen wending their way to the old college chapel, with its fine quaint oak carving, which all students, except Dissenters, are expected to attend, or else they are mulcted in the sum of one penny. Well do I remember that first Sunday when I marched over to the old building, sanctified by the atmosphere of a beautiful Lord's Day. Lofty pride was in my heart—pride at my own success, pride that I was now enabled to drink at that fountain of knowledge, and pride at the red flowing badge that adorned my shoulders. And after the sermon was over, what feelings coursed through my breast as I threaded my way through the well-dressed multitude, and noted their looks at my attire! And yet my pride received a fall, my happiness was mixed with alloy—for did not the little urchins on the street tug at my gown and cry after me, "Buttery Wullie Collie! Buttery Wullie Collie!"

How such a cry originated is, we fear, lost in the mists of antiquity. Various hypotheses have been given, such as that the said gentleman, by name William Collie, was so fond of fresh butter and its bearers that he used to make raids on them when they came into the market on a Friday morning.

Another says that he was a good, quiet, well-disposed student, whose means were so small, and affection for his mother so great, that he went to the market-place, clad in the insignia of his class (it is but right to state that this is denied on very high authority), and helped his worthy parent to dispose of her weekly load. On that account he was called "Buttery Wullie Collie," and from him the whole class received the same appellation.

Some think, and say, that it had its origin in another cause entirely different—the pride and vanity of this world. These declare Collie a vulgar corruption of college, and Wullie a general name for all students. The word Buttery they declare to have no connexion with that excellent article of domestic use, but to take its rise from the gaudy hue of the scarlet gown, and that it was originally Butterfly. It, therefore, in its primitive form, stood Butterfly William of the College, but, like all Scotch appellations, it was reduced to suit the tastes of the people into the cry with which those red gowns are usually saluted, "Buttery Wullie Collie."

A still more likely cause of its origin has lately been discovered in a collection of old Scottish poems. In the old town in which the college stands, there flourished in former days a famous change house or inn, familiarly known as the Buttery College, because it was kept by one Peter Butter. It was the great resort of the students, who were as much addicted in those days to frolic and amusement as they are now. The landlord was a hail-fellow-well-met, as agreeable and pleasant as his beer and spirits, and knew well how to make the house pay. The Buttery College was therefore a great favourite, and had its magisterial body, the honours of which were greatly coveted, and for

which on one occasion there were no fewer than thirty-six candidates. The time was spent generally in amusements altogether different from those pursued in the opposition place, and from the notoriety of the members the name came to be handed down to all succeeding generations as a *sobriquet* for the students. The qualifications necessary for admission and the studies pursued were all duly chronicled in dog-Latin rhyme, which has been handed down to our day.

But Monday was the trial day for the new gowns. From time immemorial it had been the practice for the Semis and Tertians to make common war against this article, in which the Bageants so much pride themselves. As soon, therefore, as I came near the hall door, I noted two rows of students, between whom we would have to run the gauntlet before we could reach the seats set apart for us. Once within their clutches we knew that no mercy would be shown, and therefore we quietly waited outside to watch how matters progressed before we made the attempt. In the distance, passing through the archway, appeared the huge figure of Alister Macalister, who had gained a £12 10s. bursary, and who, in his new gown, and with his nose in the air, was indeed a very conspicuous figure. At once his eye comprehended the excited groups, who were shouting, "Come awa', Alister! Lat's hae a grip o' yer goon tae see fat kin' o' claith it's made o'. Come awa', Alister!"

"Na, she'll no come to lat ye teer her goon, bit she says gin she comes she'll lat some o' ye feel the wecht o' her airm."

"Come awa', then, come awa'. Mony a peer laddie hae ye thrashed afore noo. Come awa', an' we'll gie *you* some."

"Mony a ane his she thrashed, an' maybe she'll thrash you tee, ye impident rascals. Haud awa' there," said he, as one came behind and gave a severe tug to his gown.

"Hullo, Alister; come on. Dinna stan' preachin' there, an' tellin's fat ye'll dee. Are ye feart, man? Hiv ye sic a care o' yer goon that ye're feart tae come?"

"I'll lat ye ken that by an' by, maybe ower seen for some o' ye, ye impident scoon'rels, that winna lat a dacent body aleen. Tak' that, then, an' that!" roared he, making a rush at them, his Highland blood fairly up. Down went the first two or three before his stalwart arm and immense strength, and he had pushed nearly half-through the crowd before they were able to seize him. A pause, caused by the tearing of his gown and new home-spun coat, was fatal to him, and gave them the opportunity they wanted. Knocking down the offender, he unfortunately slipped his foot upon the leg of one of the students, who had pushed it out for that purpose, and, falling forward, was immediately pounced upon by half a dozen of his tormentors. In vain did the huge fellow try to shake them off, for they stuck the closer, or were thrown aside, bearing in their hands some fragments of spoil. Amid screams, yells, and roars of laughter the row continued, and when he emerged from their merciless clutches poor Alister was minus his gown and the greater part of his coat, while his cap was nowhere to be found. As soon as he found himself free he turned round and shook his fist in the air, muttering something in his native Celtic which might have been an oath, but most certainly, from the manner in which it was delivered, was not a blessing.

The blood of the students being up at the

resistance of Alister, the rest of us received the full benefit of it. I was tossed from one to another, projected forward to the end of the row, and as suddenly brought up, at each movement hearing a new rent in my precious gown, and when I at last stood free I found the back gone and the sides hanging in shreds. A few set themselves manfully to defend their togas to the last, and struck out splendidly at their opponents, but the inferiority of their numbers and the many traps laid for them at every step reduced their power of resistance to the lowest, and they were at last glad to get out of the clutches of their tormentors, minus their gowns, hats, or other portions of their wearing apparel. The students had not the slightest mercy, and acted in a very unfair and shabby manner towards the defenceless Bageants. However, there was no redress to be got in complaint or resistance, for the force of numbers completely gained the day, and the poor Bageant was compelled to console himself with the reflection that next year he would have the opportunity of wreaking his vengeance upon the next batch of new students.

CHAPTER VI

The tintinnabulation of the bells.

—*Poe.*

ONE Saturday, early in the session, I accompanied my cousin in a call upon a friend of his, a Mr. Lockhart, who was in his class at college. When ushered into his room we found no one there, and so, to while away the time, I passed to his library and began to examine it. It seemed very choice: the finest editions of the ancient classics, with a great amount of the best English literature, and here and there a French and German author of note. To my inquiries regarding his literary attainments, my cousin replied that he was one of the cleverest young men at college, both in the classes and also in the general acquirements of a thorough scholar. Passing to the sideboard, I was very much surprised to see it decorated with ornaments of a very curious nature—knockers of all shapes and material—while in the centre there was a beautiful brass plate engraved with the name of Samuel Martin, Hatter to the People. I inspected these very closely, and found them to be in every way excellently executed, some in the antique style of art, while all, or almost all, bore some inscription. These inscriptions I found to be the names of leading men in the town, such as Dr. Dyce, Rev. Henry Angus, Rev. John Murray, Sir Thomas Wyllie, Peter Henderson, Dr. Keith, Sir Thomas Blaikie, and a host of others.

Being very much surprised, I turned to my cousin for an explanation.

"Does your friend amuse himself in the manufacture of these articles?" I inquired.

"Well, not exactly in their manufacture," replied he, turning round as the room door opened, and saying, "How do you do, Lockhart? Hope you're well? Let me introduce my cousin to you—he that carried off the bursary at the beginning of the session. You will find him a chip of the old block—one that will suit us in every way."

"Glad to see you, my boy. Glad to make your acquaintance, after the flattering way in which your cousin has recommended you. You did well at the Competition, and I hope, when you are about to throw off the yellow hairs of a Bageant, that you will show us of what stuff you are made."

I thanked him for his good opinion, and took a seat. He was a very good-looking fellow, with a very intellectual face and lofty brow, perhaps appearing higher than it really was from the manner in which his hair rose from his forehead. There were no whiskers or moustache on the youthful face, though on the upper lip there was some light down, which, after a time, might form itself into something more manly. He could not have been more than nineteen or twenty years of age, though his manner would have led you to suppose that he had seen many more years. His tall, slim figure moved gracefully through the room as he passed to an easy chair near the fire, and I am not ashamed to confess that I was at once very much impressed by him, and that this impression my after intercourse served to deepen.

While I was thus examining them, and coming to these conclusions, my cousin said, "He has just been

examining your sideboard ornaments, and asking me whether you amuse yourself in the manufacture of them. I was telling him when you came in that you did not manufacture them, but that you amused yourself in their acquisition."

"Yes, just so. Do you like them?" said he, with a pleasant smile, and rising from his seat. "It is a craze of mine, the collection of such articles of *virtu* as are before you. Ever since I came to college I have devoted my attention to this branch of antiquarian research, and I have been pretty successful. These I have collected since the commencement of the present session."

"Indeed! Your industry must have been great to have collected so many."

"Well, I could hardly say," replied he, with a half smile round the corners of his mouth.

"Let me tell you," said my cousin, "that in this matter of research his energy is indefatigable."

"So I should judge, by the number of specimens before me. Here is a very pretty one, quite antique in its style," said I.

"Yes, that one is a beauty. You can have no idea how I longed and thirsted for that knocker. I used to pass by the house where it was exposed to view three or four times a day, until I became an object of attention to the bobby. He used to stare into my face with a half-fatuous look, and occasionally seemed impelled by a strong desire to take me to the lock-up, and inquire why I was always to be found pursuing the same beaten track. But I heeded him not. My mind was filled with one idea—with the thought of this treasure, and the means by which I could obtain it. Every time I passed, new beauties appeared in it, and a stronger desire filled my heart to become its possessor. By day and by

night it was my deepest thought, and from brooding over it I became really ill. My appetite left me, the sallow look of desire began to appear upon my cheeks, and my friends, in whose society I had found the greatest delight, had no charm for me. Like Ahab of old, I became ill because I could not obtain that upon which I had set my heart. But one night, to the great surprise of some of my friends who happened to be seated in my room, I burst into their midst in an excited and overjoyed state. In answer to their inquiries I held up this treasure, this great plague of my life—the veritable knocker that lies before you. In a moment they understood the nature of my past illness, and almost with tears in their eyes came forward to congratulate me on its acquisition, and also to upbraid me with want of confidence and feeling in not requesting their personal aid in obtaining so great a treasure. I thanked them, and said that I did not require this other proof of their love for me, but that now, having obtained what cost me so much thought and trouble, I might be allowed to say that I was indeed happy." And so saying, he patted the said article with a pathetic air.

"And how did you manage to obtain it?"

"By a little stratagem I will afterwards explain to you," and my cousin and he gave a light laugh. "Do you see that other one marked 'Dr. Dyce'? It's not a great beauty, but it cost me a great deal of trouble. I can assure you it was fully three weeks before I could manage it."

"Indeed. It does not seem nearly so fine an article as the former. How did it take so much time?"

"On account of its ponderosity and the extreme cohesion of its inherent parts. It is by no means

equal to that one made in the form of an eagle, whose claws do the work of the knocker. That one is a pure work of art, executed by a first-class artist whose name is unknown to fame. O, that it had been cast in bronze or durable brass! Then it would have been a *monumentum aere perennius*. I intend to present that to the college when I leave."

"Why so, Lockhart?" said my cousin, with a loud laugh, quite inconsistent with the serious nature of the subject. "Is it because there was one like it on one of the college doors?"

"Just so: for the purpose of filling up the vacuum that has already been made. With it I shall present a door plate, inscribed with the name of David Thomson, which some day may be useful to some of the professors, or perhaps to the janitor."

"It would not be a bad idea," said my cousin. "I would also send along with it the name of the donor."

"No, thank you. I like to do all my good in secret. What reflex influence has charity which is done ostentatiously? None, save the blazoning abroad of your own doings, and that I do not call charity. Charity is always humble, and therefore if I do so I shall send it with the donor's good wishes, but not with his name. Don't you think that is the better way?"

"I do, but in many cases it depends entirely upon circumstances," replied I.

"Just so; it depends entirely upon circumstances. Now, the circumstances connected with these are of such a nature that the donor would rather withhold his name. So I think I shall act in this manner, and present them with my compliments. But look here. Do you see that plate that stands in the middle of the sideboard, engraved with the name of Samuel Martin, Hatter to the People? Well, I had long desired to

become the possessor of it, but found it was beyond my means at present. I was patiently waiting for an opportunity, when a deputation of my fellow-students called upon me a short time ago, and after stating that they were aware of my proclivity for the acquisition of articles of this nature, begged my acceptance of this little mark of their esteem. I was so touched with their kindness that I could scarcely find words to express my thanks. After treating them to a liberal supply of Bass, and bowing them out at the door, I returned to seat myself before my magnificent present, and to study its exquisite proportions. While thus occupied, would you believe that I had a visit from a man, accompanied by two policemen, declaring that I was the receiver of stolen goods? Of course I shut the door in their faces and returned to my post."

"And were you never troubled by them again?"

"Of course not; more especially as the two bobbies were old friends whom I am in the practice of occasionally treating."

"Here is a curious one. A devil's hand, I think. How is it so much twisted?"

"On account of the unwillingness with which it parted from its parent stem. Its tenacity was indeed very extraordinary."

"Indeed. How?"

"It took me fully half-an-hour before I could make it succumb to my superior knowledge and art," said he, with a light laugh, and a queer smile to my cousin. "Didn't it, Frank?"

"I should say fully that, if I am to judge by my own feelings."

"How do you mean?" inquired I, looking from one to the other. "There is some mystery under this which I do not understand."

"And yet it is by no means difficult. I must say that I am not surprised you have not discovered it before. That knocker was wrenched off by my friend while I stood and watched for the bobby."

"And have all these been obtained in the same way?" inquired I, looking round me in surprise at the array on the sideboard.

"All except the plate, which he has informed you was presented by a deputation of his fellow-students. They are a formidable number to be collected so early in the session. How many did you take home with you last session, Lockhart?"

"I really forget. Something about thirty, I think, while my first year I had the unprecedented number of forty-five. But you must know that the trade was then new, and the rest of the students were unacquainted with it."

"But how were you able to obtain all these without being caught by the police?" inquired I.

"By a little diplomacy and care. I never yet have had the pleasure of feeling the hands of a bobby upon me, and very few of my college chums can say that."

"Well, in my opinion, such conduct is mere wanton mischief, and I should be very much inclined to assist the bobby were I to find you engaged in such a trick," replied I, very indignantly.

"So say almost all new students," replied he, as coolly as if I had been praising him. "Wait till you have had experience in the matter, and you will think and speak differently."

"I really hope I never shall. No one loves a lark or bit of fun better than I do, but when fun degenerates into wanton mischief, into something far more serious than a lark, I do hope I will have as much manliness as to keep free from it."

"That is the way all novices speak, but no sooner do they hear the sound of a knocker being wrenched off than they become transformed. You can have no idea of the feelings which it creates in one's mind. That peculiar sound produced by the tension of the nerves of a knocker vibrates on the strings of the heart of the operator, and produces the most extraordinary sensation which one can imagine. On me it has such an effect that I cannot resist it, and therefore I proceed to finish what Nature has begun. Positively, to me there is no music so pleasant as the squeaking sound of a good knocker about to part from its companion metal. The pealing of a bell-handle is nothing to it."

"All I can say is, that I consider it conduct very much beneath the dignity of a gentleman. What say you, Frank?"

"That I used to be somewhat of your opinion, but am now converted to the faith of my friend. Besides, it ought to be remembered that the people who have such knockers can afford to pay for new ones, and that it helps trade."

"That's not the question at issue. I say, wherever there is intentional harm to another, wherever there is injury done that could have been avoided, then I say that it is wanton mischief, and beneath the dignity of a gentleman, and therefore of a student."

"All right, my dear fellow," said Lockhart. "We will not debate with you upon the subject on our first acquaintance. Sometime after this, at some of our symposia, you will be better able to judge of what is and what is not wanton mischief, and conduct beneath the dignity of a gentleman. Time, no doubt, will to a certain extent modify your opinion."

"I do hope that I shall never come to look upon wrong as right, and act accordingly."

"One does not know what may happen. I, at least, shall never ask you to act contrary to what you think is right. But, leaving knockers alone, have you knocked up Mitchell to-day? What do you say to a row on the river or in the bay? You are willing? Very well; let us light our pipes and have a smoke ere we proceed to relax our limbs on the dark blue profound."

CHAPTER VII

Whither are fled, sad walls, your whilom glee,
  Your morning glory of the olden time?
  Whither the vintage of your golden prime,
O charmed spot, O ancient hostel'rie?
Do ever the shades of Bajans long fordone
  Stray hither when October leaves are blown
  And cold rains shiver; and with jests old grown
Adown the sky send yet another sun?

—*Alma Mater, XXII, 5,*
"*To the Red Lion Inn.*" (*J. F.*)

It is a fact dependent upon the law of contrariety that people of close or sedentary habits, when relieved from their occupations, or in any way freed from the strain upon their minds, run to the opposite extreme, and commit those vagaries for which in time past they have been noted. Even the lower animals do this, as witness the dog let loose from his chain, the monkey from his cage, and the cattle from their stalls. And in the case of man this may be proved from the experiences of Jack ashore, the townsman in the country, the reminiscences of every schoolboy, the records of town and gown, and in many other ways which need not be mentioned. In the case of the students at this Northern University, the effervescence of their spirits was expended in jokes upon the professors, and such of the inhabitants as were not popular. Those freaks, in many cases, partook of more than jokes, and often degenerated into wanton mischief; yet, from the

fun of them, and from utter thoughtlessness on the part of the perpetrators, this was generally overlooked. The actors were chiefly the students from the country, who, being unaccustomed to the ways of the town, and little known to the residents, troubled themselves less whether they were discovered or not.

I have already said that nothing surprised me so much as the disrespect shown to certain of the professors and the improper behaviour in their presence. Nowhere else have I seen this so marked and so prevalent. But if this was the case in the classroom, it can easily be believed that out of it they would not be slow to perform practical jokes on those who were unpopular, and who for the time had incurred their displeasure. In the performance of these they were often not very choice, and the *broader* the joke, the better was it appreciated by the great majority, though it must be allowed that the better disposed and older students did not scruple often to mark their contempt and displeasure at such conduct, declaring it a mark of Bageantdom—the most opprobrious epithet at college. Thus, on one occasion, when one of the professors, who had arrived at a good old age without engaging in the matrimonial contract, took it into his head to do so, and wedded a young lady in the bloom of maidenhood, they engaged a musician, and sent him to play, before the door where the wedding was being solemnized, that sarcastic Scottish tune, "What can a young lassie dee wi' an auld man?" Now, this was a piece of gross impertinence, an interference in a matter with which they had no concern, and which on no account could be justified.

A common trick among students was the removing of signboards from their proper situations

and placing them upon such as would create a good laugh. For instance, I was once very highly amused by noticing over the door of one of the professors, noted for his habit of "taking off" the students on every possible occasion, a sign with the inscription, "Shaving Done Here!" Another, who was well known for his niggardliness, found placed above his door one Sunday morning the following sign, "Peats, Pipes, and Porter—Enquire Within." One waggish fellow, no doubt one of the principal actors in the former evening's freak, taking the sign for a real one, rang the bell and asked to see the master of the house. When he came he pointed to the sign and inquired if he had any of the last two, as he would have no objections to take some. The joke was the more appreciated as the poor professor had unconsciously come out and was standing before his door, staring with amazed eyes at the curious sign, as the church-goers were doucely wending their way to morning service.

Though this sign freak was occasionally practised during my course at college, the main bent of the students was in another direction—that of knockers, bell-pulls, and brass plates. Of these I have spoken already, and of another species of their freaks I shall relate an incident that happened to myself shortly after the commencement of the session.

On Saturday evenings, all work being laid aside, the students generally devoted themselves to amusement. Many of them were to be found parading the streets in bands, visiting the various places of amusement, or seated in certain of the hotels patronized by them. One Saturday, sauntering along the street arm-in-arm with my cousin, we met "our mutual friend" Lockhart, and adjourned to the Café Royal to have a tumbler of toddy. While seated in

the room specially set apart for the students, a great accession was made to our number in the shape of Fender, Grigor Allan, Givan, and one Henry Johnson, a little, old-faced, weather-beaten young man, whose head had been placed by mistake on his shoulders instead of those of a man of sixty. Besides, he had a sharp, cracked voice, eminently disagreeable, which he was in the habit of inserting on every available occasion. Altogether he was one of those characters with whom you occasionally meet in your course through life and whom you at once and instinctively dislike. It was surprising to all of us that he should have been in the company he was, but we afterwards learned that he had presumed upon a casual acquaintanceship with Allan, and stuck to him during the early part of the evening.

For a little the talk was scholastic, and principally concerning college work. As the tumblers increased in number it became more general, and degenerated into remarks concerning certain freaks of the students. Suddenly Fender abruptly interpolated, "I say, who's game to help me to pin a cart?"

"I'm your man, I'm your man!" came from various parts of the room at once.

"All right; I see there are plenty of volunteers, so I shall make a selection. I will take you, Allan, of course, and friend Lockhart, also Frank Jamieson and his cousin, and Givan also, if he feels inclined, though I must say it's more than enough for my taste."

"Am I not to go?" screamed he of the cracked voice.

"No, thank you; I'm much obliged to you for the offer, but, under the circumstances, beg to decline

it. In fact, we have more than enough, and I do not wish to be encumbered with too many volunteers."

"But I must go."

"Very well; go yourself."

"No, but I want to go with you."

"I have already said we cannot take you. In fact, I'm not sure that I can take Givan," said he, with a side look towards him. "Besides, I never undertake any business of importance without knowing my man."

"Well, but you know me."

"I have not that honour," said he, in a mock heroic manner.

"I say, Allan, introduce me then, since he stands upon such ceremony."

"No introduction of mine," said Allan, "will be of any use in this matter. We can only judge of your fitness by experience, and we have not that in your case."

"Then I shall just go on my own responsibility."

"You mean by yourself."

"No, with you."

"Not if I know it," cried Lockhart. "You can, if you please, but rest assured of this—I will not move in the matter if you accompany us. If you get into any scrape, you can get out of it the best way you can, for I will have nothing to do with you."

"All right; I'll look to myself."

"But understand me, I do not wish to have you with me, lest you should lead us into one."

"No fear of that; I'll take care that such a thing does not happen."

"But I do not wish to risk it, and therefore decline the honour of your company."

"You use scant ceremony."

"You compel me by your persistency; and let me

tell you that, if you determine to force yourself upon us, I will give up the thing altogether."

"I think, Fender," said Allan, "that you may trust him. I cannot say that I know much about him, but I think I may vouch for his proper conduct."

"That is saying a great deal; far more than I could say for many."

"I'll look after him."

"You can, if you like, but if I were in your place I would do no such thing. You know well my aversion to any neutral party in such a thing as we are about to attempt. But if you so determine, and think you can look after your *old* friend, perhaps the difficulty may be got over. But let me say that, even under these circumstances, I will not be hauled into a row for him or any other person like him. Remember that."

"All right, old boy. I have no doubt there will be no need of the warning, for I will keep my weather eye open and see that he is not led away by his extreme youth. You must all allow that his appearance is very much against him."

After this sally, which was received with shouts of laughter, the whole company started to their feet, emptied their tumblers, and were soon pacing along the stony streets.

It was a lovely evening, too lovely for our purpose, as I heard both Lockhart and Fender declare, who were walking some distance ahead of us. The moon shone clearly, the stars twinkled merrily over the bright city that sent up its glare of gas-light, as if to rival the far-off luminaries of night, and the bright shop windows looked out upon us as we moved on to the old town, with its antique seat of learning, sitting silently, and looking down from its hoary towers in learned repose upon the scene. As we moved up the

hill that lay between the two places, spite of the potent influence of the whisky, we could not but stop and admire the palpitating waters that stretched as far as the eye could reach, and in whose silvery bosom lay many a twinkling star. But down the incline we go, and as we approach the Red Lion, a halt is called, and Fender goes forward to play the scout. Presently he returned and informed us that the coast was clear, and that the cart was in excellent condition for an operation.

"And now for a disposal of our troops," said he. "You, Johnson, will stand here and watch the arrival of any bobby or suspicious person, and, as it is a position of great responsibility, let me warn you to be careful. I have given it to you on account of your age and staid appearance, and because I could not with safety entrust it to any of your juniors"; and as he said so he winked to Allan, as much as to say, "I think I have safely disposed of your venerable friend."

"As for you, Mac, I intend to put you where I would particularly wish to have one on whom I could depend. Do you think, Frank, that he would watch carefully the entrance to yon close?"

"I'll stake my life upon his faithfulness."

"That is enough. Now, look here—I want you to guard the mouth of this close, and to allow no one to enter without giving us this signal"—and he uttered a peculiarly sharp whistle. "Do you think you can do it?"

"I think I can."

"Now, if you stand here you can see along the street, and also where we will be, so that you can easily give us the signal, and know when we have escaped. I will expect you to be extremely careful."

"I will."

"All the rest can follow, and help in performing the operation of 'Pinning the Cart'."

Though it was a responsible position, and one that did me honour, yet I must say I would have preferred to have been in the thick of the fun. And yet, feeling as I did in the matter of those student freaks, it was perhaps as well that I should not be an actual participator in it, lest I should have had my scruples, and helped to spoil it. Besides, I was thoroughly unacquainted with the operation, though I was soon to be enlightened, and to understand in future what was the real meaning of the expression, "Pinning a Cart."

It was a moonlight night, as I have said, and the street being particularly clear of passers-by, I was enabled to direct my attention to the efforts of my fellow-students. The object of their attack was a cart which stood in a field at the end of the close, or, more correctly, behind the house where, no doubt, dwelt the owner. I noted Fender approach it, look carefully around, and having found that all was clear, issue his directions, which were instantly obeyed. One seized the back door, another the front, one unfastened one wheel, another another, one unloosed a side board, while his friend did the same to the other, and in a few seconds all were to be seen running with their burdens to every quarter of the compass. You saw one running as if for dear life with the front door under his arm, while its opposite neighbour was being borne in quite a contrary direction. One wheel was to be seen circling along over the green fields in the direction of the yellow sands, while its companion was being bowled over a field of turnips that stretched for some distance behind the houses. In a few minutes the whole transaction was over, and the operators met in the

street, a little out of breath with their rapid run, but as eager and willing as before to make a raid on any unoffending cart which might come in their way. And thus was I initiated into the mystery of "Pinning a Cart," and made a participator in it. In the excitement of the moment, the injury to the poor man was forgotten, and only the fun of the thing thought of.

We had walked some distance down the street when Johnson, perhaps irritated at his being left out of the late raid, or determined to do something on his own account, made a most mean and cowardly assault upon an old man who happened to be passing somewhat the worse of drink. None of us had been paying any attention to him—in fact, were entirely unaware of his presence until recalled to our senses by the row that ensued. It seemed that he had knocked off the old man's hat, and driven him into the gutter, which being noticed by some men who were in a shoemaker's shop almost immediately opposite the place, a sturdy fellow rushed out and very unceremoniously sent Allan, who had nothing to do with the matter, sprawling in the mud. Enraged at the blow, Allan quickly picked himself up, and, throwing aside the plaid which had been around his neck and served to deaden the blow, prepared himself for another attack. It came, and watching his opportunity, he very scientifically planted a blow on the side of his assailant's head, which sent him reeling along the street, and at last made him acquainted with the ground. But this only served to enrage the man still more, and seeing that his opponent was possessed of more science than he, he determined to try some other plan, and, suddenly rushing into Allan's embrace, seized the plaid which was still partially around him and held him fast. At this critical juncture, Lockhart,

who appeared to have been some distance ahead, rushed up, and crying out, "I told you what would happen through that wretch," struck the shoemaker so severe a blow on the arm that he was compelled to loosen his hold and set Allan free. As soon as this was done Lockhart whispered to him, "Get clear of that plaid as quickly as you can, or else we will be found out. Off with you; leave it in some fellow's lodgings, and return as quickly as you can, for there is sure to be a row through that abominably conceited friend of yours." In a second Allan was gone, getting quietly out of the crowd that was gradually increasing, for nothing so suddenly brings students out of their rooms or garrets as the likelihood of a row between town and gown.

But the students had not the field wholly to themselves, for from the houses of the residents came many both able and willing to fight when told of the dastardly action which was unwittingly palmed upon us. In less time than I can tell it, we were surrounded by a crowd of partisans and enemies, and a fight began in real earnest. Blows were given and received, *thuds* such as one only hears given by man to man, sharp raps of sticks by no means light or fragile were borne on the clear air, showing that the "light and joyous sport" was progressing favourably. Heads, shoulders, and faces were being rather roughly handled, and blood flowed pretty freely on both sides. But what amazed and annoyed us most was the conduct of the sturdy shoemaker who first made the attack, for, finding he had been baulked of his prey by the sharpness of Lockhart, he rushed about through the crowd, pointing us out, and bringing upon us the whole wrath of his party. Cameron, an old student, who had taken the lead after the commencement

of the row, seeing that it would be impossible to get the better of the crowd as long as our party was present, requested Lockhart, as a great favour, to withdraw his companions and leave the settlement of the matter to him. Seeing that, in this case, discretion was the better part of valour, Lockhart gave the signal, and, gradually collecting the whole, gave orders for a general march homewards. Reluctantly we obeyed orders, but when we got to the middle of the hill, instead of mounting it, made a rush for the Red Lion, and, bursting into a room, ordered a round, and proceeded to inspect the disasters of the evening.

"Imprimis," said Lockhart, "we are all here, except that little dastardly wretch, whom may the gods not defend. Had it not been for him we would have been all right, and run no risk of public observation. It is another proof of the value of Fender's rule, that you should never engage in any business with one whose character you do not thoroughly know. But let us see the state of our *corpora humana*. Fender, I see, has got an incipient black eye, which may partly be prevented by the prompt application of some raw beef from his Sunday roast; Allan, a new bump rising on the part of his cranium where amativeness is generally supposed to reside, which will not be objected to by the possessor, if it helps him in any way with his lady friends; Frank must feel some extravasation of the skin on that part of his arm which he is so carefully and tenderly stroking; Givan seems to have been making mouths so energetically and with such good purpose at his antagonists that his lips have assumed the shape, and will likely remain so for some time; while Mac, with whose features I am somewhat acquainted, has acquired an undue accession

to his nose, which does not, in my opinion, add anything to his good looks. These, with my own swollen cheek, seem to be the greater part of the external disasters, and as I suppose our inner man must be weak enough, and here comes the girl with the toddy, I propose we liquor."

While this interesting operation was going on, we compared notes more particularly and found that, spite of a few trifling contusions, we had come off very well from the fray. There was, however, a danger of being tracked, and it was therefore judged best to make our way to the town, and give over any further raid for that evening.

But when once youthful spirits are roused, and still further stimulated by an application to the whisky bottle, it is by no means an easy matter to restrain them. The smallest thing will sometimes send them off at a tangent, and produce results one afterwards regrets. And so it was in this case, for as we were returning home there was perpetrated a number of vagaries, which, though in many cases harmless, yet often degenerated into something worse. One act which I strongly but in vain protested against was the wholesale overturning of a cart which was standing near a wall that surrounded a garden. The perpendicular distance would be about twenty feet, over which the cart was precipitated amid vociferous cheering, followed by a sudden rush in every direction. How the owners managed to extricate it was to me a mystery. After this all control over the mass was impossible, and each took the way that pleased him best, doing whatever he liked. One would be seen pulling a bell, and asking in the most serious manner for somebody altogether different from the person who resided there, and when the answer was given by a pretty waiting

maid, an attempt was made to kiss her, which did not always meet with the most effective resistance. Some were energetically knocking at the door of the Misses Strachan, and discussing the propriety of entering and treating them all round. When their kind offer was declined, and their entrance effectually resisted, they became rather uproarious and impertinent, so that to cool their ardour one of the young ladies treated them to some dirty water from the bedroom window, which soon made them disperse. singing that sarcastic air, "We'll gang nae mair to yon toon."

And this was not all, for, having found my way to my lodgings and got into bed, I was roused rather early in the morning by some of my companions rushing into my room, and making kind and rather pertinent inquiries regarding my welfare. After I had satisfied them on this point, they proceeded to regale me with stories regarding their night's adventures, and their raids upon bell-pulls and knockers, some of which they showed me to prove the truth of their statements. There had been rows with policemen, attacks made upon them, and extraordinary escapes which savoured of the miraculous, and made me doubt the authenticity of the whole. However, their recital kept us in roars of laughter for many a day, until some new event arose to awaken our curiosity and merriment.

And all this might have passed without leaving any permanent impression on my mind, had not Lockhart come up to me one day in the quadrangle, and said, "I say, Mac, this is a bad business. I'm afraid we are going to be in a fix with that affair on Saturday evening. Had it not been for that abominable little old friend of Allan, we might have managed to baulk the policeman, but that row in

the street, and our encounter with the pugnacious shoemaker, have let the cat out of the poke. He swears he knows the fellow who had the plaid, and that he noticed him go off and leave it in Donald Stewart's lodgings. Donald was in, but declares he was so soundly asleep upon the sofa that he was unconscious of any person being in the room, though I believe Allan had a glass of grog from him. When he returned for it, if he ever did, Stewart says he must have been out, for he knew nothing about a plaid being there at all until he was told about it. This is so far good, but another thing has crept out which is by no means pleasant. The proprietor of the first cart that we 'pinned' happened to be looking out of his window, and by the aid of the moon saw the whole operation, and noted all the characters. He swears that if the students were all placed before him he could pick out his men, and, as he has lost the front door of his cart, he declares he will have redress though he should be at considerable expense. He has already engaged some bobbies from the new town, and they are going very systematically to work. If they can find out the owner of the plaid it will be all up, though Allan is not one that would peach. I must quietly make a few observations, and see if any of the private detectives are friends of mine, as there is some chance of their being. Looking at it in any light, it is not a pleasant matter, and demands great care and circumspection, for, should it get into the hands of the professors, it would be sure to go hard with us."

You may imagine the state of mind into which I was thrown by this communication. I walked the quadrangle scarce knowing that I did so, and indulged in bitter self-accusations for so foolishly engaging in wanton mischief when I had formerly

set my face so determinedly against it. And now, what if we should be discovered, brought up before the Senatus or Police Court, fined, and perhaps expelled from the college! What a disgrace to myself, my friends, and my parents, who had so strongly warned me against any such escapades! O, how I loathed myself for my vacillation, my weakness, my want of moral courage! Had I acted a manly, straightforward part, I would have protested against the whole business, and then left others to do as they pleased. But now I dreaded to think of the consequences.

Thus Wednesday and Thursday passed. On the Friday, when we arrived at college, we were told to assemble in the hall, as there was to be an important communication made to the students. It was whispered that some poor fellows were to "catch it." I knew at once that it was our escapade, for, as it had been committed within college bounds the professors had the power to take the matter into their own hands and summarily punish us. I did not dare to seek any of my companions, lest the fact of our being seen together might be brought against us. In a most unenviable frame of mind I waited until the professors in solemn conclave marched down from the Senatus Room, and took their seats on the raised dais, from which so lately my name had been called amongst those of the honoured bursars. O, how I felt the disgrace and the dishonour it would bring upon my respected parents! How deeply I regretted that I had not had as much moral courage in the hour of trial as to have resisted the evil; how I vowed that if ever I was again in the same situation I would act in a very different manner! But regret was of no use, and good resolutions could not recall the past.

Meanwhile, the Sub-Principal stood up and spoke in the hushed silence of the large hall, to the following effect:—"It is not often that we are called upon to act as we are about to do, and I am very glad that we are not. It is at all times an unpleasant duty to censure young men about to enter upon the real and stern duties of life. But our authority must be upheld, and any irregularities on the part of the students, both for their own sakes and ours, be corrected and punished. It is, therefore, our disagreeable duty at this time to stop our usual routine of work, and carry out the decision of the Senatus in a case that has lately come before us. It is a very flagrant one, showing utter disregard of our laws and great want of moral principle. The property of another must be respected" (here I groaned inwardly), "and if the students themselves do not know the difference between right and wrong, they must learn it by the things which they suffer. However, without saying anything further about it, I shall summon the gentlemen before us, and, stating the defence, give the decision of the Senatus regarding them."

Here there was a dead pause, during which the Sub-Principal, in that slow, cautious manner peculiar to him, turned and re-turned the leaf, as if to let the matter have the deepest effect upon us. Then, looking up, he said—"I will feel obliged if the following gentlemen will stand out in front of the professors." I felt a cold perspiration spread over my brow, and a sickening, fainting sensation pass over my heart as those words fell on my ear. The next—the next would be my name or that of some of my companions. I laid my head on the seat and wished that the earth might open and swallow me up. "Charles Grant, Magistrand! Alexander Irvine,

Magistrand!" What! Did I hear aright? Did not my ears deceive me? Were these some other names than those of my companions or myself? Surely I must be dreaming, or could not have heard aright. But no; it was all right, for there, to my amazed eyes, were the two delinquents standing before that awful conclave to receive the reward of their deeds.

O, what a relief, what a load removed from my soul, as the real truth became apparent! I lifted up my head and looked round with a half-defiant air, as if to ask, "Does any one accuse me of sin?" But all were too intent upon the scene to pay any attention to my looks or my actions. There before the professors were two victims, and, as they stood in solemn silence, I was reminded of that awful scene in "Marmion" where poor Constance stood before her judges, calm and impassible as stone, to receive her final doom. The row of gowned figures sat looking around with a critical, self-sufficient air, as if the whole wisdom of Christendom were concentrated in their heads, and moving not a muscle of their visages unless when inhaling a pinch of their favourite mixture. But again the slow, drawling tones of the Sub-Principal are heard. "You, Charles Grant, are charged with the heinous and grievous offence of copying at the entrance examination of the Magistrand Class, and you, Alexander Irvine, with allowing him to do so. It is therefore the decree of the Senatus that you, Charles Grant, be mulcted in the whole of your bursary of £16 10s., and that you be prohibited from obtaining the degree of A.M. in this or any other University; and you, Alexander Irvine, are mulcted in the sum of £10, for wittingly allowing him to make use of your papers."

Silence reigned for a moment, and then a perfect

storm of hisses, groans, scraping with the feet, and every other way in which dissent is generally shown arose, such as would have appalled the stoutest heart. Impassive as stone the Sub-Principal stood, occasionally glancing round in order to pick out the ringleaders. But they were too 'cute for that, and had been too long at the business. When he attempted to speak the noise became even greater, and continued so long that the professors made a motion to rise. On a sudden there was silence, when the Sub-Principal, with peculiar emphasis on the first word, said,—"*Gentlemen*, your demonstrations will have no effect upon the decision of the Senatus." This seemed only to excite them still more, and to make them feel a greater satisfaction in expressing their utter detestation of a body that seemed to be above all law, and which often acted in a most arbitrary manner. And they did so to their own satisfaction and the evident discomfort of the professors, while the young gentlemen stood with downcast eyes, evidently feeling the disgrace of their position.

And how did I feel? Relieved of an immense load, cleared of an awful disgrace; and though I was sorry for the young men who were thus censured by their professors and cheered by their fellow-students, yet the uppermost feeling in my mind was relief. However, the fright was not without its salutary results, for from that day to the time when I left the college I never engaged in anything which could bring me under the censure of the law, or expose me to the wrath of the still more inflexible conclave of professors.

CHAPTER VIII

Con-*Fusion* worse confounded.
—*Milton: "Paradise Lost," II, 996.*

"WELL, Mac," cried my cousin as he burst into my room on a Friday evening, "are you coming to the Debating Society?"

"I believe I am a member, and therefore ought to go. When does it meet?"

"At eight o'clock."

"All right. What is the subject?"

"Have you not got the card?"

"It is somewhere here, if I could lay my hands upon it," said I, as I rummaged among various papers in a case on the mantelpiece. "Ah, here it is. This is what day? The 13th of December. 'Subject for discussion—Whether the fusion of the two colleges would be advisable and beneficial?' It strikes me that will be rather interesting and instructive."

"Rather, I should think."

"Who are the speakers?"

"'Affirmative—Robert Cruickshank. Negative—John Jamieson.'"

"I'll go, then."

"Very well, let us set out at once, for we will take some time to go over, more especially as I intend to make a call on two or three on our way. Take a stick with you, Mac; not a small cane like that, but a good sturdy *rung*, such as can make a good sound. It will be useful."

The Debating Room (Mathematical Classroom).

"How do you mean?"

"Man, you are awfully obtuse in these matters. Never mind just now. Get your strongest and stoutest stick and let us be gone. You will learn the use of it by and by."

"Any more of your freaks?"

"Not at all, upon my honour. You will be engaged in nothing that will give you any qualms of conscience afterwards. Come along, and no nonsense."

"All right; I'll take you at your word."

So, armed with the stoutest cudgel I had, we set out for the Old Town. On our way we called upon several of our companions, and before we arrived at the college gate we were a goodly company, well armed, and in a very hilarious mood. I learned from some of them that the debate was expected to be very lively, and that we were to stick up for the honour of our University, and do everything in our power to defeat the ends of the other speaker. When I remarked that this was hardly fair in a matter of debate, I was told very unceremoniously to hold my tongue and do as I was bidden, which injunction did not greatly increase my faith in my companions' ideas of fairplay.

The meeting was held in the Mathematical Classroom, given by the professor for the purpose. When we arrived there, we found the room comfortably filled with students of the various years, who were amusing themselves in all the various modes common to that fraternity. One was busy with a "pluffer," by means of which he was making peas dance over every part of the room, and won a bet of sixpence from another of his companions by hitting the vertex of a triangle which had been drawn on the blackboard by some of the students in the former part of the day for the purpose of demonstrating the fifth proposition

of Euclid. Another was crowing like a cock, and replying to a friend in the other end of the room, who was performing those cat-calls so often heard in theatres. Then came hissing, cheering, and scraping in every imaginable way; in fact, everything disagreeable that could be thought of. Presently a faint cheer from the farther end of the room, taken up quickly over the whole, announced the arrival of the speakers. As they approached, the cheering was tremendous, and many a stout stick was heard knocking against the floor and sending forth a hollow sound. This was renewed with even greater vehemence when one of the students rose and proposed George Morrison as chairman; then came a short lull in the storm, during which the chairman announced the subject of discussion and the party who was to open the debate.

Robert Cruickshank rose amid a perfect hurricane of applause and hisses, which seemed to give him very little trouble. He was a little fellow, with his hair hanging over his brow and a funny look about his face, which provoked a laugh. He had also a peculiar manner of moving about when speaking, a sort of shuffling of his feet, which gave a good deal of amusement to the students; add to this that he bobbed up and down, and shrugged his shoulders when he said anything that he considered particularly good, and you can have some idea of the person to whom was entrusted the most unpopular part of the debate—the fusion of the two colleges.

Before the speaker had opened his mouth, and long after he had entered upon his speech, he was plied with questions and personal remarks which would have put any common person to their wits' end. "Go it, Crooky! Hit him hard! Three cheers for the Broad Street Academy! Down with the old

college! Steady; stand steady, Bobbie!" and such-like expressions were bandied about and at the speaker, who took them all in good part, and when one more impertinent than the rest asked him for a lock of his hair, he put his hand to his forelock, and pulling some from it held it out to him. This was received with roars of laughter, which for a time calmed the tumult.

No subject roused the ire of the students of our University so much as the proposition that the two colleges should be formed into one, and that ours, the more venerable, the more famous, and the richer of the two, should be demeaned by connexion with such a juvenile, modern, and poor establishment as the other was in our estimation. Hence, any attempt to introduce the subject in a company mainly composed of students belonging to the older University was sure to be received with marks of the strongest disapprobation. The present speaker, therefore, found his task anything but an easy or agreeable one, but with great *sang-froid* he bore it all, and waited patiently during the frequent interruptions. Considering that the subject was as unpopular to him as to the majority of the audience, he handled it in an able manner, and showed an amount of good temper which did him great credit. He spoke of the anomaly of two Universities in one town when one could serve the purpose, and referred to the remark frequently made in Parliament, that this town had as many universities as all England. "Now if the whole of England was long satisfied with two, and found them for all purposes sufficient, surely we in this northern and only half-peopled district ought to be satisfied with one. It has been often said that our Universities afford a classical education to young men at a low rate, which it would be

impossible to obtain at the same figure in any other educational establishment of the same kind in the Kingdom. Granted. But what sort of education is it? Not one whit higher, if as high, as some of the best schools in England—such as Eton or Rugby." ("No! No! What impudence! Put the beggar out! put him out!") "Thank you, gentlemen, not just yet; I'll go by and by. Do we ever produce any famous scholars, let me ask—scholars whose names are world-wide, and to whom we refer in matters of deep import in classical literature? Never. The fact is, that our boasted ideas about our superiority in education, both high and low, is a mere myth, for England will be found to hold as high a place as we—in fact, in many cases even higher." ("Question! That's a whacker—a mighty crammer," cried one, amid peals of laughter, to which Cruickshank quietly replied, "I leave you to prove it.") "Again, look at our professors. None of them, at least in the present generation, are famous. They get settled in their appointments through favour or influence, and then they do not trouble themselves any more. They come up for five months in the year, perform their duties, and then retire into private life. Academic ease has greater charms for them than academic honours. You talk of rivalry between the two colleges. There may be such a thing between a mixed audience such as this, or on the streets in a fine day for snow-balling"—("Hear, hear")—"but that there is any rivalry among the professors I defy anyone to prove. The same also may be said of the students, for the sister Universities have such a contempt of each other that the students reciprocate it, and look down upon their neighbour from their fancied position of superiority. Then, what I would propose, since there is no advantage in having them

separate, would be a fusion of the colleges"—(storms of dissent). "Gentlemen, I will wait till you have done; I am not in any hurry. Well, as I was saying, I would propose a fusion of the colleges"—(hisses). "By this means we would have fewer professors, and be able to offer much higher salaries, and therefore command men of much higher scholarship. Anyone will at once admit, unless his mind be very much prejudiced, that it would be far better to have one first-class college, presided over by professors of first-rate ability, than to have two high-class schools and nothing more." ("Shame! Shame!") "Gentlemen, I only state a fact, and if it is unpalatable to you I cannot help it. Remember what the immortal Burns says: 'Facts are chiels that winna ding.'" ("Hear, hear.") "If you can prove the opposite I shall be happy to hear it. For my own part, I would prefer a university so richly endowed that it would, from its wealth alone, draw around it men whose fame was world-wide, and who would shed a halo of glory around it in the future. But what have we now? Under our present system we have men hardly heard of half a mile from the gates of the University, and who are willing and happy to remain in their easy positions." ("Shut up, Crooky, shut up! we've got enough of you!") "Very well, gentlemen, as you find my remarks unpalatable, I will 'shut up,' as you elegantly express it. However, let me conclude my speech in the words of a noble Roman, Cato Uticensis, slightly altered to suit the present momentous occasion, '*Et hoc aliud censeo alterum Collegium esse delendum*'"—(loud cheers and hisses).

When he had taken his seat amid mingled hisses and cheers, his opponent rose and was received with thunders of applause. Then, and only then, was I made aware of the real use of the stout stick with

which every student had provided himself. At a signal from one of their number, who cried out, "Three good, roaring, cracking cheers for Jamieson," they all simultaneously rose to their feet, and with their sticks began thumping the desks so vigorously that the din was almost deafening. Cheer succeeded cheer, thump succeeded thump, until John, the sacrist, roused from his evening nap, made his way upstairs, cautiously opened the door, and peeped in. However, instead of interfering, he quietly retired, leaving the excited crowd to quiet itself. Perhaps he had found by experience that this was by far the better plan, and that they did not brook any interference in matters intellectual any more than they did in matters that affected their other interests.

After a time the speaker was allowed to proceed, but every now and then, when any remark was made in favour of their views, they would burst forth into their old vagaries, and thrash the desks like madmen. As he launched out into the evident advantage to the sister University—or as it had been facetiously and truthfully described by one of the audience, "the Broad Street Academy"—to be connected with this time-honoured and ivy-clung seat of learning, the roars of applause were deafening and such as to entirely silence their opponents. Again and again did he touch upon the desire on the part of the sister seat of learning to be joined to us, while we were willing to remain in our primitive state of solitude, living under our own vine and under our own fig-tree, knowing that, let whatever happen, there was nothing to make us afraid. "It is natural," said he, "that the weak should wish to be under the protection of the strong, that the poor should desire to have a share of the possessions of the rich, the unknown to obtain some of the favours that were

accorded to the famous, and that the new—the brand new, which stares so glaringly upon us and can boast of little ancestry—should wish to be connected with the walls of a seat of learning hoary with the centuries that look down from its beauteous Crown." (Here the cheering was tremendous, and continued for at least five minutes, interspersed with the remarks, "Well done, Jamieson! Three cheers for the old spot! And another for the old Crown!") "But," continued he, "it is not always the wish of the strong to have the burden of the weak, of the rich to divide their riches among those with whom they have no connexion, of the famous to pass their hard-earned honours to those that have gained none, or of the time-honoured walls to cover granite facings with the mosses which kindly centuries have spread over them. No; what we wish is to remain in our isolated position, to do as we have been doing: to send out to the world men who will be a credit to their day and generation, and whose fame will be reflected back on their 'Alma Mater,' and to dispense our favours to all and sundry, without any regard to position or wealth. It is the boast of this ancient seat of learning that it has sent forth more men from the lower classes than any other university in the Kingdom—men who, by means of its noble endowments, have been enabled to obtain that *ne plus ultra* of every Scotchman—a university education. If I were to speak of the famous men who have studied within these walls and sat on these benches, I would take up all the evening, and even then would not exhaust the list"—(cheers). "But were I to ask of the sister college—the Broad Street Academy—'Where are your famous sons?' Echo would only answer, 'Where?' You have no doubt heard of one, and he is the only one I can remember

at present, who studied at that establishment, and who, if not himself famous, was made so by one whose very touch was enchantment. I mean Captain Dalgetty in Sir Walter Scott's novel of the 'Legend of Montrose'"—(roars of laughter, in which both sides join). "I have tried to discover others, but I have failed. True, there are some who have studied there and risen to civic honours, men whose highest and grandest ideas were connected with the magnitude of tape, the best market for the sale of fish, the fluctuations in the wool trade, and the great dearth of sheep—poor, erring mortals, I pity them! —and to whom 'The Frogs' of Aristophanes was interesting only because the said article was one of commerce between that part of the world and France. Most of them, though they studied for two whole sessions at that establishment whose fame has been so loudly trumpeted by my facetious and movable friend"—(laughter)—"still have not a soul above paving stones, cotton, wool, or any of the other articles that have helped to make the new city famous. Therefore, I propose that we remain as we are, in order that the wholesome feeling of rivalry which even a Broad Street Academy can create may continue, and that we be allowed to hand down to posterity this ancient seat of learning untarnished by any mark of modernism, which, I am sorry to say, clings to that place whose name I shall not pollute my lips by uttering."

When he sat down the noise was fearful. Every student seemed possessed with a devil, and thrashed at the desks as if for dear life. For nearly ten minutes the noise and turmoil continued, and, spite of the efforts of the chairman, the gesticulations and unheard entreaties of the last speaker, they would not be pacified. It is, however, sometimes a good

thing that human efforts soon exhaust themselves, and that the natural course of things is again resumed. Like distant thunder, the noise gradually died away, and, save an intermittent growl as if of baffled rage, gave no further indication of its presence. Order being restored, the rest of the speakers were allowed to proceed. These consisted chiefly of students from among the audience, who spoke on either side.

One of the first speakers to rise and obtain a hearing was a stout Highlander who went by the name of "Glenlivet," that being the part of the country from which he came. He was very short-sighted, had a peculiar cast about his eyes, and twitched them about in a manner that at once attracted attention. No sooner did he rise than the students cried out, "Go it, 'Glenlivet'! Pitch into him." Glancing about him in a hurried manner, and evidently flurried by the personal remarks thrown at him, he commenced, but floundered, and made some foolish blunder in pronunciation. Immediately his tormentors were upon him, repeating and re-repeating it amid roars of laughter. The chairman tried all he could to pacify them, but it was almost more than he could do, and he succeeded only with the aid of the former speakers. Then "Glenlivet" proceeded to say—"I was surprised at some of the remarks which fell from both of the speakers, more especially from the first. No doubt it would be an excellent thing that the Universities should be joined, and that they should thus command a higher degree of eminence on the part of the professors. But if it did, would it not also demand a higher degree of scholarship on the part of the students—indeed, such a scholarship as we would be unable to obtain for some time, if ever? And

another thing—and one which should weigh very much in this matter—would not the college education be largely increased were the Universities united? We would have more classes, more fees, and consequently an increased rate of expense over all. That boon which one of the speakers has spoken so much about would no longer be in existence, for our bursary system, from which so many have reaped benefits, would be remodelled, not to the advantage of the student, and it would be impossible to live at this seat of learning at the rate many of us now do. Therefore, though I might be inclined to vote for the fusion of the Universities, I would oppose the fusion of the colleges, for no doubt a feeling of rivalry exists which is beneficial to both. Let the Universities be joined, and then this rivalry would be increased and encouraged in a common field—the field of examinations, the only true test of good scholarship."

When "Glenlivet" sat down applause greeted him from all sides, for he had struck the right cord, and engaged the sympathy of the majority. Neither of the former speakers had alluded to the Universities as distinct from the colleges, and this idea of "Glenlivet" at once took the fancy of the students. But besides taking their fancies, it touched them on the point on which they were strongest, and on which all students feel keenly—scholarship. All present were willing to waive matters of minor importance provided they could have the opportunity of testing their scholarship alongside their rival's.

But another speaker is on his feet, and pitching very sharply into the second speaker. He said—"Though I agree in general with the remarks of the speaker, there was one point on which he made a grievous mistake. He spoke of the great men

connected with the junior University, and declared that only one was known to him, Captain Dalgetty." ("Hear, hear.") "Now, I must say that in talking thus he only showed his own ignorance. That University has produced far more famous men who have left their mark on the world, and will yet leave it, than our own ivy-clad seat of learning." ("Hear, hear," and vociferous cheering from the supporters of the fusion.) "I am sorry to say this, seeing that I call the older one my 'Alma Mater,' but it is right that the truth be known. The other can boast of a poet, a theologian, a mathematician, a philosopher, and a naturalist second to none in their day. Can we do so? I may reply in the words of the same speaker, 'Echo answers, "Where?"' Therefore, what I say is, if we are to debate about the fusion of the colleges let us do it in a fair manner, and grant to each what it has acquired. If the sister and younger University cannot boast of hoary antiquity, it can boast of what is greater than that—men whose names will be handed down to posterity as an honour to their race and to the seat of learning with which they were connected. I have yet to learn the names of those connected with our University who have been as famous."

He had scarcely taken his seat when a little fellow, none other than our little, old friend of "Pinning Cart" notoriety, started up. He gesticulated so furiously that he was saluted with shouts of laughter and cries of "Go it, old man!" "Walk into his affections!" "Strike him hard, young'un; he has no friends!" and such like expressions. "I protest, I protest," shouted he, followed by "Ho! ho! ho!" from his fellow-students. "I protest against the manner in which the last speaker has talked of his University. He ought to be ashamed of himself, to remember that he is within the walls of a University

hoary with time and famous for every kind of talent." ("Name them! Name them!") "'Name them,' do you say? Yes; I'll name them. There is that famous mathematician, whose book everyone knows, the celebrated professor, Mr. —— ah—ah—I forget his name just now." (Roars of laughter from all sides, to which someone added, 'Shut up!') "No; I'll not 'shut up'," said the little fellow, getting angry. "I appeal to the chair, and demand to be heard. Then, there is that famous man whose philosophical reasonings have been handed down to our time, and which made a complete change on philosophy—I mean the professor that was in the Moral Philosophy chair—the great and good Professor —— ah—ah—" ("Nobody," cried one wag, while the voice of the speaker became inaudible from the fact of his being very unceremoniously shoved under the desk by a strong, burly fellow who was sitting beside him, and who had become disgusted with his nonsense).

Several others took part in the debate, and in general spoke well to the point. They were subjected to the same rough treatment as the former speakers, which they bore with wonderful equanimity. This was a rough school in which to be taught, but no doubt it had its beneficial effects in after-life, particularly on such as went to the Bar or even to the Church. It encouraged a readiness in language or repartee, tried the temper, and compelled the speaker to watch his words, for the least slip was most mercilessly exposed and ridiculed.

But the time was almost up, and the chairman gave notice that no more speakers would be heard on either side. The leaders of the debate were allowed to reply to the various speakers, and then the chairman summed up the arguments on both sides, and called upon the meeting to give its decision.

"For the fusion" received only a few hands, greeted with loud groans, hisses and ironical cheers, but when the opposite was put to the meeting a perfect forest of hands and sticks arose. As soon as the chairman declared that the negative was carried, a cheer, loud, continuous, and tremendous, followed, and the more enthusiastic vented their excited feelings by a fierce application of their sticks to the desks. And then, with a victorious shout, they rushed to the door, and made their exit, without troubling themselves about passing votes of thanks to the chairman or the speakers.

The foregoing is a specimen of one night, and happily not a common one. This subject, brought up every year, was certain to rouse the spirits of the more troublesome and cause a row. But when subjects of a less excitable nature and more suited for debate were introduced, talents were shown which did the students infinite credit. Many a happy hour did we spend in this society, measuring our powers with those more advanced, or of more matured judgments than ourselves; and, even at this late period of life we feel its good effects, and thank Providence that we were permitted to enter such a school, rough and unceremonious though it was.

CHAPTER IX

Ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.
—*Horace: "Ars Poetica" 97.*

From Cellardyke to windswept Pittenweem.
—*Tennant: "Anster Fair."*

"A PINCH of snuff, Hector," said my cousin to a Highlander who occasionally was to be seen in his lodgings and at his supper parties. "A pinch of snuff, Hector, or, as Dr. Johnson, in his grand, classical manner, used to say, 'Allow me, sir, to insert the summits of my digits into your pulveriferous utensil, to produce a grateful titillation on the olfactory nerves'."

"Give it rather in Geordie's vernacular, Jamieson," said Lockhart, "the pure and unadulterated periods of a Latin professor: 'Sir, permit my digital extremities to insinuate themselves into your tobacchic concavity, to extract from its hidden arcana the subtle powder which dissipates and confounds the aqueous humours of my inundated and ponderous brain'."

"Hurrah for Geordie. I'll back him for a grand period against any man in the kingdom."

"Or for Sabines."

"Yes, and for Sabines, too."

"How for Sabines?" inquired I, innocently.

"Well done, 'Verdant Green'; don't you know that yet?" said Lockhart. "Allow me to inform you in the most delicate manner possible that 'George'

Professor GEORGE FERGUSON,

is possessed of a number of daughters, familiarly known by the name of the Sabine virgins. These, like some monster of old, he carefully guards from the advances of certain gentlemen who shall be nameless. One, however, is to be found in the present company. At the same time I have no doubt your classical knowledge is sufficient to make you acquainted with the meaning of the expression, 'the Rape of the Sabines.' Well, I am sorry to say that this professor, who is otherwise a most estimable man, is often annoyed by midnight visitors, who serenade the ladies on tin whistles, old fiddles, and broken banjos, which you may suppose make anything but pleasant music, particularly when they are manipulated by very indifferent performers. As this lately became a great nuisance, and prevented his mind from being properly and consecutively concentrated on the peculiarities of *qui* with the subjunctive, he determined to put a stop to it at once, and for ever. Accordingly, two nights ago, when an attempt was made on the Sabines, and when they were endeavouring to lull the monster to sleep, and lure the ladies from their enchanted castle by means of the most discordant of all music, your cousin and some others were almost caught."

"It was yourself, you monstrous fibber," interrupted my cousin, perfectly horrified at his effrontery.

"'George' stalked down from his midnight oil," continued Lockhart, paying no attention to the interruption, "and, arming all the servants, disposed them in the form of a Roman guard around the place. It is true their armour was not of the true Roman type, for the general himself had the staff which generally accompanied him in his peregrinations, one servant a poker, another the tongs, and

another an old umbrella, with which she is currently reported to have on former occasions sheltered the aggressors. While your cousin was safely ensconced in the meat safe, tradition says by the lady herself, he heard 'George' arranging his army in battle array, and haranguing them in the following glowing terms: 'Ye are come to fight not against common enemies, but against the aggressors of your homes—the *lares* and *penates* of your inmost penetralia. It has been said, "*Dulce est pro patria mori*," but how much more so is it when you are called upon *mori pro domo et Sabina virtute*. Let us therefore resist the enemy *vi et armis*, and show them that we will, like our own native land, declare, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*." Dispose your forces in such a way that the enemy will be completely circumvented, and that no avenue of escape will be left. Watch closely the exit by the door which leads from the culinary tenement, and direct your gaze in the direction of the lateral protuberances of our domestic habitation. Strike down with your tongial weapon any opposing object, and while my daughters explore the penetralia, I will defend this pass which penetrates in the direction of the ferreal or iron gate.' While thus disclaiming and wasting precious time, your cousin was quietly feeding upon an excellent Belfast ham, which happened to be in the safe beside him."

"That will do, old boy: I think you have told enough of lies for one night. The fact is, he himself was the aggressor and sole perpetrator of this foul outrage upon a private gentleman's home."

"Upon my honour, I never assisted in any raid upon poor 'Geordie'."

"Nobody said you assisted. You were the principal actor; in fact, the only one."

"I see it is no use trying to clear one's character

from a foul imputation when once it is made. I shall therefore take no notice of it."

"By far the better way, considering that you managed to escape so easily."

"How did he manage that?" inquired I.

"By waiting quietly, and helping himself to the ham, until the young lady found it convenient to let him out. Then, giving her a kiss for her kindness, and scaling the wall, he was soon in his bed sleeping the sleep of the innocent."

"I disclaim all knowledge of such an action, and ask you, upon your honour as a gentleman, whether you doubt my word?"

"None of your theatrical tricks here. We have had enough of them."

"Well then, will you grant me a request?"

"If it be not unreasonable, and savour not of the monstrous."

"It is neither. As you are 'George's' intended son-in-law, and must be acquainted with his modes of life better than any of us here, will you oblige me and also the rest of the company by giving us 'George's' celebrated speech to the inhabitants of Pittenweem when they presented him with the freedom of their ancient and famous city?"

"Hear! hear! 'Geordie's' speech! 'Geordie's' speech! Come along, old fellow, give us it entire, wanting nothing! Come along!" were the cries heard from everyone in the room, permitting no refusal.

My cousin looked puzzled and scratched his head, but, finding it impossible to get out of it, quietly acquiesced and prepared for it. He could not, however, resist having a fling at Lockhart in passing, and therefore said: "Gentlemen, I am very sensible of the honour you have done me, and am very much

obliged for the hearty way in which you have responded to the wish of my friend. Allow me, however, to say that he completely mistakes the position in which I stand towards the illustrious gentleman who has been named. It is Mr. Lockhart who occupies the proud position—not I, I am sorry to say."

Lockhart merely smiled and gently inclined his head towards my cousin, while all the rest of the company cried out, "'Geordie's' speech! 'Geordie's' speech!"

"Well, gentlemen, here goes. Once upon a time, we can't say when, the illustrious and ancient city of Pittenweem determined to enrol among its famous citizens the name of 'George,' a professor whose fame is world wide, and whose influence is omnipotent over that part of the community called Bageants." ("Hear, hear," from Lockhart.) "Intimation of the intended municipal honour was conveyed to the aforesaid gentleman, and having appointed a day on which to visit the city and receive it, he set himself to the task of composing a speech suitable for the occasion, and also for the mental capacities of those who were to hear him. When, therefore, they had assembled in their magnificent town hall, formed from the wreck of three old boats, he addressed the burghers in the following terms:—

"'Ye piscatory denizens of this pristine municipality—loricated in the adamantine impenetrability of your own ferruginated impenitency, diurnally versed in the naval bisections of the briny profound—listen ye with unwearied assiduity and unmitigated credulity to the exercitations, exhortations, annotations, and exemplifications of one who, from the bucolic rusticity of his own unsophisticated progenitors, has been enrolled among the senators of an ancient and ivy-clung seat of Hellenistic lore. ("Hear, hear.")

"'I shall not endeavour to homologate the idiosyncrasies and idiomatic peculiarities of the molluscular inhabitants who permeate the undulating agrarian fields and petrified vitrifactions which circumscribe the insular deposit upon which your famous and ancient municipality is located. To you it is permitted to percolate your tenebrosian prows *per æquum et profundum mare*'"—(applause)—"'and to gaze with rapturous vision upon the celestial and auroral spectacle of ῥοδοδάκτυλος ἠώς'"—(thunders of applause). "'While the majority of the human generation are steeped in the Lethean arms of Morpheus, ye are peregrinating the unmarkable surface of an aqueous element whose permutations, combinations, extraversations, and perniciosations far exceed the cogitations of the mental comprehensions accorded to that parvicular animal denominated man.

"'But though this saline elemental protuberance may be said to be almost your domiciliary residence, yet the perpetual conflicts with its bellicose elements are an excellent preparative for the more strenuous and protracted struggle which you have to maintain with the inhabitants of the more tenacious and gravious body on which you were ushered into mundane existence. Ligatured to the terraneous particles, their mental comprehensions are bucolic, while yours, at one time elevated to the altitude of the celestial atmosphere, at another suctorated into the fathomless vortex of the vasty profound, can ascend on mental imaginations far above all mundane things, and gloat over the glorious spectacula of a vital existence granted only to yourselves. To them I may be permitted to apply the *ipsissima verba* of my old and valued friend Gray—

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,

while upon you, *gratia deorum*, has fallen the divine

afflatus, the celestial benedictions, because you are the beloved of the gods, the favoured of men, and the saline components by means of which this terraneous mass is sustained and retained in its local tenement.

"'The recipient of the freedom of a city tenanted by such illustrious inhabitants as I have commemorated, I am sensible of the invaluable nature of the honour conferred upon me, and of the proximity of fraternity which now exists between us. My mental cogitations will permeate in a continuous fluvial tide towards you, and be in future a circumambient exhalation. When the ventosal currents shall swell their protuberant cheeks, when the fluctual waters of *oceanus* shall pulsate with tonitrous crash on the sounding shore, when the clamorous shrieks of the moritural mariners and the never-to-be-forgotten wail of the inanimate cadaverous corpse shall be an auditural spectacle along your coast, when the cry of the piscatorial widow and her orphaned children shall penetrate through your tortuous and lateral streets, then shall my coral sympathies percolate out to you, and, remembering this day—the most memorable of my life—I shall, in the penetralia of my studious chamber, project my head from my *fenestra*, and pronounce an objurgation and a cachination on the roaring and inattentive mass which itinerates over the fluvial arena.

"'Again thanking you for the honorary title conferred upon me, I resume my curule chair in solemn silence.'"

Thunders of applause greeted the recitation of this harangue, which had been listened to with smothered laughter, and then there came the cry, "Three cheers for 'Geordie'! Three cheers for 'Geordie'!"

"Three cheers, say I," cried Lockhart, "for his intended son-in-law. He is worthy of the honour."

"You shut up. It is your own self that is after one of the Sabines."

"Eh! 'Where ignorance is bliss,' etc., a grand quotation from old Gray, and always in the mouth of your intended father-in-law."

"Shut up, I say, else I'll shy this tumbler at your head."

"Very well, I'll do it since your desires are so striking. But allow me to say with Cato—

> It must be so, [friend Jamieson],
> Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing after [a Sabine virgin]?

Not on my account, but on yours. No, no, Jamieson; friend Lockhart knows a thing worth two of that. But what is this that Hector is announcing with such unction?"

"You may say what you please, and make fun of him as you please, but in my opinion he is the only professor that really does any permanent good to us," said Hector, with animation.

"What, old 'Geordie'? Why, he is nothing but a pedant, and would be much better acting the part of a dominie."

"Well, that would be no disgrace, taking it even in its lowest condition. But I still maintain my point, that he is the only one of our professors who leaves any good effects behind him. Bageants cannot speak of this, but I appeal to those who have been under him, and who have given attention to the duties of his class, and I am certain they will bear me out. What do you say, Lockhart?"

"That you are right, though I would hardly go the length of saying that he is the only one that affects us for good. 'George,' though he has many

peculiarities, and an immense deal of pomposity, is at bottom a most excellent scholar, and from the very methodical manner which is so much ridiculed by us, goes through a greater amount of work than any of his brother professors. Another thing which has always placed him high in my estimation is, that I never once saw him unprepared, and never yet found him wrong. He and I might differ at the time concerning some slight grammatical construction, but I have invariably found, on after consideration of the subject, that he was right. Looking back, therefore, at the time spent in his class, and the effect left upon myself, I can trace many things to him, and not the least is that love of accuracy which pervades every part of his character."

"That is just my own experience," said Hector. "I used to despise him and make fun of his ways, and though I can still laugh heartily at the excellent speech given us as an admirable imitation of 'George,' yet I can admire talent wherever it is, and give honour where it is due."

"Yes; but he is so methodical, from his walk up even to the very curl on the front of his brow."

"Granted," said Hector. "It is that very method which has made the man. Let us laugh at his peculiarities but admire his talents."

"Hurrah! Three cheers for 'Geordie' and his funny ways," cried they all. "And for the Sabines!"

"And for their intended husbands, not forgetting my particular friend here," cried Lockhart.

"Drat it; won't you stop it? I tell you I'll leave the room if you continue it any longer," said my cousin, giving a look in the direction of the door.

"All right, old boy. We will then really believe you are engaged to the fair Sabine."

CHAPTER X

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat.

—*Horace: "Odes," I, i, 3-4.*

"WELL, coz, how are you getting on in your classes and with your companions?" inquired my cousin Frank, one evening, as he threw himself upon my easy chair after lighting his pipe.

"Very well with both. I cannot say that I find the work in the classes difficult, thanks to my late parish schoolmaster."

"No; I should say not. In fact, in a person very well prepared, the first year is apt to breed lazy, indolent habits, for no one—not even the most conscientious of scholars—is inclined to revise what he already knows."

"I find I have to fight against this. The Greek, however, keeps me pretty much up to work, and 'George's' peculiarities are sometimes a source of trouble to me."

"You are all the better of that, and let me tell you, if you pay attention to them now, it will be a great advantage to you afterwards, when the end of the session comes and the revision takes place. You will find that remark of Hector come true, that no professor will have a greater influence for good upon you in the future than 'George.' His accuracies and niceties have their good effects even now."

"I know it, for I feel already that I am a better translator than I was. The version was my *forte* before, but now I would not fear to risk my reputation on a translation. I can now understand the full advantage of a 'double' Bageant."

"And the reason why they generally get bursaries. But thank a kind Providence that you have not to try that. Any marked men in your class yet?"

"One or two, and curiously enough, too, these are the very men you would never have thought of. Your bright, brilliant scholar soon fades away, but your hard plodding, determined student makes his way to the front. I have no doubt many of those who stand fairly high, and take a good place in the class, will be nowhere when the prize list comes."

"Too often the case, my boy. I can look over a few more years than you, and I can verify every word you say. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The tortoise often beats the hare at college."

"The fact is, anything can be done by grinding, and without it nothing can be done that is done."

"Them's my sentiments to a T. I have ground, and I know its value, and only despise those who are for ever looking in fellows' faces and eyes to discover the symptoms of such a delinquency. My experience is that they themselves are by far the worst grinders. An Admirable Crichton only appears once in a few hundred years, and none of us can boast of being one. Besides, I really think there is some cause for boasting when one has gained his object by his own exertions, and not by genius, over which he has no control. No, no: let a fellow have the credit of grinding, if he does it. I am sick of my fellow-students and their nonsensical ways. But the fact is, the thing is more rampant among Bageants

than any others. A year or two at college shows the folly of it."

"Perhaps so. I wish they saw it in our class, for they are a perfect nuisance. But, never mind, the grinders will gain the day, and that will surely open their eyes."

"You'll find your work thorough?"

"Extremely so."

"In none of our Scotch colleges, and still less in the English, are they so thorough in their work as with us. The foundation is as well laid as the superstructure is raised, and this is proved unmistakably by looking over the lists of the successful candidates for the Civil and Military Services. There you will recognise the names of many of those who have studied at our University."

"I have noticed that."

"Another reason of our success is the compulsory work of the class. At no other college, so far as I know, is the same system pursued. You are allowed to do generally as you please with regard to the manner of your work, but the subjects and examinations are compulsory. There would be no need of this were we all good students, imbued with the same desire for learning, but, constituted as we are, we are the better to have something to keep our noses to the grindstone. Hence the great advantage of our system: a regular course of study, compulsory examinations, and no flinching from them. You will know well by this time in what odium a private student is held, and the reason why there are so few of them. No one of any spirit would be a 'private' in such a University as ours."

"In our class of ninety-five there is just one."

"Just so; and that shows you how much real work there is in the class. You have a contest with

ninety-four instead of with only a few. All these are kept to some extent at their work, and if they do not all leave as learned as the best scholars, there is no doubt they will be much better than when they came. They are kept to their work by their fear of the professors, the necessity for the work being done, the compulsory examinations, and the opprobrium attaching to those who 'stick'. Hence, I say, arises the great superiority of our students at those public examinations where young men are tested."

"There is no doubt it must have its advantages, and turn out a greater number of average good scholars than the other system."

"Besides, it is better for young men to have their course of education chalked out for them. Young men are too apt to change, and when they flit about from one branch of study to another, are sure to do no good with any. I have found the benefit of it myself, and I have no doubt many will say the same. I know that at most, if not all, of the other colleges, the time of many young men has been wasted and frittered away, so that when the course was finished they knew far less than we did in ours. Some may think we have too many subjects, but if a fellow really sets himself to work, and grinds conscientiously, I have no doubt he will be able to make a very creditable appearance. A real grinder was never yet known to 'stick'."

"I should think not."

"By the way, how are you getting on with your class-fellows?"

"Pretty well, but I find them very uncouth."

"True, but you must remember that the great majority of them have not been born in the same rank of life as you, or been brought up in a manse like me, but that, like Cincinnatus, they left the

plough, and entered by their own exertions this seat of Hellenistic lore. The majority of those who compose your class come, no doubt, from the lower ranks of life, and it is no disgrace, but a great honour to them, that they do so. Their great aim in life, their thoughts by day and their dreams by night, has been a bursary. 'Oh for a bursary! Oh for a bursary!' has been their continual cry and earnest prayer. Certain of this, they were certain of everything else, and now that they have obtained it they will live on oatmeal and herring that they may lose none of the crumbs that fall from the lips of their professors. It is a fact that the self-denial of some of these men is almost more than human, and would scarcely be believed if told. And when the session is over, and they have left the hall, proud of their prize or their place in the order of merit, they will return to their native hills, straths, or islands, and resume their old occupations. These they will continue until the beginning of the next session, seizing every moment of leisure to prepare themselves for the entrance examinations. Full of robust health and strength, valuing as they really do the education which has been granted to them, is it any wonder that these fellows grind like horses and carry off all our best prizes? Hard work is their allotted portion in life, and what would be murder to you and me is mere child's play to them."

"We have a number of these in our class. I intend to cultivate their acquaintance and learn their history. I have no doubt it will be very interesting, and add other striking illustrations of the peculiar characteristic of the Scotchman—his intense desire for learning."

"You are right. What is more, however, our college is not so aristocratic that it despises such as

these. Though I believe we are the richest in Scotland, we willingly accept all and sundry. The son of the cottar is as acceptable as the son of the laird; indeed, we are more inclined to accept the former, because he is generally made of more talented material. It is our boast, too, that we have done more to elevate that class than any other college in the three kingdoms, thanks to our excellent bursary endowments, open to all comers."

"They are undoubtedly a noble institution."

"The best that could have been devised, considering that the living at college is so cheap. And to prove their efficiency, I would ask anyone to look over the northern half of Scotland, and I'll guarantee that the majority of those holding the responsible situations were bursars either at this or the neighbouring University. I have heard it also said that most of the tenant farmers in this and many other counties are Masters of Arts, or have been a session or two at college, and that many of their labourers even have been in our classrooms. The bursary system has done more for first-class education than any other system thought of, and it will be a sorry day when it is changed."

"It will."

"And yet, it is not surprising that such results should be forthcoming. You have no doubt heard many wondrous stories regarding those who attend our universities: the hardships which they undergo, and the sacrifices made by their parents and families that they may see one of their number 'wag his pow in a poopit.' I do not think any of these are exaggerated, for I have met instances, since I came here, which would make an Englishman stare and a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge declare that I was stating a tissue of falsehoods. As our session lasts

during only the winter months, at the most twenty-four weeks, these young men from the country, of whom the greater part of our students are composed, embrace this opportunity of obtaining a session at college, because they then can perform little work at home. The money which they make during the summer easily keeps them here, for their habits and method of living are indeed very plebeian, and little calculated to encourage refinement of manners. Thus, you see, our universities are national, and spread through the whole community the knowledge which they possess. It is a fact which will bear no denial, that Scotland has a greater proportion of matriculated students to the population than any other country in Europe, and, of course, in the whole world, and this, no doubt, is owing to the cheapness of living and education at our colleges, and the excellent system of endowment which almost all of them possess."

"And, what is also of very great moment, a respect for learning and an appreciation of scholarly attainments in others are fostered."

"As witness the respect for the ministers which is shown by every class of the population. And yet, in general, they deserve it all, for, besides being good ministers, they foster and encourage among their parishioners that love for learning which they themselves experienced in their youth, and readily help forward those who are likely to excel at college."

"I could give numerous instances of that myself, and many others could say that no one helped to smooth away their difficulties more frequently, assiduously, and tenderly than the minister."

"But let me state another thing about our college which I admire. It is its democratic spirit. Go to Oxford, Cambridge, or any other university in our

own country, and you will find that rank, position, wealth are the things that generally hold sway. Here it is completely different. The rich fellow who cannot make a good appearance in his class is laughed at; the man of rank who cannot answer the simplest question regarding some peculiarity of the Greek or Latin language is made the butt of his class though he be as rich as Crœsus or the son of the head of a clan. On the other hand, the young man who has spent his summer months in building dykes around the fields of his more fortunate compeer, is looked up to, respected, and considered the first man in his class, because he is not afraid to stand up and give his intelligent opinion regarding some of 'Geordie's' niceties. That's what I call estimating people at their real value. Here decidedly the 'man's the gowd'. Burns would have been delighted with our college, and would have declared that here, at least, 'A man's a man for a' that'."

"But do you really mean to say that talent is not appreciated at the other colleges?"

"I do not say that talent is not appreciated, but I say that rank and wealth are, with the majority, looked up to more than talent. You do not find a man taking his position among his fellows according to the appearance he makes in his classes as you do here. True, at the close of the session, for one day or so, talent is predominant, and the prize-takers are the observed of all observers. But in general it is the very opposite, and the college is only an epitome of the world. The man of wealth, the man who for generations has held his head above his fellows, is looked up to and worshipped."

"But surely this is not the case at all the universities?"

"As far as I can judge at all. It is useless

mentioning Oxford or Cambridge, for the expense of education there effectually excludes any students from the lower ranks, and thus riches and position have their full swing. But at the other Scotch universities, as far as I can learn, it is the same, with scarcely an exception. At our sister University, of which I can speak more accurately, there is a toadying to the rich which is unknown here. There the students are composed of young fellows chiefly from the same place—the city, and this, no doubt, may in part account for it. Here, however, the majority of the students are from the country, and being unknown to the professors, all are treated alike. I'll take a bet that you will not find the like at any other college in the Kingdom; in fact, it is so rare that it reminds one of the French—'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity'."

"It is, to say the least of it, nothing but justice."

"Ay; but when do you obtain justice in this world? Certainly not at many of our seats of learning—among the students at least. But let me mention another of our peculiarities, the equality and fraternity already mentioned. You will have noticed that when any students attempt the genteel, and think themselves better than the rest, the conceit is soon taken out of them. There is no place less tolerant of assumption than our college. I am sure you must have noticed this."

"Often, not only among ourselves, but also with the professors."

"True; with 'Geordie,' for instance, and many others. I would like to see the students somewhat more respectful in their behaviour towards the professors, for in this many of them are wanting, but when one considers that, perhaps, they were never in the presence of such distinguished

personages before, one can overlook and make allowance for instances of boorishness."

"But it is their positive rudeness I complain of."

"Well, it may not be meant as rudeness by them, as I have often proved. A few there are in every class who set themselves against their professors, and take every opportunity of annoying them, but these are generally students of little talent, and soon find their proper place in the class. Practical joking at the expense of a professor never does any good to a student."

"I suppose not, particularly if the professor finds it out."

"And he almost invariably does so, or has a very good idea of it. Take my word for it, indulge in none, if you value your reputation. But I forgot you had set your face against all practical joking."

"And I intend to keep my resolution, if I can."

"Quite right. You will have enough to do by and by without doing that. When the revision time comes you will not find time hang heavily on your hands. This revision is a capital system for keeping one up in his work, as also the examination in the class, at entrance and at the commencement of each session. It is this that makes us such accurate scholars, and gives us such high places at the public examinations. Knowing this, I am not surprised to see a London examining professor declare that he can at once pick out students from our college, when brought up for examination, by the thorough manner in which they go through the minor as well as the principal details of the work. We have been long noted for our classical attainments, and if we go on as we are doing we will become more famous for our mathematical."

"O yes; we have become famous for them of late."

"I should think so, when we number far more Senior Wranglers at Cambridge than all the other Scotch colleges put together. I hope I shall soon have to add your name to the list."

"After yours, of course."

"I'll be most happy to set you the example, as my friend Slessor did. He was the first of our Senior Wranglers."

"How many have we now?"

"I believe it is them all except one, that is, four; rather a goodly number in twice as many years. We ought to be proud of our connexion with this old 'Alma Mater'."

"We ought."

"And, mind you, the whole of our Senior Wranglers, with perhaps one exception, have come from the ranks I spoke of—those whom our college delights to honour. All of them were bursars, and, had they not been, would never have been able, with the exception mentioned, to come forward at all. If this does not speak volumes for the excellence of our bursary system I don't know what does."

"It makes one feel proud of it, and inclines him to shout—'Hurrah for our bursary system—for the last Monday in October, the Northern Olympiad. May its shadow never grow less, and may as many be benefited by it in the future as in the past!'"

"Well, if Broad Street Academy and our Crown be joined, there will certainly be a change, and that not in favour of the poor man. It is for us, then, to do everything in our power to oppose this, and to keep up that rivalry which has been and still is wholesome. Besides, I consider it *infra dig.* to have anything to do with that puerile establishment."

"The burghers of the new town do not think so, I can tell you."

"No doubt, no doubt. It is right that everyone should stick up for his own, and I do not blame them for it: but to compare it with our world-renowned edifice—why, that is a presumption I cannot fathom," and my cousin, rising from his seat, lighted his pipe at the gas, and puffed out huge volumes of smoke, as if in mortal contempt of all creation.

CHAPTER XI

It is good to be merry, you know,
  Ere the windows are dark in the street,
Ere the sound of the grinding is low,
  And the evil days chance you to meet.
When the almond tree blossoms in flower,
  When clouds come apace after rain,
When sun, moon, and stars seem to lower—
  O, believe me, you'll often be fain
    To find your best cheer
    For the days that are near
  In the dream you're a Bajan again.

—*Alma Mater, XVI, 7,*
"October." *(W.K.L.)*

ONE night, while I was preparing my Greek lesson, a note was handed in, which read thus:—

"Mr. Lockhart presents his compliments to his friend Mac, and will be happy to have his company at a *Symposium* in his rooms at ten o'clock. Punctuality strictly enforced.

"P.S.—Mr. L. will feel obliged if Mr. M. can bring with him a few glasses, as his have gone the way of all the earth. Whisky *ad libitum*, but a dearth of lump sugar and toddy ladles."

Acting upon the suggestion given, I pocketed a few of my strongest and cheapest wine glasses, and, having purchased from a grocer a few pounds of lump sugar, I was found at the door of my friend exactly at the hour named.

"All right, friend Mac. Punctuality is the soul of business; procrastination is the thief of time, as

our old copies use to say, which I have never forgotten. It would be well that more golden maxims were impressed there. Ah! you *are* a gentleman! Just the very thing wanted. All my glasses were broken the other night by a few of my friends who got rather cantankerous, and commenced pitching them at one another. On looking them over I did not find one whole in all its parts. Yes, this is the kind—good, strong, substantial fellows that will stand a rap, and when they do get broken make you feel that you have not sustained any great loss. Mine were all cut, but after this I shall not commit such a grievous mistake. Ah, lump sugar! Why, sir, your kindness, etc., etc. Just put it down upon the table, and we will soon make a few inroads upon it. I hope all my friends are as mindful as you. But here comes that mad cousin of yours. There is surely something up with him to-night."

As he spoke a thundering rap was heard at the door, and, on opening it, my cousin stalked in, with a huge kettle in one hand and a large pail in the other.

"Hullo, old fellow! What's up?"

"Nothing particular, as far as I know. As I was coming along I thought I might bring something that might be of service to us, and add to our evening's enjoyment. Knowing the great dearth of warm water the last time I was in your lodgings, I thought it advisable to bring this large kettle; and as there is no water like that of the Spa Well for toddy, I have brought this kettle full, as also the pail which I have in my hand. Put it on the fire, will you?"

"My dear fellow, your kindness and attention is insupportable. Of course, we will put it on the fire. As for that pail, we will put it in the corner, so that

no one in his erratic movements may turn it over or sit down on it. All right; that will do."

"And what's the drink, friend Lockhart?"

"Of course the pure and unadulterated produce of the still."

"No foreign article, I hope."

"My dear sir, you offend me. Let me tell you that I have had a visit to-day from my father's servant, who has kindly brought me a gallon, brewed by himself in the wilds of Glenbuich. I can assure you it never saw the gauger."

"All right, my boy. Lest there should not be enough I have brought the following," and he placed two bottles on the table.

"O, thank you, but we never mix our drink. But, not to offend you, put the bottles in the cupboard, and we'll see about it. There's some more of our friends."

So saying, he walked to the door, and returned with Fender and Allan. The latter, after congratulations and inquiries were past, unwrapped his plaid, and produced from its folds half a dozen tumblers.

"I think this will make up for the few we broke the other night. They will not break so easily, I'll wager. I brought these because they were a new patent taken out by my friend Fender, who has entered that line of business since he quarrelled with 'Geordie'."

"You be hanged," said Fender.

"No, thank you, I'd rather not. Pray note how like a barrel they are, and the fact that when they tumble on the table they roll along and do not break," and, suiting the action to the word, he threw one down which rolled along, and, had it not been caught by my cousin, would likely have gone to pieces on the floor.

"It strikes me it will be a bad spec. for the toddy should they fall in that manner."

"O, you ignoramus! Do you not know that when toddy, or any other substance, has been inserted into these tumblers the centre of gravity is lowered and there is less danger of their falling."

"We shall see. Time will prove it, as it does many other things."

"'Where ignorance is bliss,' etc. It is easily seen you have never been with 'Davie'."

"All right, old fellow," said Fender. Do you intend to monopolise the whole conversation? I think, Lockhart, you said you were in need of toddy ladles? Well, here are a dozen belonging to my landlady, but as they are silver, and she knows nothing of my having surreptitiously removed them, I hope the gentlemen present will have some respect for the said articles, and not pocket them during the evening."

"Shame! Shame!" "Put him out! Put him out!"

"Gentlemen, you need not trouble yourselves, as I do not intend to go, and my days of shame are over. I only speak from past experience, as I have lost unlimited numbers of knives and walking-sticks since I came to this quarter. And the curious part of it is, that I always discover a loss after a visit from some of my friends here."

"Names!" "Names!"

"Well, really, if I were to give any names I would have to give all."

"Ha! ha!" came from the whole room, while Lockhart said, "I'll take the responsibility of the silver-plate on my shoulders, and if any are lost will make them good. But I know I have only to request the gentlemen to be forbearing on the

present occasion, and it will be done. Peculation as regards knives and walking-sticks may be tolerated, but in the case of silver ladles it is beneath the dignity of a gentleman student."

"Hear! hear! We'll watch over his silver-plate —his toddy ladles that never received the Government stamp."

As this was said, another rap was heard at the door, which Lockhart opened, and introduced three more gentlemen. One was Givan. The other two were comparative strangers to me, though they seemed on very good terms with the rest of the company, but I afterwards learned their names were Adams and Keith. Adams placed a box of cigars on the table; Givan a large pot, afterwards discovered to contain strawberry jam; while Keith drew from under his Highland cloak a mysterious-looking parcel, which afterwards turned out to be his favourite Cremona.

"Thanks! Many thanks, gentlemen! I cannot express my gratitude to you just now, but later in the evening I may be able to do so. Meantime, as we have all arrived punctually to order, we shall adjourn to the other room and see if we can get anything to eat."

When we had done so, our eyes were greeted by a most substantial supper, to which we sat down and did ample justice.

While this was going on the chat was free and easy and of a kind altogether new to me. It consisted of a variety of subjects different from our usual, rising often into the higher regions of thought. You could hear at one end of the table a learned disquisition concerning the inner consciousness of man and the theory of innate ideas; while at the other, the comparative merits of Tennyson and

Browning, and which would become the more popular, were the subject of a most vigorous and animated debate. Again, in the middle of the table, there was a discussion regarding the Highland and Lowland races, and which had done the greater amount of benefit to mankind. Nothing was talked of that at all related to work at college or our future course in life; not a single item regarding our professors, or the probable chances of any of us in the future examinations. All seemed to be thrown aside, and everything "shoppy" forgotten.

And now, after we had demolished the greater part of a ham, a tongue, some cold meat, and several other items that were on the table—not forgetting the strawberry jam, which was pronounced to be delicious—the "wreck" was cleared and the real amusement of the evening began. The gallon jar was set in the middle of the table, and Allan's tumblers and my glasses having been distributed, one to each, we filled a bumper, and pouring some of my cousin's Spa water from the kettle, which he had placed on the fire, and by accurate observations ascertained that it was boiling, we brewed a tumbler, and lighting our cigars, prepared to enjoy the evening.

The talk had been general and on all sorts of topics until the first tumbler was drunk, when my cousin, ordering all to brew another, said he had a toast to propose, to which he hoped all would charge their glasses and do ample justice. When this was done, he rose and said:—

"Gentlemen,—I rise to propose the health of a certain gentleman who is well known to you all. He has been the companion of almost all of us for some years, and we have had numerous opportunities of proving his friendship and fellowship. On no occasion have we experienced this more than on the present.

I need not say to you, therefore, that I propose the health of our illustrious host, whose goodness of heart is beyond all praise. His principal delight seems to be in making others happy, and distributing his favours to those who can appreciate them. No sooner does this article which stands in our midst make its appearance (and that was only this afternoon) than his kindness of heart outflowed to us fellow-mortals, and he sat down and indited those epistles which each of you received only a short time ago. In tendering our thanks to him, let us not forget the kind friend who manufactured and brought the gallon jar and its contents. I propose, therefore, the health of our illustrious host—may his shadow never grow less, and may his grey-beard pig never be empty! Lockhart's health! Three cheers for Lockhart! Hip! hip! hurrah! Hurrah! hurrah! One cheer more—Hurrah! hurrah! and one for the future Mrs. Lockhart, the Sabine maiden! Hurrah! hurrah!

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny.
With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah,
With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny.
Can you, can you, can you?
Can you, can you, can you?
Not I, not I, not I,
Not I, not I, not I,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! One cheer more, hurrah."

Amid the jingling of glasses, the rattling of tumblers, and the cheers of the assembled company, Lockhart rose to reply.

"Gentlemen,—I blush with conscious shame at the flattering manner in which the toast of my health has been drunk. I don't merit this for such a small matter as a gallon jar. In fact, the party who brought it said I was to melt it with my friends, and I am only performing his orders. I hope, therefore, we will do this, to-night, to the best of our ability. You know that there is nothing gives me greater delight than to see the bottle passing round and everyone enjoying himself. In such a scene I derive more pleasure than you can imagine. The study of old Homer is a theme on which we cannot expatiate too highly, the eloquence of Cicero stirs up the soul and makes us believe we are Romans, but a glass of our real, genuine, unadulterated dew of the mountain does more to promote friendship, hilarity, and good fellowship than all the wisdom of Greece and Rome. Horace talks of the joy of sipping a cup of old Falernian with his friend Mæcenas, but what would have been his feelings had he been permitted by the gods to drink of that dew, which was distilled in Glenbuich and watered by the pure stream that flowed from the Spa? He would have called it more than nectar—a drink fit for more than gods. As another convivial immortal bard has said about our national drink—

> Thou clears the head o' doited Lear,
> Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care,
> Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair
> At's weary toil,
> Thou even brightens dark Despair
> Wi' gloomy smile.

Therefore, gentlemen, say I, enjoy yourselves as well

as you can, and add to your happiness as long as there is anything in the jar"—(applause).

"One of my friends referred to the future Mrs. Lockhart, and made a base insinuation regarding a certain young lady who lives on a Sabine farm. Now, although I would not object to such a person at some future period of my life, yet at the present time I am inclined to remain *in statu quo*, and to let the Sabine virgins alone. In fact, I may tell you all, confidentially of course, that there is nothing in it, and that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumour."

"Remember the Belfast ham," cried my cousin, amid roars of laughter.

"I do, and can remember the flavour of it also," replied he, amid renewed roars of laughter: "but though one may be treated to such a delicious morsel occasionally, that is no reason why he should be paying his addresses to the daughters of the house. Does the policeman who is treated to the best in the larder by Sarah Jane, the housemaid, presume to look up to the daughter of her mistress? I trow not. Therefore, say I, let every one look to his own, and let those who live in glass houses throw no stones.

"But, gentlemen, let me again thank you for the kindly manner in which you have drunk my health. I only hope that you will enjoy yourselves, and that the hilarity of the evening will be uninterrupted. And now, let me call upon that interpolator on all occasions, Frank Jamieson, for a song. Come, old boy, give us something good, and up to the mark of student life. Mr. Jamieson's song, gentlemen! Mr. Jamieson's song. Let us have that one about the student. It will make us quite cheery—eh!"

Thus addressed, my cousin sang the following, called—

THE SONG OF THE STUDENT.

Air—"*The Song of the Shirt.*"

With body weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A young man sat, and a longing glance
  Was thrown on his lowly bed.
Grind—grind—grind
  Till your head is like to break;
Work through the livelong night,
  For your honour is at stake.

Grind—grind—grind
  Till the brain begins to swim;
Grind—grind—grind
  Till the eyes are heavy and dim;
Homer, Virgil, Euclid,
  With numerous others, I ween,
Till over my lessons I fall asleep,
  And get them all in a dream.

O dominies, why do you give
  Such lessons for students to get?
'Tis wearing out their precious lives
  By keeping them up so late.
Grind—grind—grind
  Throughout the livelong night,
This harassing cannot be borne,
  For it passes human might.

My eyes are dull and dim,
  My brain reels to and fro,
My spirits, once so light,
  Are now exceeding low;
My voice grows hollow, too,
  My cheeks more pale and thin,
And something tells me true
  I am not right within.

Grind—grind—grind
  In the dull December light,
Grind—grind—grind,
  And work with all my might!

But oh! if while I work
The seeds of death are sown,
What profit will it be
If honour's all my own?

While grind—grind—grind
Sounds ever in my ear,
The shades of death will come
And stretch me on my bier;
My eyes on life will close
When all is bright and fair,
I'll mingle with the dust,
And be of those that were.

Oh! for but one short hour
To close my weary eyes,
But visions cross my mind
Of losing every prize.
A little sleep would ease my limbs,
And cool my aching head;
But I must not think of ease or rest
When stretched upon my bed.

With body weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A young man sat, and a longing glance
Was thrown on his lowly bed.
Grind—grind—grind
Till your head is like to break;
Work through the livelong night,
For your honour is at stake.

"Mr. Jamieson's health and song, gentlemen! Mr. Jamieson's health and song! May his poor body never be worn to a skeleton, and may his head never ache by hard grinding!"

"Not if I know it and can help it," replied he.

"But there's the difficulty, old boy—you cannot help it. You must grind. The professors will not give you rest, but keep you at it morning, noon, and night."

"For my own part," said Fender, "I don't see

any use in grinding. You are only laughed at by your fellow-students, and made the butt of the class. Why not enjoy life as well as you can, and take it easy? There is no use of killing oneself to please the professors."

"No fear of you doing that, Fender," said Lockhart.

"I think Fender is right," said Allan. "I look at it from a future point of view, and there is really no advantage to be gained by it. The fellow who gained the £60 Mathematical two years ago, and nearly killed himself, has not now nearly so good a situation as my cousin, who never prepared a lesson and at no time was higher than twelfth in the order of merit."

"That may be," said my cousin, "but I hope I have within me the desire to excel, and be somewhat better than my neighbours."

"But what's the use?" said Fender. "When I came up this year I was made melancholy for a week by the accounts given me of my old companions. Some were dead and others unable to appear through excessive grinding last session." Here the company burst into loud laughter, not at the illness of their fellow-student, but at the idea of Fender being sad.

"Are you sure of that, Fender, and was it for a whole week?"

"Quite; and from that time I determined never to injure my health by grinding."

"No, and I have no doubt you never will."

"And yet, I think, you are wrong thus to condemn grinding," said Lockhart. "Grinding is just hard work, and hard work must be gone through before one can rise to any position in his profession. What I object to in students is the desire to *appear* clever, to seem to be able to go through all their work

without any labour. In no other field of enterprise would the same thing be thought of."

"Yes, and what is more," said my cousin, "they affect to despise all those who do grind or work as they ought to do. Allow me to say that I, for one, respect a grinder."

"Because you are one yourself," said Fender.

"Well, and though I am, is it any disgrace, and will it be any detriment to me at the end of the session? I should hope that when I leave college I may have some slight satisfaction in my own mind that I have not altogether thrown away my opportunities, but that I have reaped some benefit."

"I suppose we all have, either more or less. For my own part, though my parents intend me for the church, I think I should have made a better farmer."

"No doubt," said Lockhart. "It is a pity they crossed your inclination."

"And set me to grind."

"But they never managed to do that."

"True. And, therefore, I have never injured my health like Jamieson, there. He is getting as white as a ghost."

"Thank you for the compliment. I think I enjoy as robust health as any of you; and, what is more, I am certain that I enjoy this party more than the majority, because I have the satisfaction in my own mind that I have done all my work and can spare the time. Few of you can say that, I'll wager."

"Don't boast, Jamieson."

"I am not boasting, but I am vindicating my character as a grinder."

"All right," said Lockhart, "let us change the subject. Whose turn is it for a song? Let us have one. Jamieson, it is your turn to call. Exercise your right, old fellow."

"I will, and for the sake of old friendship, and that there may be no bad feeling between us, I call upon Fender to give us his favourite song of 'The Mermaid.' Let us have it. Gentlemen, Fender's song."

"All right, my boy. But first let me replenish my bowl, fill my glass, and wet my whistle. And now, having done so, I shall begin, and do give us a good chorus."

THE MERMAID.

'Twas in the Atlantic ocean,
'Mid the equinoctial gales,
That a man he did fall overboard
Amongst the sharks and whales.
His ghost appearèd unto me,
Saying, "Weep no more for me,
For I'm married to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the sea."

Chorus—Rule Britannia,
Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never
Shall be slaves.

"'Tis true that to refresh myself
No baccy now I get,
But as for with respect to that
Myself I never fret.
For all your earthly happiness
Is immaterial to me,
For I'm married to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the sea."

Chorus.

"A broken sixpence in my kist,
Likewise a lock of hair,
To Sally I solicitize
That you will safely bear;
And tell to my true lovier
It was nedcessity
That made me wed the mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the sea."

Chorus.

"Shurprised will be my com-ra-ades,
And friends I knowed on shore,
And my poor parents, whom, alas!
I'll never see no more,
To hear that I was summonzed
Away so suddenly,
And married to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the sea."

Chorus.

I heard and seed the drownded man,
My limbs with terror shook,
I axèd him no questions,
For words my lips forsook.
Immediately I swounde-ed
And he said no more to me,
But dived down to his mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the sea.

Chorus.

"Hurrah! Fender's health and song! Fender's health and song!"

"That's the sort of song to give—a jolly good chorus, and nothing melancholic about it. Jamieson's made me sad, but yours has taken all that away. That's the sort of song for a convivial party."

"Is not the death of the poor sailor melancholic?" inquired I.

"Not at all; it only enhances the beauty of the chorus, and makes us enjoy it the better. It is a splendid song."

"So like some of those grand songs of Burns's, that are truly convivial. There is no poet that has touched that chord more truly than he."

"No, nor ever will. The Romans may boast of their Horace, and the Greeks of their Anacreon, but both combined could not make a Burns. He is a man of men: without exception the most extraordinary genius that ever any age produced."

"Not even excepting Shakespeare, eh?"

"Nay, I would not except even him."

"Well, in one thing they are both alike—not very pure."

"With all their faults, I love them still."

"No one could help it, particularly with Burns. Come, give us one of his songs. Who can sing them? Mac, give us one."

"No," said my cousin, "that child is not in the sentimental line. We will get another from him by and by, and therefore we will call upon our friend Keith, the medical, for a song from Burns. What is it that you call it again?"

"Upon my honour, I do not know. I never sing."

"Do you hear him? I say, friend Adams of the meek face and tender eye, what is the song he is in the habit of singing?"

"I don't remember exactly, but if my memory does not fail me, it is 'Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut.' If he cannot sing it, I know he can play it on his old Cremona, so if he won't give you the one I would have the other."

"Well, bother it, Adams," said he, "hand my favourite here, and let me tune her. There's nothing like being merry, and adding to the jollity." So saying, he began to screw up and scrape on the strings until our teeth were on edge and our stomachs aching. But the rest made up for it, for he played that most convivial of all songs in such a style that we were all stamping on the floor and humming at the tune before he was done. Another and another followed, his head drawing closer and closer to the old Cremona, as he became more excited and rapt in his tones, and his eyes almost closing with intense delight, until, falling into the air of "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," a solemn silence fell on all, and we listened with bated breath

as this most beautiful of all tunes came trembling from the strings. Then, letting the fiddle fall on his knees, he drew a long breath as if he had been afraid to do so before. In the silence that succeeded Lockhart cried out "*Quantum suf.* Gentlemen, refill your glasses, and let us drink to the health of the fiddler, as well as his Cremona. May its notes ever be as sweet as the last."

"Upon my word, Keith, if you had continued much longer you would have had me crying."

"The same with me," said Givan. "I never felt so much inclined to *greet* in my life, and was putting round my hand for my handkerchief when he stopped. Orpheus was nothing to it."

"Come, no gammon," said Keith.

"Gammon! There's no gammon in it. By the way, if Orpheus did what he did with a harp, what would he have done with the fiddle? The sun and moon would have again stood still."

"But are they not grand, those Scottish songs and airs?" said Lockhart. "What should we do if we lost them?"

"Do?" said Fender. "Why, we should die. Do you suppose we should live after the annihilation of our language? No, sir. As long as our songs exist our language will, and that will be for ever. Some declare that it will be swamped by the omnipotent English, but, in my opinion, it will live as long as the heather blooms on our heath-clad hills, as long as the mimic waves break on the shores of our lovely lakes, as long as the water ripples over the pebbles of our sweetly-flowing rivers, as long as the Scottish thistle waves on her hills or fades in her valleys, as long as her mountains hold up their craggy peaks into the clear blue of heaven, as long as her banks and her braes, her glens and her hills exist—so long will

her songs, the sweetest and the best in any language, remain the delight and joy of all that hear them. If they were to die, and be for ever blotted out, we would expect the hills to groan, the lakes to lash their shores, the glens and the valleys to weep, and the thistle to droop and die."

"Hullo! old fellow, are you turned poetical, or have you gone daft? It is well you have run short of breath, for if you had gone on in that way much longer, we would all have been out of our minds."

"My dear fellow, don't make a fool of yourself and other people. You don't know how enthusiastic I get when I think of our Scottish songs."

"I have some idea from the present instance. Do you often get that way?"

"You shut up, else I'll shy this tumbler at your head. Let us have another tumbler. You are neglecting your duty as host. If you do not attend to it, I will."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen. Refill, and drink to my friend Fender's health for giving us such a grand poetical oration."

"I am much obliged to you, gentlemen, but at the same time would inquire what has become of that song promised us from our friend Mac? Has he got primed yet, or does he require another tumbler? Light another cigar, old fellow, and that will bring you up to the mark. By the way, Adams, these are splendid cigars. You must have bought them from the fellow with the broad hat and the swaggering gait."

"I am glad they please you. They, like the whisky, have never seen the gauger."

"All the better of that. I say, Mac, come along. I know you can sing by the look of your 'physog' and the contour of your nose."

"Come now, Fender, don't be personal," said my cousin.

"All right, my boy; I shall not take your cousin's name or face in vain."

"You need not trouble yourself about that, since it does not trouble me. If the rest of the gentlemen are ready, I shall be happy to give them my song, and do let us have a rattling chorus."

CRUISKEEN LAWN.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
And talk of the things they have done;
But we, more blithe than they,
Spend each jolly night and day
O'er a smiling little cruiskeen lawn.
Chorus—Gramachree ma cruiskeen,
Slainte geal mavoureen,
Gramachree a coolin bawn,
Bawn, bawn, bawn,
O, gramachree ma cruiskeen lawn.

O, professors, you are asses,
And we hate your cursed classes,
For there we do nothing but yawn;
It's sure we're better far,
Here sitting as we are,
O'er a smiling little cruiskeen lawn.
Chorus.

And if you should refuse
Our certificates to sign,
And talk of the ways we've gone on;
Then, you devils, if you please,
Just hand us back our fees,
And we'll have another cruiskeen lawn.
Chorus.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Make me by adoption thy son;
And when this life is done,
And the sand of life is run,
Let us have another cruiskeen lawn.
Chorus.

"Hurrah! Mac's health and song! Mac's health and song! Well done, old boy; that's the sort of song that delights all and sundry. Let me initiate you into our corps, which is entirely honorary. Spite of your objections to a practical joke, we dub you one of ours."

"Yesh; one of ours, one of ours," said Fender, whose repeated potations had rendered his speech rather thick and husky. "You are one of ours, and ought to be proudsh of the honorsh."

"Hullo! old boy; are you speaking Gaelic? We do not want any of your heterogeneous stuff here: speak the Queen's English."

"Who shays I can't speak the Queen's English? I'll speak with any mansh."

"Of course you will."

"And who will dare to 'chide me for loving that old arm-chair'?" said he, forgetting the sense through the force of the rhyme.

"Not a creature, my dear fellow. No one will interfere with your adoration though you were to get down upon your knees just now."

"What's the rowsh?"

"Nothing, as far as I can see, unless that a certain gentleman cannot say 'British Constitution'."

"Do you mean me? I'll say it with any mansh. 'Bis—ish Con—susion.' Hang it! 'Bis—ish Con—sion.' That's it! And 'Bis—ish Soci—shon,' also. Heigh! Who says I'm drunk or speechless?"

"Nobody, my dear fellow. Brew another, and it will be all right."

"Of course I will. Hand me the grey-beard pig. Are you afraid of it? Do you think I'm drunk, and that I cannot poursh out a glash of whisky?" said he, as he dragged it from Lockhart, and went with it swinging about the room. "I can poursh out a glash

of whisky yet, mindsh you, though you think I'm screwed," and he placed himself carefully against the table, and, to the surprise of us all, poured it out from the gallon jar without spilling a drop.

"Whosh drunk now, I'd like to knowsh?" said he, triumphantly, as he lifted the jar and deposited it in the middle of the table. "Let me see how many of you could do that when you were not able to say 'British Con—shuson'."

"Well done, Fender; you're a brick yet."

"Ay, always the cry of the multitude, 'Well done,' when they see anything beyond the common. Away! I love not fulsome praise. It stinks in my nostrils. Begone, ye minions of the dust, ye flatterers only when successh ends your cashe. Away; I'll to another worldsh!"

"Hullo! old boy, are you turned theatrical? A second Kean come to judgment. Come, let us have a speech, a recitation. Fender's speech. Fender's recitation!"

"Nay, nay, my Lordsh!"

"Fender's speech! Fender's recitation!" came more vehemently than before.

"My speesh! My recetation! Who callsh? A wordsh with you, my Lordsh. I would not washte my wind, the smallest item of my windsh upon you. You are a worthless lotsh—a mean, low lotsh. You're but the carcash of a dogsh to me"; and in his excitement he did the very thing we wanted, rose from his seat, and stretched forth his arms in a theatrical manner. "Dost know whom thou addreshesht? My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills my fathersh digsh his tatters. Oh, hearsh me for my caush, and when thou hearsh, forgivsh. I wash a mansh, take him for all in all; you shall not look upon my liksh again. Fie fie, my cousin Richard, your eyesh are

bleared, and you have drunksh too much. Touch not the cup, touch not the cup, for there is a sherpent in it that coilsh around you, and eatsh your toes away. Ah, weary time! What is our lifsh without a wee drappie o't, a wee drappie o't? It's sweet to taste as I do now," and, putting the tumbler to his head, he emptied it at once. Then, waving it round his head, he cried out—"Hurrah, my boys, hurrah! There's nothing like the Bris—ish Cons—shusion, the Brish—ish Cons—shusion, the Bris—ish Soci—shon, the Acclam—ishon Sho—shi—ee—tee. Long life to them, and to this child," and as he uttered the last words he sat down, but missing his chair, fell upon the floor amid roars of laughter. We were almost following his example, for the laughter had affected our heads, and made us seem much more tipsy than we were. As it was, we swayed backwards and forwards, holding our sides, and feeling our throbbing temples, while Fender, turning over on one side, began to snore audibly.

And now that the routine of the evening was broken in upon, no order could be kept, for each one would do as he pleased, and would not listen to any suggestion from his neighbour. By and by the fun grew fast and furious. Songs were begun and as suddenly ended, speeches commenced and as abruptly brought to a close; while in the mingled din and riot it was impossible to make out correctly what anyone said or meant. Suddenly one jumped up and proposed a walk, which was at once acquiesced in by all the rest. Lifting up Fender, who insisted upon being let alone, and depositing him upon the sofa, the rest sallied out into the open air. I remember distinctly noting the fine frosty sky, the many twinkling stars that looked down, brighter and clearer than usual, and then all became a blank.

The sudden change from a warm room to the cool air outside had the effect of making me senseless, and so my companions kindly took me home, and, having taken off my boots, deposited me in bed with all my clothes. Next morning I awoke to consciousness and a dreadful headache, and for the whole of that day uttered nothing but anathemas against all evening parties and smuggled whisky and cigars.

CHAPTER XII

Descendo, ac ducente Deo flammam inter et hostes Expedior.

—*Virgil:* "*Æneid,*" *II, 632-3.*

"HALLO, Fender. Was it you that I saw recommended so highly in this week's *Herald* for the gallant and courageous manner in which you rescued a woman's child from the fire?"

"O, bother you, Lockhart. Have you got scent of that, too?"

"I have only just seen it in the *Herald*, and suspected it would be you—for they give no names—from the unreasonable hour at which you left my lodgings the other night."

"Well, I did not go to tramp the streets and see drunken fellows home, like some folk."

"Perhaps not, but you must have been pretty tol-lol yourself. We managed to throw you on the sofa, and thought no more about you. I must say I was rather surprised, when I returned, to find the bird flown."

"I suppose so. Recovering as suddenly as I collapsed, I rose, and, looking round the room, was surprised to find it empty of everything but a full blaze of gas. I managed to put on my greatcoat, and, finding my cap in my pocket, where I always put it on such occasions, I found myself after a little in the street on a clear frosty morning. The cold helping very much to recover me, I found my way home in a tolerably steady state."

"So I would suppose, after your sleep. But what about the fire?"

"I suppose I would have got home all right had it not been for a confounded watchman's rattle that went off, and the wild cry of 'Fire! Fire!' Now, if there's anything I cannot resist it is a good, rattling, roaring fire. So off I set as fast as my legs could carry me, and arrived just as they trundled out a poor woman almost '*in nudo corpore*,' as Geordie would say. Poor creature, I was sorry to see her. She was quite unconscious when they laid her down upon a bundle of clothes that had been thrown on the street, but happening to have some salts with me, I held them to her nose, and soon had the pleasure of seeing her open her eyes."

"Why, you are quite a doctor, old boy."

"It would be a shame to me, after managing to smuggle myself into so many lectures and operations, if I were not able to recover a poor woman from faintness. But it would have been better for me had I let her alone, for no sooner did she open her eyes than she stared wildly around, and shrieked out at the top of her voice, 'Where is my baby? Where is my baby?' I and some others had to hold her down, else she would have rushed again into the flames and soon made an end of herself. After a great deal of trouble, I managed to learn from her that her baby had been left behind in the very bed from which she had been taken while in an unconscious state. I asked what storey and room, and having got some sort of incoherent answer, I, trusting to my knowledge of the internal arrangement of these houses, left her side, assuring her that I would bring her baby, alive or dead. The last I saw was her kneeling in her chemise or some trumpery clothing, unconscious of the cold, or the

gaze of hundreds of eyes, lifting her hands in prayer to God, the intense, unconquerable love of the mother beautifying and ennobling it all. If ever I was braced for any effort it was by that sight, for, during the whole of my fierce struggle with those devouring elements, the figure gazing upwards was ever in my mind, and nerving me to more strenuous exertion."

"There is nothing so strong or imperishable as a mother's love," said Lockhart. "We all ought to know that from our own experience, but have become so accustomed to it that we think little of it. But, go on; I am interrupting you."

"The first two storeys were easily gained, but when I came to the third the passage was one mass of flames. To me it seemed certain death if I entered, but, as there was no other way, I determined to risk it, and let the worst come to the worst. Drawing my cap over my ears, and my greatcoat up over my neck, I made a bold rush inwards, and was suddenly brought up by being knocked against something. This was the very saving of me, for, not remembering the steps which often occur in these old buildings, I had run against the wall, and was thrown with such violence to the side that I was pitched along a passage, and landed at what seemed the kitchen Fortunately I was neither hurt nor stunned, so, picking myself up, I rushed into the room, and found, lying on the bed, the little child I was in search of. There it lay, sleeping as soundly as if no war of elements was taking place around it, and, spite of the excitement of the moment, I could not but look upon its calm, innocent face, and wonder at the contrast. But it was no time for a soliloquy, so hastily going to the window, I took a survey of my position. There, beneath, were the flames

making their appearance from the windows, while from above shot their forked tongues from every crevice, the showers of sparks, hissing sounds, and crackling noises adding to the awful hurly-burly. It was enough to appal the stoutest heart, and I must say that mine felt rather small at that particular moment."

"*I* don't wonder at it."

"However, there was not a second to lose, and, therefore, I did what I could to attract the attention of the crowd beneath. But this was rather a difficult task, as the greater part were in the front of the building, and the window where I was standing was at one side. As the window was fixed, I dashed out some of the glass and mouldings with the poker, and called to those below—who had been attracted by the noise—to bring a ladder. It seemed ages before they understood me, and meantime my standing-room was becoming more and more scanty, for the broken window acted as a draught and brought the flames nearer to me. Besides, the smoke was suffocating, and, had I not been able to get some fresh air by leaning out of the window, I would have been smothered. At last, after what seemed to me an interminable period, a ladder was brought, but when put to the window was, of course, found to be too short—as is always the case on occasions like this. However, as I could not wait for another, I took the little thing in my arms, fixed him on my back with the sheet, and fastening one of the blankets to a sufficiently strong support in the room, lowered myself down and managed to reach the ladder with some difficulty. I no sooner did so than the roof fell in with a hideous crash, no doubt filling the place in which we had been standing a few seconds before. At it was, the splinters dashed around us, burning me

in one or two places, of which, in the excitement, I was perfectly unconscious. In a few seconds I was at the foot of the ladder, and had the exquisite pleasure of putting the youngster in its mother's arms, unhurt, and, would you believe it, not yet roused out of its sleep."

"Very extraordinary, indeed."

"The woman was still on her knees, but when the child was put into her arms she uttered a wild shriek of joy and fainted away. Such a hully-balloo was kicked up that I was glad to get away, for positively some of them became so abusive that I was half inclined to pitch them into the flames."

"Abusive! How do you mean?"

"Why, one old wife came up to me—Irish she evidently was—and declared that I was a 'broth of a boy, a bonny laddie entirely,' and that she 'would die happy gin I wis her Johnnie.' Hang her, I am quite satisfied with my parentage, and want no Irish blood."

"But, my dear fellow, you must make allowance for overcharged feelings."

"Overcharged feelings! How would you like to have a dirty old woman, with only a few rags upon her, coming up to you, and, not in the most delicate manner possible, throwing her arms around your neck and calling you the 'dear preserver of her sister's bairn,' a 'God-sent body'? I wonder which was God-sent, I or the toddy?"

"Kindness of heart again, my boy! One thinks not of the manner but the matter on such occasions."

"So I think, for, upon my honour, one would have thought I had done a most exemplary action, while I only did what I had promised to the woman. If any other person had asked me to do the same I would have done it, and, what is more, any one of

the fifty fellows standing there would have done the same had he been asked."

"I would be inclined to doubt that."

"Doubt nothing, sir. But I forgot to tell you that the best of it all was that, as I was trying to make my way out of the tarnation crowd, a man twice my size came up to me, and, slapping me on the shoulder, said, 'My boy, you're a brick—you're a brick—you've saved my Mary Jane's child. I like you. Come, let us liquor.' You know how I like anything laconic and precise, and I need not say to you that I at once looked upon him as a man of common sense, one worth listening to, and that I followed his suggestion as to liquoring. While doing so, he, to my great amusement, kept turning me round and round, as my tailor does when measuring me for a new suit, and every now and then gave vent to the expression—'A brick! A real brick! A little fellow, but a real brick!' Quaffing off his glass quickly, he again thanked me, called me 'a brick,' said he 'must go to Mary Jane,' and bolted, giving my hand such a squeeze as it has not yet recovered."

"My dear fellow, you ought to be proud of yourself."

"Proud of having my hand squeezed to nonsense, my parentage misinterpreted, and my precious carcase taken into the arms of a washerwoman! It strikes me I ought to be ashamed of myself. All I know is, I was glad to get to my bed, and if I did not sleep the sleep of the righteous before morning, I don't know who did. My landlady told me I was as deaf as a door nail."

"No wonder, after such exertion."

"After so much toddy, you mean. It strikes me we managed to empty that gallon jar of yours pretty well."

"I shall have no objections to repeat the dose, if you are, in the same unobtrusive manner, to rescue another 'Mary Jane's baby.'"

"And singe all my whiskers, as I did the other night."

"Singe your whiskers! My dear fellow, it is the first time I was aware of your having any. Let me see. Upon my honour, the off cheek is rather bare. Did you get both of them burned?"

"O dear, no," said he, with the coolest nonchalance. "I have just come from the barber, who has made me the same on both sides."

"O indeed. Can you recommend me to him, lest I should have by and by to do the same?"

"Well, I hope your coat will not share the same fate as mine. It is an old and tried friend, who has been with me in many an escapade, but, spite of this, I am afraid I will have to part with it. The excessive heat and the fire had made it like tinder, but when I got among those uncircumcised barbarians they almost tore it off my back."

"We must see if we cannot raise a new one for you. Such bravery as yours ought not to go unrewarded."

"Don't chaff a fellow, now, for upon my honour I could not resist that wife's face and cry. I may have been a ninny, I may have made a fool of myself, but I meant to make that woman happy, and I think I managed to do it for the time being, though afterwards she would be sad enough, for I suppose she must have lost all. Let us say nothing more about it, if you please, for I don't like to hear about it, and, by this time, you ought to know that I can't bear to be chaffed. Have you got anything left in your jar to refresh the heart of a poor fellow?"

"We will see, but if there is not, we will find

enough in Jamieson's bottles to satisfy the thirsty soul. O yes, it does not seem to be all gone, for there is still an internal motion betokening not an utter vacuum. Take that, my boy, and I have no doubt it will steady your nerves, after such unusual excitement."

"Here's to you, old boy, and may we never have a worse night than the last. I wish some kind friend would only think of sending me a gallon jar, for your hospitality deserves a return. If not, I will be compelled to invest, for I cannot be much longer in your debt. So now, come, let us have a walk to Jamieson's lodgings and sniff the 'caller air,' for I require it"; and, acting on this suggestion, they got up and went out together.

CHAPTER XIII

Still her ghost wheels her barrow,
Thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels,
Alive, alive, O!"

—"*Molly Malone.*"

"I SAY, Lockhart," said my cousin, "is there any truth in that story of one of our students selling butter for the purpose of making a livelihood and paying college expenses?"

"I don't know. Ask Fender, who devotes his attention to such archæological pursuits."

"What do you think, Fender?"

"Can't say, but would be willing to allow that he was about the most sensible fellow I ever heard of. When one has the courage to do that, he would have the courage to do anything."

"No doubt, but I am inclined to consider it a make-up."

"I am not so sure of that. All traditionary stories have a certain substratum of truth, and I have no doubt there is some in this; in fact, I believe that he did do so. Have you ever heard of the other one who went about hawking apples?"

"That's gammon!"

"It is not. It was stated by one of the professors in his classroom, and brought forward by him as another instance of the insatiable desire of the Scottish mind for learning."

"He surely must have been drawing the long bow."

"Not at all. The thing was well known at the time, and from the way the professor spoke, he seemed either to have been personally acquainted with him, or known intimately about the whole affair. Some even go so far as to say that he did so in his gown, but that is false."

"I should hope so, for though he may have been poor enough, he ought at least to have had some respect for his distinctive badge and left it at home."

"No fear of that. Such a one has far more respect for his 'Alma Mater' than either you or I. He looks upon her as a real goddess and positively worships her, which is rather more than we do."

"Coz, look here," said my cousin to me. "Here is another of these instances we were talking about, of the facility afforded by our college in this respect as against any other in the Kingdom. Here a young fellow can go and sell apples, butter, or any other commodity which may be the most remunerative, and yet sit on the same benches with us—perhaps carry off our first prizes, and instead of looking down on him, we will cheer him to our hearts' content, and probably carry him on our shoulders to his lodgings."

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*," said Lockhart. "I am afraid, when you come to examine them, you will find the whole of these to be mere mythical characters, stories got up for the occasion, just as they used to be about bursary time."

"What did they do then?"

"Why, raised all those stories that you usually heard when you came up as a freshman to the Competition."

"But what were they?"

"Well, I cannot remember them all just now, but

I know I heard plenty when I was in the Competition line. One was about a poor joiner who, in his leisure hours, had managed to scrape together a pretty considerable knowledge of Latin. On the day of the Competition his fellow-workmen advised him to go over to our college and try his luck. He did so, and arrived just as the doors were being closed. Your mythical characters always do this. Well, the upshot was that he carried off the first bursary, and gave up the joinering."

"It is a pity such a good story should not be true."

"Or want its appropriate finish, which I have often heard. It was that he took a distinguished place at college, and afterwards became a celebrated D.D."

"What was his name?"

"That I cannot tell you, though, I believe, I have often heard it."

"Well, if you can't," said my cousin, "I can give you the name of a celebrated D.D. whose origin was equally humble, whose difficulties were equally great, and who did the same. His father was a small cottar, unable to give his son an education to fit him for the Competition. By improving his leisure hours, and through the help of the parish schoolmaster, with whom he was a great favourite, he was enabled to prepare himself for that great contest of the talent of the north of Scotland. He carried off a high bursary, and took a very distinguished place in the class. When he returned home, and during the whole of the summer recess, he helped his father in his arduous duties, and scrupled not to perform the hardest work, provided it enabled him to make a little money to purchase books, or keep him during the following session. He afterwards entered the Church, and is now one of our most potent names."

"Who is that?"

"The celebrated Dr. Robertson."

"What! The leader of the Established Church party during the Disruption time?"

"The same."

"That says more than volumes for the excellence of our bursary system."

"But he is not a solitary instance. Many such could be brought forward, though Lockhart is inclined to discredit some of the stories. The north and west of Scotland could supply you with numerous instances, and if you take up any book of illustrious Scotchmen, you will be surprised at the number who have risen from the lowest ranks by having gained a bursary. No doubt, many of the stories are fabulous, but a sufficient number are true to prove the value of the system. I do not believe that all of them are got up for the occasion."

"Well, well, I will let you have your way," said Lockhart, "but as for the stories of students selling butter or apples, I beg to offer my dissent, and declare them to be purely inventions of the Evil One."

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said Fender; "I can vouch for the accuracy of the latter, and if the story of Buttery Wullie Collie is lost in the mists of antiquity, the aroma of tradition hangs around him and will not be gainsaid. He is sacred in my eyes."

"Do you mean to say that such a thing could be done, and not be well known at the time?"

"I mean to say that such a thing may be done, and yet be known only to a few."

"I cannot believe it. He was sure to be recognised by some, and they would tell it to others."

"The appearance of an apple vendor is very different from that of a student, even the rawest that

comes from your Highland hills, and if the young man was one of sense, which we are inclined to suppose he was, he would attend to the fact of his looking the character."

"I must say I cannot agree with your argument at all. I am certain that anyone acting in this manner would be sure to be discovered."

"Not if you were not suspicious of it."

"Yes; even though you were not."

"That does not say much for one's power of dressing and mimicry. I am sure that anyone with average abilites could do such a thing and not be discovered."

"I deny that *in toto*."

"Why, my dear Lockhart, look at our actors. They dress in such a way that they appear altogether different persons."

"True, but you must remember they have the stage and all its accessories, which help the illusion."

"True, but yet I think the thing might be done without being discovered, if one would put oneself to a little trouble."

"I would like to see you try it, and would bet a sovereign you would fail."

"You may with safety, for you know I am not a betting man, and that such a thing is not in my line."

"Nevertheless, I leave the sovereign to be taken up by you at your convenience."

"It will be there a long time, I am afraid. But apart from the trick, I say that the conduct of such a man is worthy of all praise, and is a remarkable instance of the love of the Scotch for learning."

"I sometimes think," said my cousin, "that that desire is much more strongly displayed in a university town than in any other."

"Perhaps from the fact of seeing the fountain

head of it, and knowing in reality the difficulty of obtaining it."

"More than likely. There is nothing whets a Scotchman's appetite so much as to see a thing and know that he cannot obtain it, particularly if it has anything to do with learning."

"It is, however, this inordinate love of learning implanted in the Scotchman which has given our colleges such an advantage over those of the south. We work hard before we come up, and when here do the same (I speak here particularly of our own college), so that when any go farther south the work at the English colleges is mere child's play, until they come to the very highest parts of Mathematics."

"It must be so, for I am told that the 'Little-go' of Cambridge or Oxford is by no means equal to our passing examination in junior Mathematics.

"You are right, for I have seen the papers, and only wonder that fellows can stick at all. We would think nothing of them here."

"That is the way with us all. We think other fellows' work far easier than our own."

"And yet there is a reason for such examinations," said Lockhart. "The majority of the students that go up to your great English colleges are sent there for the purpose of finishing their education as gentlemen—something like the system pursued at the Broad Street Academy among the baillies of the good town. Now, such fellows do not like work, and in many cases will not perform what is necessary to pass the examinations. The standard therefore must be low, far lower than in such a college as ours, where almost everyone comes up determined to work. *Here* it is the rule to work, *there* it is the exception."

"That's the sort of college for me," said Fender. "I would luxuriate there."

"But I thought you had lately given up your lazy habits, and taken to grinding."

"So I have. I am sorry to say, however, that I had forgot that just now. I am glad to see my name is recovering from its past decadence, and if I am to keep up my reputation I must set off to work."

"Don't let any remark of mine send you off, my dear fellow. I never meant to hurt your feelings or call up unpleasant reminiscences."

"You have not hurt my feelings in the least, and have recalled anything but unpleasant thoughts. The fact is, I am beginning to like grinding."

"Fender grinding!" cried out one or two at once. "I would like to see it. I should then say that wonders would never cease."

"I should sooner expect," said my cousin, "that he would act the part of the distinguished student and sell apples."

"And gain the sovereign," said Lockhart.

"It would be an excellent exercise for the lungs," said Fender, "after the sedentary duties of the night. I think I must try it."

"I would advise you; but be sure and leave your gown at home.

"O yes, you may be sure I would not disgrace it."

"I should hope not. Are you really off? Won't you stay and have something—a pint of Bass?"

"No, thank you. Bass is not promotive of grinding. You must excuse me for this time."

"Very well, old boy, if you will not, I shall not force you. 'A wilfu' man wull hae his wye.' Much success to you in your new attempt. May it not be a spurt!" and shutting the door, he returned to his seat.

"What can be the matter with Fender to-day?" said my cousin.

"I can't say," said Lockhart. "Some tantrum he has taken in his head."

"But is he so careless of his work as he appears to be?" inquired I.

"Well, much about it, though he is often visited by moments of sad compunction for time misspent and opportunities lost. This must be one of them."

"And yet he does not seem to be devoid of ability."

"Devoid of ability! He is one of the cleverest young men at college, only, he will not apply himself —and what is talent without application? His father was a dreamer, and allowed his son to do as he liked, and by that means ruined him, I'm afraid. He lacks steady application and someone to keep him at work. Had he an impulse to work, or some great purpose in view, he would be all right."

"It is a great pity to see a young man of such promise thus wasting his time."

"It is, and he hates himself for it. I have often seen him in this room weeping over his want of purpose. But what good did it do him? He would turn it off with some laughable remark that would send us both into convulsions."

"How did he manage to gain his bursary?"

"That is one of the things which, he says, Providence sent him in anger. He gained, as you know, a high bursary, and on that account is compelled to keep a fair place in his class. Were it not for that I verily believe he would not open a book."

"But he must have been a good scholar, else he would not have stood so high."

"Of course he is. He kept the first place in our class easily for the greater part of the first session, but being fond of practical jokes he got into bad odour with the professors. This joking went on

during the work of the class, and when the end of the session came we were all surprised to find him out of the prize list, and first in the order of merit. He was quite wild, and declared that Geordie did it out of spite; and I think he was right, for he had been the bugbear of Geordie's life during the whole session."

"And yet I do not think that a professor would have done such an unjust thing."

"Perhaps not, and yet it is hard to say, considering the fellow Fender was. Towards the end of the first session he did everything in his power to annoy 'George,' and latterly there was a regular feud between them. If anything improper was done in the class, 'George' was sure to fix it upon Fender, often unjustly, I must allow; and on such occasions it was the greatest treat possible to listen to the two, for Fender, in that cool manner peculiar to him, would appeal to his fellow-students, and call upon them to prove the truth of *his* statement. On two occasions he, by inference, proved 'George' a liar."

"That was carrying the joke a little too far."

"Yes; rather. But the most laughable farce of all was the payment of his fines."

"How?"

"Well, you must know that Fender was and is still universally late three or four times a week, and that he consistently absents himself from lecture on the Monday morning. His reason for the latter is a very sensible one, viz., that he does not want his Queen's English spoiled by the villainous pronunciation of the Theological Professor. As you may suppose, his list of fines was always a pretty heavy one, and was never paid without demur. We always expected this, and looked forward to it with great glee. On the day of collecting the fines, the Professor, when he came to his name, would call

it out slowly and then say, 'I find, Mr. Fender, there are four marks against your name—one for chapel on Monday morning, one on Wednesday, one on Thursday, and another on Friday morning.'

"'I am afraid there is a mistake, sir, for I find I have only threepence to pay.'

"'How do you make that out, Mr. Fender?'

"'I came into the classroom on Friday morning as the censor called my name, and, therefore, ought not to pay,' said he in a humble tone of voice.

"'I cannot take that excuse, Mr. Fender,' said 'George,' smiling. 'You must pay the fourpence.'

"'I don't think I ought to pay for what is wrong.'

"'There is nothing wrong here, sir. You must pay.'

"'But I won't pay when I was in in time. I appeal to the class if what I state is not correct. I am certain they will support me in this.' This was just what we wished, and we ruffed as vigorously as we could.

"'I must go by the censor's list, Mr. Fender. I care not what the class thinks. You must pay,' said the Professor, getting angry.

"'But I cannot. I have no more than threepence.'

"'Your friends, who are so ready with their applause, may give you the wherewithal.'

"A dozen hands were out at once, but Fender very coolly replied, 'No, thank you, sir, I never borrow.'

"'You can bring it in the afternoon.'

"'But this is all I have.'

"'You can bring it in the afternoon, Mr. Fender. That will do. You may sit down.'

"Fender did so, but we were sure it was not all over. The afternoon came, and the Professor, addressing him, asked for the money.

"'I have not got any, sir.'

"'The penny, I mean, you were due me this forenoon.'

"'I have not got any, sir. I gave you all I had, and all I was entitled to pay.'

"'Mr. Fender, I ask you, once for all, are you going to give me that penny?' said the Professor, almost rising off his seat in the vehemence of his anger.

"'I am sorry to say, sir, that I have not got any more,' coolly replied he.

"'Mr. Fender, you are fined half-a-crown for contempt of your Professor, and we shall see what the Senatus will say to this conduct. You must pay me that half-crown to-morrow.'

"'Very well, sir,' replied the imperturbable Fender, as he took his seat, and opened his note-book, as unconcerned as if there had been no terrors of the Senatus hanging over him.

"Next morning came, and after the roll had been called, the Professor asked Fender if he had got the money he had fined him. On his replying that he had after great difficulty, a gleam of self-satisfaction flitted over the Professor's face, and he ordered him in a pompous manner to bring it up to the desk. Fender, rising from his seat, went up, and when in front of the desk, and in full view of all the class, drew from his pocket a large bag, and, leisurely opening it, began to count out on the desk *farthings* to the amount of the fine. As he slowly and solemnly did this, you can imagine the look of amazement that overspread us all, and then the roars of laughter that succeeded. The face of the Professor grew scarlet, and then pale as death as the cool Fender continued counting them out without paying any attention to

the conduct of his class-fellows. But it was the calm before the storm, for, suddenly starting up, the Professor dashed his hand across the small coins, and sent them flying over the floor. Fender, looking up at this, met his gaze without any emotion, and when he ordered him to his seat said, 'What, will you not take the fine? They are the coin of the realm. Remember, I'll not pay you again.' But the Professor, losing all command of himself, abused him in round terms, and declared that he would make him pay for this before the Senatus. Fender very coolly proceeded to pick up his small coins, assisted by some of the students, and before the work of the class could be proceeded with, fully twenty minutes had been wasted."

"And what was the upshot of it?"

"Of course, Fender was taken before the Senatus, pleaded there the same excuses as before, but was told that they would not do; offered them the same copper coin of the realm, which they refused as being inconvenient, and requested him to change it, a thing which Fender declared he had no doubt the janitor would be able to do. At last, to cut the matter short, Fender consented to make an apology to 'George' if he would remit that penny of a fine which had been the cause of dispute, and he, considering discretion the better part of valour, granted it; and so Fender was let off, bringing with him his bag of farthings, which he generously turned into a bottle of whisky that we helped him to punish."

"Upon my word, that was rather cool. It is no wonder though Fender was 'stuck' by the Professor."

"My dear sir, he was never 'stuck'; he is too clever for that. The Professor only kept him out of the prize list, which disgusted him so much that he has never tried for a prize since."

"I can understand such conduct, and yet the fault is his own. One should never run contrary to his professors. He will be seen to lose in the end."

"Just what I was telling you, coz," said my cousin; "I hope you will profit by the lesson."

"I hope I will not so far forget myself as Fender has. It is most suicidal policy."

"All through his fondness for a good joke. Do you remember the pea-crackers?"

"O golly, ay. That was a lark. I thought 'George' was out of his mind that day."

"What was that?" inquired I.

"One of Fender's best tricks, and one that, had it been discovered, would likely have got him rusticated."

"Pee-ta-taes! Pee-ta-taes!"

"Hullo, what's up now? That fellow's voice almost splits one's head."

"It would be his fortune on the stage, or as a Cheap John."

"I should think so. I never heard this fellow before. Who can he be?" and as Lockhart said so he rose and went to the window. "It is a potato man at any rate."

"Has he got a game leg?" inquired I.

"He has."

"Then I know the gentleman."

"It strikes me I have seen him before," said Lockhart.

"Very likely, for he is often about, though I suppose not often in this quarter."

By this time the potato vendor was pretty far down the street, driving before him with difficulty a huge barrow full of his wares, and at every upward movement of his body uttering the loud and sonorous cry, "Pee-ta-taes! Pee-ta-taes!"

"That cry reminds me of the Newhaven fish-wives."

"It is just the fellow I thought it was," said I, as I came to the window and looked out. "I have seen him often in our street kicking up rows with the women, who declare him awfully greedy."

"More than likely, for he seems a character. Look how he lays down the law to that woman. Evidently they do not agree about the price. See, he has got disgusted, and sets off. There he goes. Upon my word, he is one of the most independent potato dealers I ever saw."

"Pee-ta-taes! Pee-ta-taes!" again came on the air as he moved on, hirpling up and down.

"Upon my word, he is a character. Let us have some fun with him," said Lockhart. "Hey! What's the price of your potatoes?"

"Pee-ta-taes! Pee-ta-taes!" cried he, as if he did not hear.

"Hey! What's the price of your potatoes?"

"Foo wid ye be gin ye kent? Pee-ta-taes! Pee-ta-taes!"

"I say, old boy, look here. I want some. What's the price of them?"

"A shillin' to you, sir. Best lang blue tatties, as meally's a girnal."

"That's a recommendation, certainly. I'll take a peck if you guarantee them."

"I guarantee naething. A tattie may be weet afore it's biled that may be meally aifter."

"Ha! ha! All right. What's the price of your peck?"

"A shillin' to you."

"Why to me?"

"'Cause ye're better able to pey a shillin' than the peer folk tenpence."

"All right."

"How's the wife and bairns?" inquired my cousin.

"Brawlies! Hoo's yours?" retorted he, amid the loud laughter of us all.

"How many have you?" inquired Lockhart.

"Dee ye mean wives or bairns?" inquired he, in serio-comic tone.

"The latter."

"I hae nae latter," said he, sending us again into roars.

"I mean, how many bairns have you?"

"Aught, an' ane on the road. Ay, man, it's a hard pull in thae hard times. It's naething to the like o' you that his yer fathers afore ye. I never hid ony."

"Had you never a father?" said Lockhart, with a laugh.

"Never; nor yet a mither. I wis an orphan afore I wis born."

"Ha! ha!" laughed they all heartily. "You're a queer one."

"Ye may lauch gin ye please, gentlemen, bit it's onything bit a lauchin' maitter. Gin ye hid hid to scrape thegither a livin' fae yer youth upwards, ye wid hae kent fat it wis. It's hard, hard," and the poor man shook his head, and looked down to his barrow of potatoes.

"I suppose so. But what did you marry for, then? Had you not enough of troubles without that?"

"'It is not good for man to be alone,' says the Bible, an' I aye try to follow it."

"Do you? Does the Bible tell you to sell potatoes?"

"Nae doot it dis, gin I could licht upo' the verse."

"But I never did."

"Ye hidna been lookin' for't richt, I'se wager. Bit wull ye tak' some tatties, for I hinna time to stan' palaverin' here? Wull ye tak' some?"

"Yes; I'll take a peck."

"A peck? Thank ye—a shillin'. They're the finest tatties i' the toon, I'll guarantee, an' fin ye eat them think o' the peer man that sells them, an' his sae mony moos to full."

"I will. Here's the shilling. Do you give a receipt?"

"Nae for ready money; an' fat's mair, I hinna ony paper, an' canna write ower weel."

"Let the poor fellow alone, Lockhart," said my cousin. "You are only teasing him."

"You shut up, old boy. Let us see what like his fist is. See, here is a sheet of paper and a pencil," said he, throwing both into his barrow. "Put the receipt among the potatoes. You can keep the pencil as a souvenir."

The poor man, after securing both, spread the paper on a board on the front of the barrow, and took the pencil in his hand. After a great many flourishes, which sent us into roars of laughter, he commenced; and as the pencil made its way over the paper his mouth was screwed from side to side, and his tongue imitated every stroke of his stiff hand. When he came to the final flourish, the tongue suddenly disappeared, and he held the paper out before him, gazing upon it with admiring eyes. Depositing it in the basket among the potatoes, he put the pencil in his pocket, and, nodding familiarly to us at the window, lifted up his barrow, and went along the street shouting out in his stentorian voice, "Pee-ta-taes! pee-ta-taes!"

"Let us see the fellow's sign-manual," said

Lockhart. "It will be something original, no doubt, like the fellow himself. Bring them here, girl," said he, addressing the servant, who had just entered. "And now, gentlemen, listen to the most original receipt ever given by a potato dealer in this or any other town," and, taking up the paper, he held it out extended before him, stared, but said nothing. Surprised at his silence, I looked over his shoulder, and, seeing the receipt, burst into a loud laugh. My cousin followed, while poor Lockhart stood like one paralysed, holding out the paper. It was to the following effect:—

"DEAR LOCKHART,

"I've won the sovereign.

"Yours truly,

"PETER FENDER."

To say that we were amazed is not enough. We stood for a few seconds looking at each other in blank stupidity, scarcely believing our own eyes. But there it was before us, in such a form that we could not deny it, or else we would deny the evidence of our own eyes. From one fit of laughter we went into another, poor Lockhart coming in for a good share of chaff, but taking it all in very good part. Suddenly he started up, and, clapping on his hat, rushed frantically down the stairs. We followed, certain he was after the pseudo-potato-man; but he might have saved himself the trouble, for Fender was by this time safely ensconced in his own quarters. As for the rest of us we made our way to our lodgings, ruminating over the cleverness of one who had so completely confuted Lockhart's argument, and entirely bamboozled the whole of us.

CHAPTER XIV

He (Lord Falkland) would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word "Peace, peace."

—*Clarendon.*

As we drew near to my lodgings I said to my cousin, "Come in for a little; I want to hear that story about Fender and the pea-crackers. I must say I am very much interested in him, queer though he be."

"He is a fine fellow, spite of his peculiarities. He would never do an ungentlemanly action, and is generous to a fault. He has been known to assist many a poor student with what he was needing very much himself. You remember how he acted the night of Lockhart's party. That was just like him in all the actions of his life—the child of impulse."

"That will be the ruin of him yet, I am afraid, for nothing injures one so much as giving way to whims and peculiarities, and making them the ruling springs of one's life. Fender ought to have made a distinguished name for himself at college, and he will leave it without making any mark."

"True, but he is sure to do it when he enters the Church. The many theories and knotty points to be found in theology will be congenial to him."

"He will require to be in the Establishment, then, and not in a Dissenting body, for they would not tolerate his peculiarities."

"True, that is one of the advantages of the

Establishment: you do not require to care one iota for the opinion of your congregation."

"That's rather a queer way to look at it, isn't it?"

"And yet, with many congregations, it is the only way."

"I hope I would never value my congregation at so little. Their well-being ought to be the first consideration."

"All right, old fellow; I'll not dispute the point with you."

"Does Fender intend to enter the Church?"

"I believe the U.P.'s expect his future services."

"He'll never do for them, unless he changes. But what about this other trick of his? I could now believe him capable of anything after the way in which he cheated us to-day."

"Well, I don't know if I can tell you the story as it ought. You should have had Lockhart to do that, for he knows all his peculiarities, and can imitate both 'George' and Fender to the nines. Of course, the trick was played on 'George,' and very nearly cost Fender his place at college. Had he not been such a favourite, and the students been true to each other, Fender would have had to seek rural delights for a season. Besides, it has to be taken into account that Fender prepared the trick without any assistance from the other students, and before our arrival.

"One morning, having gone rather early to college, I was much surprised to see Fender there, chatting with some of his class-fellows. This was a very rare occurrence, for, as I have already said, he was almost invariably late. On rallying him upon it, he said that, as with the grinding, he had determined to turn over a new leaf.

"I noticed, when the rest of us entered the class-room, Fender did not take his usual place. I did not

think much of this at the time, but after-circumstances led me to believe that he purposely remained outside so as to avoid suspicion. However, the usual tricks played on entering the classroom, and the noise of each one taking his seat, drove everything else out of my head.

"I have already said, and you are perfectly aware from personal observation, that 'George' is a very methodical fellow, and that he always repeats himself in everything he does. You can calculate to a nicety the exact time he will enter the classroom, and the exact places on which he will set his feet. The narrow passage, leading from his private room to the rostrum, as 'George' calls it, was dubbed by us the 'Via Latina.' As it afterwards appeared, Fender had carefully strewn pea-crackers along this path, and deposited a few in the rostrum, so that 'George' could not escape treading upon some of them.

"Suppose us, then, seated in the classroom, anxiously awaiting the arrival of our Professor, quite unconscious of the scene that was so soon to occur. Slowly the door opened, and 'George's' curl was seen to appear. After he had carefully closed the door, he took a step or two in the direction of his seat, when a report like the shot of a pistol attracted our attention. Suddenly starting up, we looked in the direction of the noise, and were surprised to see 'George' making eccentric gyrations, quite unprofessorial in their nature. As he thus made a rush to one side he trod upon another of the pea-crackers, which the watchful Fender had spread lest he should be erratic in his movements. This caused as great a noise as the former. His foot sliding, he went sprawling along the floor, to the great amusement of us all, who were as much surprised at the conduct of the Professor as he could be himself. Picking

himself up the best way he could, he rushed forward to the desk, amidst a volley of small shot and the roars of the students, who now began to have some faint idea of a good joke. Arrived at the desk, he made a wild rush into it, but found himself in a worse condition than before, for the floor of it being strewn profusely with the peas, they cracked and roared whenever in his excitement he lifted his feet and set them down again. Poor 'George' was almost terrified out of his senses, and the perspiration was to be seen standing in large beads upon his brow. He panted and puffed like one out of breath, and tried to give utterance to words, but all that was heard was a gasping sound, and a word that somewhat resembled 'gentlemen.' By and by a slight, intermittent shot was heard, as if it were some straggler firing a solitary and parting shot, and then a silence deep as death filled the room.

"'Gentlemen! gentlemen! This is beyond all endurance! I demand the name of the perpetrator of this gross outrage. It is scandalous and unworthy of gentlemen. Gentlemen, I demand the name of the guilty party. Remember, you are upon oath, every one of you. I am determined I will find it out. Censor, call the roll! Let each gentleman remember he is upon his solemn oath to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Alexander Anderson, stand up! Do you know anything about this scandalous transaction?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Remember, you are upon your oath.'

"'I know nothing about it, sir.'

"'Did you not see any person do it?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Are you sure?'

"'I believe I am upon oath, sir.'

"'You may sit down, sir. Call the next. Do you know anything about this, sir?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Did you see anybody do it?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Do you know of anybody who has done it?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Are you sure of this?'

"'I always speak the truth, sir.'

"'I am glad to hear you say so. Call the next. What do you know about it?'

"'Nothing.'

"'Do you mean to tell me, sir, that you have been here since the class entered, and know nothing about the matter?'

"'I do.'

"'Then I must say I do not believe you.'

"'I consider it very hard that my word should be doubted because it happens not to satisfy you. I am speaking the truth, sir.'

"'So every one here says, but some of them must be telling lies. I have not the least doubt of that.'

"At this, a perfect volley of hisses and howls was heard, which only seemed to irritate him still more. After he had cross-examined the greater part of the class, and elicited nothing—for we had really nothing to tell, as everything had been prepared before we entered the classroom, and that so carefully and secretly that our suspicions were only very vague—he came to Fender. We knew there would be some fun there, and when his name was called we eagerly turned in the direction of the place where he was sitting. He rose coolly from his seat—indeed, with a smile upon his face, which seemed to increase 'George's' anger, for he burst out with the remark,

'Now, Mr. Fender, remember I have my suspicions, and that you are upon oath. I hope you will have the moral courage to speak out, and not put me to the disagreeable necessity of believing that you are telling me a lie. Remember that you are upon oath, and that I have my suspicions.'

"Fender smiled, and quietly said, 'You forget that I was not in the room when the affair took place, and can know nothing about it.'

"'What do you say, sir?'

"'That I have only lately entered the room, as many of the gentlemen can testify. I appeal to the class.'

"Two or three stood up and fully corroborated what Fender said; but yet 'George,' suspicious from past experience, was unwilling to credit it.

"'Are you sure of this, Mr. Fender?'

"'I can only ask you to believe my own word and that of my class-fellows. I would also appeal to your roll of the past and your list of fines to ascertain if it is an uncommon occurrence with me.'

"'Can you give me any information regarding this most extraordinary matter?'

"'I think I can?'

"'George' pricked up his ears and said, 'Will you favour us with it?' while the rest of us half rose off our seats in our eagerness.

"'I am inclined to think, sir, that some pea-crackers must have fallen from some gentleman's pocket.'

"'A most improbable idea, sir! How could they come into my rostrum in that case?'

"'I really could not say, sir. I must allow that that is beyond my comprehension,' said he, amid the smothered laughter of the whole class.

"'Yes; and what is more, beyond that of any other person. It is quite clear they could not have come here of themselves. Some of you must be aware of the perpetrators, and, by concealing them, are as bad as they. You are all equally guilty, and deserve condemnation.'

"As he finished saying this, one of the best students in the class, and also a great favourite of 'George,' stood up and said, 'Sir, I beg to state that I was the first person to enter this classroom this morning, and I have seen no one put anything on the floor.'

"'And do you expect me to believe that they came there of themselves? Surely you consider me very credulous.'

"'I only state what I know, sir. Might they not have been there before we came?'

"'Not at all likely, sir; or, to say the least, very improbable.'

"'I think not. This, however, I continue to assert, that it was not done when we were here.'

"'It may be so, but I have my doubts,' said 'George,' as he abandoned the investigation, and proceeded with the work of the class."

"And who really did it?" inquired I.

"Why, Fender, to be sure. He managed to get into the room before the arrival of the class, just after the sacrist had been looking after the fires. His constitutional laziness stood him in good stead for once, but his escape was very narrow, and for many a day he would not allow it was he. Had he been discovered he would most probably have been expelled from the college."

CHAPTER XV.

Then the air's so appetisin', and the landscape through
the haze
Of a crisp and rousin' mornin' of the early winter days,
'Tis a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

AND so the winter wore on. November's sleet and December's cold blasts blew around us many a time, as we made our way over to our old "Alma Mater." The cold winds discovered the crevices in our clothes, and the wet roads the leaks in our boots. But little we cared, for troubles then sat lightly on us, and we thought only of the present. When evening came, and we were snugly ensconced beside our blazing fire, with our books spread out on the table before us, who so happy as we, who so full of enthusiasm as we turned over the pages of Latin and Greek lore!

O, those glorious winter evenings, when study was a real pleasure, when I wheeled my chair near to the table and set to work with a zest such as I have not since experienced! With what fond desire do I look back upon those times, and wish they were here now—that they would again revisit the glimpses of the moon, and make me feel as I did then! But, alas! the glow, the enthusiasm of those days is gone. Gone, never to return, and have only left a memory behind! But, oh, that memory! How well can I remember the look of that "Homer," from

which came such glorious verses, and that big, thick volume ycleped "Liddell and Scott," that elucidated his knotty points! O, with what pleasure did we linger over the pages of that old man eloquent, and, as we rolled forth the glowing verses, in imagination

> Behold the Iliad and the Odyssey
> Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea!

We can remember even now our favourite verses, and the way in which we used to recite them, when our hearts would burn within us, and we would forget the present. It was not a difficult matter then to

> Make the easily persuaded eyes
> Own each quaint likeness

to be the form of Achilles, ponderous Ajax, or the filial son—worthy of his sire—bearing through the flames the body of his father; it was easy to sympathise with Æneas in his wanderings, with Medea in her sorrow, or rise to a pitch of virtuous indignation with Demosthenes or Cicero. From book to book we would go, faithfully performing our allotted tasks, and resting not till all were performed. Hour after hour would speed away unconsciously, until the "wee short hour ayont the twal'" would inform us that it was time to seek "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." And, like Longfellow's blacksmith, we would tuck ourselves into the blankets, feeling that something had been attempted, something done, which earned a night's repose. Ah, happy nights, gone never to be recalled, how quiet and uninterrupted do you seem now as I look back upon you. There, in my solitary room, I sat, enjoying my quietness, and really studying. Nothing came to interrupt my thoughts, nothing to disturb the even tenor of my way. And I enjoyed it, ay, enjoyed it so as I have never done since.

Thus the time wore on; the raw and wet weather began to depart, and was succeeded by frost and snow. And yet I was rather surprised one morning when, on drawing up the blind, I found the ground white with its appropriate winter covering. I breakfasted, and went to college. The snow crunched under my feet, the trees overhead looked beautiful in their white, feathery clothing, and through the clear air came the tinkle of the old, cracked bell that had for so many generations rung out its warning from the moss-covered tower. Almost simultaneously with its first sound there issued from the houses that lined the road red-covered figures that rushed in mad haste towards the college. One by one they came forth, dotting the white snow with their brilliant gowns, and in a few minutes entirely disappearing. To a passer-by, or one who would have waited for the two or three minutes that it lasted, it would have been an amusing and strange sight—the silent street, white with snow and scarce marked by a human footstep, the sharp tinkling of the bell on the clear, frosty air, the sudden rush of figures from the houses in picturesque garb, and then a sudden disappearance, and finally the quick return to silence of the formerly busy place—all must have struck one as very remarkable.

From time immemorial it had been the practice of the students to have snowball fights, which generally resulted in something more serious. When they had ranged themselves into two opposing forces—the Bageants and the Tertians against the Semis and the Magistrands—the fighting would commence within the college quadrangle, be continued outside, and carried on with the utmost vigour all up the Old Town, amid the crashing of windows, the screams of the women, and the excited cheers of the younger part of the

community. Sometimes the place would be for a time entirely in their hands, and no person would be allowed to pass without undergoing rough handling from some of the students. Of course, such conduct was often punished as it deserved, and at times the police force would interfere and capture some of the ringleaders, who had the disagreeable pleasure of being taken before the magistrates and fined pretty heavily for their fun.

This forenoon passed away without anything remarkable, for almost all the classes separated at different hours. In the afternoon, previous to entering the Greek classroom, a rather ludicrous incident happened, which was likely to be serious in its consequences. When standing under the colonnades, a few of the more riotous commenced an attack upon others who were thus sheltering themselves, and, following it up, drove them pell-mell into the Greek classroom, pitching after them such quantities of snow that the whole room was covered with the debris. An exit was quickly made, and, for fear of the consequences, the door was carefully closed and as great a distance as possible placed between it and the perpetrators. I, conscious of having done nothing worthy of blame, stood against one of the pillars, to watch the upshot of the matter. Presently John Smith, the sacrist, came from the Moral Philosophy classroom, where he had been stirring the fire, and made his way towards that which we had just left. As he stalked along under the colonnades his face and figure were a study. The poker was pendant from his right hand, held by the nob which formed its upper extremity, and as he moved along in the stealthy manner peculiar to him, it swung backwards and forwards, while he himself hummed a tune and looked neither to left nor right. A ball came whizzing

past his ear, almost knocking off his hat, but John, never deigning to lift his eyes, stalked on, a perfect specimen of contented happiness. At last he drew near the place we dreaded. With a smile on his face and a whistle on his lips he turned the handle and went in. But, oh, the look of his face when his eyes lighted upon the scene of disorder inside! He stood like one turned to stone, his mouth still formed as if to hum a tune, and the poker oscillating down to its lowest point. For the life of us we could not keep from bursting into a loud laugh, hearing which John turned round, and, with a face red with anger, swore an oath worthy of the gods that he would make us pay for it. After we had explained the matter, and helped him to clean up, his anger was somewhat appeased, and the room made presentable before the arrival of the Professor.

My cousin had told me that a pitched battle was likely to take place at the end of the day's work if the Bageants showed any pluck. "So, mind you, old boy," said he, "you must show a good front, for I will be on your side to-day."

"For your sake or my own?" inquired I.

"For both."

"I will do my best. I am delighted that you side with us. There is no doubt we will show them what the despised Bageants can do."

"Well, let us see. But remember that it will likely happen, when we get into the hard of it, that all minor differences will cease, and each man fight for himself."

"O, that's the way, is it? Very well, it is better to be prepared for the worst, so I'll look alive."

"I'd advise you."

"I suppose we are certain to have a fight at the close of the classes for the day."

"So certain, that you will find the whole of us ready waiting at your classroom door, prepared with any amount of balls to do damage on your forms."

"That's hardly fair, I think."

"My dear fellow, you must bear with it. We all had to bear it in the days of our Bageantdom, and so must you."

"The best way, then, is to repay the same with interest."

"Just so. I would advise you to do it."

"I shall."

"Then you must take the consequences."

"I suppose I must."

And so we found it as my cousin had said. We struggled hard to get out into the quadrangle, but the great crowd in front was an effectual barrier, and had it not been for the immense pressure from behind we might have remained there long enough. By dint of sheer animal strength we managed to gradually push back the mass opposed to us, and now, free to use our arms, allowed our enemies to feel their full force. As it was impossible to attack them properly in the quadrangle, we determined to drive them outside into the open space in front of the college. This, however, they strenuously resisted, but, little by little, we compelled them to move backwards, the windows crashing on all sides, and, after a final stand under the arch, we had the pleasure of seeing them pour out into the open space, where there was plenty of artillery of war and no danger of receiving embedded in a snow-ball a hard substance of the nature of stone.

And now it was a grand sight to watch them, to hear the shouts of defiance, and to note the various ebbs and flows of the battle. Like a shower of a thousand meteors the balls flew in circles through

the air and "thudded" against the opponents. Some, more venturesome than the others, rushed forward and attacked, single-handed, a number of the enemy. But they generally paid for their temerity by being well pelted or driven back ingloriously. One side, jeering the other, got them to pass the iron chain which ran along each side of the path, then, rushing upon them, tripped them up and rolled them among the snow. Gradually the fun became fast and furious, for they began to come to close quarters and their blood was up. Their arms were raised as shields, their eyes watched the eyes of their adversaries, and, "at advantage ta'en," they discharged the missiles in the faces of those opposed to them. The discharge was returned as quickly, and the two would become locked in an embrace which even the cold snow did not unloose. Again and again the same thing was repeated with a little variation. Blood spouted from many a nasal organ, black grew the eyes that formerly danced with glee, closed was the mouth that raised the defiant shout, while in many places over the field there were marks indicative of something else than snow. The honour of each keeps him on the field, and when there are any symptoms of wavering they raise a shout and rush upon the foe.

I had received sundry severe knocks which had not particularly improved my temper, but I endeavoured to subdue it and prove myself a not unworthy Bageant. I had placed myself near my cousin, sure that in his neighbourhood I would be likely to come in for a good share of the fun. In the very midst of the turmoil I heard a dull smash, and turning round said, "Hullo, what's that?"

"Nothing particular! Only a ball right on my proboscis, from which it has extracted the 'claret.'

It strikes me I know who threw it, and if I can I shall repay it."

"Who was it?"

"Never mind. Watch your own. If they catch hold of you, they'll initiate you into the mysteries."

"What mysteries?"

"The mysteries of a snow bath."

"What is that?" said I, as I knelt down to make a ball.

"You'll soon know, perhaps too soon. Ah! is that something good?"

"Rather. Had it been a little harder it would have been an illuminated eye. Come, let us make a rush on those beggars in the corner, and drive them back."

"And be left in the lurch myself. Not jolly likely. I know that thing too well. None but a Bageant would propose such a preposterous thing."

"All right. Tip that fellow's 'claret' that stands by the gate. He has twice hit me on the side of the head, and I cannot manage him."

"Then, here goes. But it is no use. He's too wideawake. Let us both pitch into him, and then we may have a chance. He's an old salt, as you may easily see."

"Have into him! There, take that—and that—and that," cried I, as I threw ball after ball at him, and received a shout of defiance in return. "Hang him, he's invulnerable."

"That's what I told you. Don't waste shot upon him. Let's pitch into this lot. They have kept together for a while, and will be the better of being split up. They are always found in a knot. It strikes me they are the members of one family, and ought to be buried in 'the graves of a household'."

"Let us try and do it, then."

"All right, but take care they don't catch you, for assuredly they will make you pay for it."

"Here goes, then!" and we rushed on, followed by some of our companions.

"Come on, my hearties, come on, come on!" cried one of them. "Let's try your mettle. Let us see what stuff you are made of."

"He's like the boastful Diomede," said my cousin, "or the Norwegian who challenged the whole of the Scotch. Give him something nice—a 'slusher' right on the nose—it will quieten him for a little. Ah, there it is! No, not quite—better luck next time. Take a more steady aim, mon cher coz."

As he said this, a ball came full in his eye and stopped it up. Wheeling round he proceeded to extract the extraneous matter, so that I was left entirely unprotected to the full force of my enemies' missiles. And they did pitch into us, so vigorously that our companions were driven from the field, and I was left alone to guard my cousin. As soon as he managed to clear his eye of the loose snow, he turned round to repay them for their kindness, when the other was as summarily closed, so that he became of no further use. Close up they came, whacking away at us as if we were so many pieces of inanimate matter. At last one cried, "Down with the Bageant! Toss him! Toss him! Roll him in the snow! Give him a bath! Give him a bath!" And before I was aware of what was intended, they threw me down, tossed the snow about me, rolled me up and down in it, and in the most unceremonious manner possible tore open the front of my shirt and proceeded to push down my breast handful after handful of the cold snow. I yelled, I roared, I kicked; I did everything that a man under such circumstances would be supposed to do, but all

in vain. Two or three burly fellows held me down, and, when they had stuffed in as much as they could, one big Highlander, in whose hands I was as a child, seized me by the back of the coat, and, drawing me up to my full height, shook me as a miller would do a sack, to fill up all the empties which might be near the bottom. O, the cold, cold, trickling which I felt running down my breast, stomach, and legs, and which made me yell out every time he shook me up and let me fall again upon the ground! It took away my breath and left me panting and speechless, when they very unceremoniously tossed me down among the snow and proceeded to initiate some other poor Bageant into the mysteries of a snow bath.

I rose up, feeling extremely queer about the region of the stomach, and gathered myself together, for I felt as if I had been shaken all to pieces. I looked round and saw others undergoing the same rough ordeal, and emitting as loud yells as I had done. Some were to be seen rolled off the field as white as the snow on which they lay; others in some quiet corner feeling with tender fingers their nasal organs, against which a hard 'slusher' had unfortunately been directed; others wiping their black eyes and swollen lips, which had given a laughable appearance to their features; and a few, with rage depicted on their countenances, following in hot haste some unfortunate Bageants who had taken to their heels, and whose red gowns were to be seen fluttering in the breeze.

As we made our way up the hill, the people in the houses on the route, warned by past experience, came out to close their shutters. This at once withdrew the attention of the students from themselves, and promised some amusement. Such of the inmates, therefore, as ventured to show their faces

as we approached were rather roughly handled, and their doors and windows battered. One old virago, well known to the students, was pelted most unmercifully as she made for her door after having vainly tried to fasten her rickety shutter. Turning round when she gained the shelter of her house, and shaking her fist in the air, she cried out, "G'wa' hame wi' ye, ye scoon'rels. Canna ye lat an honest body aleen? Fa troubles ye, I wid like to ken? Fat sorra seek ye wi' the like o' his? We never trouble ye, I'm sure."

"Hey, Betty! Foo's a' wi' ye?" inquired Lockhart, with a serio-comic air.

"Nane the better o' yer speerin'. G'wa' hame, wi' yer impidence."

"By an' by, Betty. Foo's the bairns?"

"Fat's your business? Aff wi' ye. I dinna wint to hae onything to dee wi' murderers."

"Foo that, Betty?"

"Fa kill't Doonie, I wid like to ken? Some o' your lot, I'se wager."

"Ay; it wis that scamp there," said Lockhart, with a serious face, pointing to a big, burly Highlandman who was standing looking on. "He kill't 'im wi' his dirk."

"O, the blackgaird! Lat me at 'im," cried she, in virtuous indignation, forgetting all about the assault upon her own person. "Gin I hid 'im, I wid kaim his heid for him."

"Nae doot, Betty. He's an awfa blackgaird. But, hullo! Is this your pan? What kind of metal is it?" and he held it aloft as if he were about to dash it to pieces upon the stones beneath.

"Gweed preserve's a'. My gweed aul' pan, that's laistit me for nearly ten years. Gweed keep's an' guide's; fat dis the laddie mean? Pit it

doon. Pit it doon, I say, or I'll rive the goon aff yer back."

"I winna pit it doon, Betty. I'll dash it to bits upon this steen."

"I'd jist like to see ye," said Betty, as she drew near with the sly object of catching hold of the precious pan. "Surely ye widna dee the like o' that to a peer body like me, as brak' my aul' pan, surely na," and she made a grasp at it, which Lockhart had expected, and neatly evaded.

"Na, na, Betty; ye're nae sae quick as ye thocht. Ye've missed it this time."

"I'll maybe get it neist time, though."

"Nae if I can help it. I wid seener throw it ower the hoose intae the field."

"Na, ye widna dee that, I'm sure. Hullo, fatna professor is that comin' up the toon?" said she, pointing down the hill, and as Lockhart turned his head suddenly in that direction, she pulled the pan from him and disappeared within the door.

Lockhart, though taken aback, took in very good part the laugh that was now turned against him, but flew into a furious passion when he heard the balls crashing through the poor woman's windows. The breaking of glass is like the letting out of water—once give it a beginning and it increases in magnitude. Some foolish fellow had thrown one, and the rest could not resist the temptation. Lockhart shouted and gesticulated, but all was of no use, until he went and put himself between them and the poor woman's window. Then, in a loud and angry voice, he said, "Pick me out the fellow who threw that first ball and I'll pay him for it. It is the most cowardly trick I have seen for many a day. Is it not enough that we break the windows of those who are able to pay for them? Those who have

done this ought to be ashamed of themselves, and come forward at once and pay for the breakages. I'll give a shilling. Who will follow my example?"

"Here you are, old fellow!" "Here's another," "And another," "And another," came from a number of voices, and in a short time a sum far greater than the value of the broken panes was collected.

"Now, Betty," said Lockhart, "here's as much money as will pay all your broken windows, and allow something to repair those that are cracked. It was not my fault that the panes were broken, though I suppose I was the original cause, but I do not regret it now if it will in any way help to make you a little more comfortable."

"Thank you, my lad. I'll never say ye're a bad lot again, an' never anger ye by ca'in' ye names," and, as she said so, she disappeared within her own door and we made our way home.

CHAPTER XVI.

I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name!
—*Hood: "The Dream of Eugene Aram."*

"LOCKHART," said I, one day shortly after the snowball fight, "I want you to tell me that story of Downie."

"All right, old boy! As I like to satisfy the curiosity of anyone concerning his dear college, I shall be happy to do so. Meanwhile, I would advise you to fill your pipe, and, while I give you the particulars, you can amuse yourself during the dry details by smoking the soothing weed."

When I had done so to his satisfaction and my own, he proceeded to his tale in the following manner:—

"I suppose I need not inform you that at one time the students lived within the precincts of the building, and were therefore more under the control of their professors than they are now. The rooms so used are still to be seen, if you take the trouble to walk up the stair that leads past the Moral Philosophy Classroom, deserted and bare, but still retaining many a mark of those who once lived and wrought there. When this ceased I cannot tell, but there is no doubt it arose from the fact of the students becoming too numerous to be conveniently lodged within the boundaries of the college walls. For a time the professors seem to have allowed the overplus to live within a certain distance of the

college, under landladies appointed by themselves, and in houses, as some think, erected for the purpose. But, whether this was the case or not, certain it is that the part thus inhabited, and over which the college authorities had full power, was then called College Bounds—the name which it still retains. But even these houses became too limited, and the practice was entirely done away with, to the great satisfaction of the college authorities, who no doubt found looking after the students as difficult a matter as it is now in the southern colleges. The more modern—in some respects more rational, and in our estimation more free-and-easy—method was adopted of allowing students to live where they pleased, and of taking no control over them except with reference to their lessons and their appearance and conduct in the classes. Sometimes the professors have tried to recover the old power, which had fallen from their hands through long disuse, but it has generally been to their own hurt, as the students have manfully resisted any encroachment on their rights, and clubbed together bravely to prevent it. The day of their power in matters not academic is completely gone, and though some of them do occasionally fume and sweat and assume despotic airs, it is only as the dying efforts of a mud volcano, and we can afford to smile at it. It is well, perhaps, that a little daylight should be thrown upon this subject, for it is said that the meetings of the Senatus of old times were in many cases like those of the famous Venetian Republic—secret, final, and often enriching to the pockets of the members.

"You can easily suppose that during the continuance of this system of residence there would be many a prank played by the students, and many a fine imposed upon them for their dereliction of

College Bounds.

college rules. Human nature at that time was much the same as it is now; in fact, from the manner of living then common, was even more free, and you can easily imagine how readily your opposition would arise were you cooped up within a certain space, and forbidden to leave it after a certain hour in the evening. The records of Oxford and Cambridge show this readiness to resist undue control, and the story I am about to relate will prove that our students were not one whit behind them in this respect.

"Most of the students attending our college were then, as now, from the country, chiefly from the northern and western counties, including, of course, the western islands. It was not to be expected that young men, accustomed all their lives to freedom of movement in every way and at every time, would tamely submit to such a restraint as they found when they came to college. At first, the awe inspired by academic dignitaries, which we all, as Bageants, have experienced, operated as a check, but when the 'freshness' had worn off and the control had become irksome, many attempts were made to break through the rules, and to get beyond the precincts of the college after hours. Of course, there were the usual captures and the usual punishments, followed again and again by other derelictions of duty, until, as usual, the professors and certain of the students were at open war.

"In their efforts for the detection and capture of offending students the professors were ably seconded by the sacrist or porter at the time, named Downie. This man seems to have been very vigorous and unbending in the discharge of his duty, and to have performed it in a manner that gained for him the deep hatred of all the students. Bribes, entreaties,

cajolings, all the arts of young men (and they are many) were tried upon his stony heart in vain, for he remained as immovable as the nether millstone. Any student arriving on the last tinkle of the bell would find the door shut in his face, and a fine awaiting him, while if he had been absent from his rooms after hours, or had climbed the walls and escaped into the town, woe betide him, for Downie was sure to ferret it out, and leave no stone unturned to have him punished. In their own rooms, too, social meetings of any kind were forbidden, and should any, braving the consequences, attempt to hold such a meeting, on the least excuse Downie would be down upon them, demand entrance, and having obtained it, take down the names of the delinquents, and, as sure as to-morrow's sun rose, would their names be placed before the Senatus and some punishment more or less severe inflicted.

"Numerous petty acts of this kind had enraged the students to an extent that was dangerous, and that ought to have received the attention of the heads of the college. But, as is often the case, such things don't come to the ears of those in power until they are past all remedy. It was so in this instance. The professors had really no idea that Downie was so vigorous in the performance of his duties, and thought, as men cooped up in cloisters readily do, that the exuberance of youth and the noise of the outward world were things beneath their notice. But they were to be roused from their lethargy in a manner that surprised them all.

"Matters were brought to a culminating point by the officious and meddling conduct of Downie on Bursary night. As you know, the students generally have social gatherings on that evening, and these principally at some of the public-houses in the town.

Downie's powers did not extend beyond the precincts of the college, or, at farthest, the college bounds, but on this occasion he seems to have come into town, and, walking through it, called at various houses where he knew or suspected the students to be assembled, and noted down those whom he found there. Had he been caught, there is little doubt that, in the excited state of the students, he might have been roughly handled, perhaps murdered, for at that time the Highlander, fresh from his hills, did not trouble himself very much, when his blood was up, about driving his dirk into the body of his enemy. Fortunately, however, Downie arrived at home in safety, but next day he provoked the students afresh by causing a number of them to be brought up before the Senatus and fined for drunk and disorderly conduct on Bursary night.

"Some, roused to madness by this conduct, determined to punish him in a ludicrous manner, yet in such a way as to leave a deep impression on his mind. Hiring a room in one of the hotels, still standing in an alley leading off from the main street, they prepared it for their purpose, and sent one of their number to inform Downie that he was wanted very particularly by some person in this house of entertainment. His wife, who happened to answer the call, informed the visitor that he would come immediately. The messenger had scarcely returned when Downie made his appearance, and was ushered into a room, at the door of which two men were standing, whose faces he could not make out owing to the darkness and to their being partly masked. His surprise was great when he found the room draped in black, and figures scattered here and there through it in the same sable garb and covered with masks. On a raised seat sat one habited in a judge's

robes, while round a table, which stood in front of the judge, sat two or three in gowns and wigs, so deeply occupied in their own conversation as to be seemingly unconscious of the entrance of a visitor. Round the room sat others in solemn silence, and looking gravely to the ground as if the occasion was one of the greatest seriousness. The poor man looked round him somewhat terrified by the unexpected appearance of the room and the ominous silence which reigned after he had entered, and the young men seemed determined not to relieve him from his embarrassment, but to let the scene make a deep impression upon his mind. At last Downie broke the silence by saying—'I'm afraid, gentlemen, I have made a mistake. I was sent for by some person at this hotel, and I must have been ushered into the wrong room.'

"The silence continued for some time after he had spoken, broken only by the scribbling of the pens over the paper. Evidently taken aback, the poor man stood for a few seconds irresolute, and then said, 'I shall therefore, gentlemen, with your permission, retire.'

"Suddenly, from the raised seat, rose a tall figure, which said, 'Downie, you are summoned here to answer a serious charge brought against you by certain of the gentlemen present. Guards, do your duty! Conduct the prisoner to the bar.'

"Two figures stepped from a dark corner in the room and marched towards the prisoner. They had helmets on their heads, visors on their faces, battle-axes supported on their shoulders, and their armour clanked with an ominous sound as they approached and pushed, rather than led, Downie in the direction of what bore a striking resemblance to the bar seen at the Circuit Courts. The poor man mechanically

obeyed, as if in a dream, and stood as if dazed by the whole scene.

"The judge then, in a loud voice, cried out, 'Read the indictment against the prisoner.'

"One of the lawyers who had been seated at the table industriously scribbling, rose up, and, lifting a paper, proceeded to read the charge brought against the prisoner. It consisted of acts offensive and hostile to the students, excess of duty on every occasion, particularly on the late Bursary night, when he so far exceeded his duty as to force himself into people's houses and interfere with private arrangements—all stated and noted in that peculiar phraseology which, of course, I need not give you.

"After this formidable paper had been read, the judge rose, and asked in a solemn voice, 'Prisoner, do you plead guilty or not guilty?'

"Downie, who seemed now to have somewhat recovered his senses, said, 'Gentlemen, I think we have now had enough of this nonsense. I have other things to do than to waste my time here on such tomfoolery. Let me go. I have had enough of this joke.'

"'It is no joke, I can assure you,' replied the judge. 'I again ask the question—Do you plead guilty or not guilty?'

"'I repeat it—we have had enough of this nonsense. I have no objections to entirely overlook this matter if you at once cease and allow me to depart.'

"'I again ask you—'Do you plead guilty or not guilty?'

"'Let me go, gentlemen,' said he, growing alarmed. 'This is really passing beyond a joke.'

"'I again ask you—Do you plead guilty or not guilty? If you do not plead the one or the other we shall at once proceed to proof.'

"'Gentlemen, this is going beyond the bounds of propriety. I leave you to your foolishness, and will most certainly report it to the Senatus,' and Downie turned round as if to leave the room.

"As he did so, the guards suddenly lowered their weapons, and pointed them at him so threateningly that he drew back and stood still. The judge then said, 'You need not attempt to escape, for not only are you guarded here, but the door is also, so that no one can leave or enter the room without giving the countersign. I again ask you whether you plead guilty or not guilty?'

"Downie replied not, but stood sullenly looking around him.

"'We shall then proceed to proof,' continued the judge. 'But as we are determined that everything shall be done decently and in order, so that you shall not have to complain of not having received justice at our hands, we appoint a counsel to plead your case, and a jury shall be empanelled according to the laws of this realm.'

"So saying, a jury was fixed upon after the usual disputes on the part of his counsel, and the case went to proof. It was ably argued on both sides, the witnesses being cross-examined keenly by both the advocates, and some very telling facts elicited. The judge cleared up several obscure points by some very pertinent questions and by his speech at the close, after which the jury retired to consider their verdict. After an absence of about fifteen minutes they returned and announced that they had come to a unanimous verdict, and when the judge demanded what it was, the foreman answered that it was a verdict of 'guilty on all the counts.' The judge, turning to Downie, inquired, 'Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on you?'

"The poor man, now really alarmed, said—'Gentlemen, this has now gone far enough; allow me to depart and I shall say nothing about it. I have already been too long away from my duty and will be missed. Do, do, let me go.'

"'Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on you?' still inquired the judge.

"'Do, gentlemen, do let me go. No, no, I have nothing. Let me go, and I promise you—you shall never have reason to complain of me again."

"'Then you have nothing to say why the extreme penalty of the law should not be performed on you? Then,' continued the judge, assuming the black cap, 'I pass the sentence that you shall suffer death by the hands of the public headsman, that your head shall be severed from your body, and may God have mercy on your soul.'

"When he had finished, there was silence for a few seconds, and then he said, 'Headsman, stand forth! Guards, do your duty! Prisoner, you are allowed ten minutes to make your peace with God, and to ask pardon for your many past sins."

"The wretched man, now alarmed beyond all measure, begged piteously for his life, but his stony-hearted accusers were as stern as he had been to them. Throwing himself on his knees before the judge, he cried out, 'Have pity on me! Have pity on me! I will never do the like again. I will never be so severe upon you after this. Think, O, think! if you will not have pity upon me—think upon my poor wife and family. Let me see them. Let me see them before I die.'

"'As you treated us so shall you be treated,' was the stern reply of the judge. 'You have already wasted some of those precious minutes which are

between you and the block. Be persuaded, and prepare yourself for death. I can assure you that no prayers and entreaties will move us any more than our prayers and tears moved you.'

"Persuaded against his will, he knelt down where he stood and prayed as he had never prayed before. In the solemn silence naught was heard but the hurried breathing of the victim and the loud ticking of the watch which remorselessly marked off the few minutes he was to live. Quickly to the wretched man they flew past, each one more rapidly than the other. Too soon, far too soon, the voice of the judge was heard, 'Prisoner, the hour is come! Guards, do your duty!'

"The two men-at-arms almost lifted the half-unconscious man, and led him to the other side of the room where stood the headsman with his glittering axe. At his feet stood the block on which the final act of justice was to be performed. Downie never spoke a word, and offered no resistance as they placed him in the position necessary for the headsman. Then, at a sign from the judge, the executioner did his duty, i.e., he brought a wet towel down upon the bare neck of the poor fellow, instead of his dreaded axe. When this was done, a voice cried out, 'Rise, Downie! You have expiated the penalty due to your crimes.'

"But Downie rose not. The executioner for the nonce lifted him up, but he fell down again as if in a swoon, and had all the appearance of one who was dead. For a long time they tried every means to restore animation, but without success, and they were at last compelled to acknowledge that the poor man had died from fright, and that what they had intended as a joke had turned out a fearful reality. The poor fellows stared at each other in speechless

horror, at a loss what to do, when one of their number—said to be a son of Donald, Lord of the Isles—went to the door, called in the guards, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then, turning to his companions, he said, 'For this night's work we are all liable to the same penalty. The only way in which this can be prevented is to bind ourselves by a solemn oath to inviolable secrecy. From this room no one shall go until he shall have sworn an oath—the most solemn and binding that can be made—that he will never divulge this secret as long as God gives him breath. If he does not, this dagger which I hold in my hand shall make him as dead as the man on whom we practised our joke. And, moreover, we shall swear to pursue the divulger of this secret to the death, wherever, whenever, and for whatever reason he may have made it known. I call upon the guards, the judge, and the rest who wish to save their lives, to support me in this.'

"In an instant the rest of the students were at his side, ready to support him in his resolution and to follow out his orders. By the most solemn and stringent oaths all then bound themselves never to divulge the secret of Downie's death, and to search out and cause the death of any who should do so. Then, collecting all the paraphernalia of the court, and taking care that nothing should remain that would lead to their detection, they made their way to their rooms, leaving the body of Downie lying where it was.

"Alarmed at his long-continued absence, Downie's wife sent to the place to which he had been summoned, and was informed that he had not been there. Greatly surprised at such a message, and fully aware of the feelings of the students towards him, she caused the landlady—who knew not the

state of matters—to search the rooms, and the body of her husband was found lying on the floor as if he had dropped down dead. Suspicious of foul play, she at once went to the college authorities, and informed them of what had happened. Assembling the students in the public hall in the morning, they placed them upon oath, and having obtained information regarding a meeting of the students in this hotel the previous evening, they used every art to sift the matter to the bottom and deliver the offenders to justice. So well, however, had the students laid their plans, so carefully had they removed every clue, and so excellently had they disguised themselves both before the landlady and Downie's wife, that neither, when examined, could give the slightest positive information as to the parties who had been the perpetrators of the outrage. For days and weeks the authorities continued to investigate the matter without any better success, and when at last they saw they were fairly baffled, the Principal, out of all patience at being unable to fix upon the exact parties, though he knew well they were before him, gave vent to an expression which has been handed down to our time, and which we often get cast in our teeth in the present day, 'Ye're a' airt an' pairt in Downie's slauchter'."

"And did they never find it out?" inquired I, as Lockhart made a pause.

"Of course they must, at some time or other, else how could we have known the full particulars? The fact is, it was told by an old man—one of the principal actors in the affair—on his deathbed, and, as he thought, the only survivor of those who had been present. He declared that that scene had never for one hour of his long life been absent from his thoughts, and that he could say the same of

almost every one of the young men who experienced such a fatal termination to a practical joke."

"It says a great deal for the students that they kept their oath so faithfully. It was a wonder that something did not leak out."

"You must remember that the appliances for the detection of crime were not then so perfect as they are now. Even in our own day many great crimes remain undiscovered. It has also to be taken into account that many of the young men were the sons of persons in good circumstances, and in those days that covered a multitude of sins."

"True. About what time was it?"

"I really cannot say, as I make it a point never to retain any dates in my head that I can avoid, as I have plenty from 'George.' Anyway, it is said that the velvet collar which we formerly wore on our red cloaks was removed to commemorate this action. Mind you, I do not vouch for this."

"So, so; I should say it was a lesson to the future janitors."

"Yes, and to the students also. From that day to this we have never been pestered by the petty spite and those small annoyances which characterized the reign of that man. It did good, though it must be allowed it was a most desperate cure."

NOTE.—Since writing this chapter we have seen the account of this same tragic event given by the author of a little book entitled "Fifty Years Ago." He says that the Principal and professors were dining that evening with the judges in the neighbouring city, which might easily account for the court-house scene enacted by the students. In every other particular the story is the same as we have given, except that the scene of the drama is the library of the college and not a room

in a hotel. This, we would venture to suggest, is incorrect, for tradition points to the place, and in all tradition there is a certain grain of truth ; and, besides, this fact we never heard even questioned. We remember reading a very excellent account of this same drama in " Household Words," said to be written by Andrew Halliday, but we have never been able to lay our hands upon it again.

CHAPTER XVII.

And I'll tell in simple language what I know about
the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

—*Bret Harte.*

ONE lovely forenoon towards the end of February a number of us were taking a walk, during the interval between the forenoon and the afternoon class, along some of those shady lanes that are to be found in such numbers scattered about the outskirts of this old university town. We had rambled far away into nooks before unknown to us or any of our companions, and were again drawing near the college, when we noticed a crowd of people standing by the side of the road. Prompted by curiosity we drew near, and saw that it was one of that light-fingered fraternity called thimble-riggers, who was doing his best to induce some of the passers-by to try their luck with his pea and thimble. A number of the bystanders, evidently novices in the matter, stared with eager eyes at the seeming simplicity of the trick, and thought that the man must be a fool who would allow another to take up his money on such easy terms. The man himself was expatiating in glowing terms upon the immense probability that the person attempting it would be successful, and his eloquence had a great effect upon the crowd. One big, burly countryman pushed himself forward, and stood with a look of anxiety and eagerness fixed

on the board where the thimble-rigger had arranged his articles.

"It is the simplest thing in the world, gentlemen. I take the pea, put it under the thimble, move them about in this manner, and ask you under which the pea was put. Now, you cannot have any hesitation in deciding, for anyone with the least penetration would say that it was under this, which, of course, it is," and the fellow lifted the thimble and showed the pea.

"Now, suppose we try it again. Nothing like a variety of ways to show how things are done. I take this thimble, and place it above this pea that you see here—there it stands. I take these two also, and place them alongside of it. You can tell at once where the pea is. But let me move them round in the following manner—so—and so—and so. Now, where is the pea? You will say under this one. You are mistaken: it is under the other, for I moved it to one side when shuffling them, and put the other in its place. Thus you see that all you require is just a little care and watchfulness. Will you have a trial, sir?" said he, addressing the countryman, who was looking eagerly on. "I'll bet a shilling that you will not tell me under which of those thimbles that pea was put."

"That one, of course," said he.

"Ah, you've gained it," replied he, lifting it up and showing the pea, "but you did not table your shilling. Have another trial?"

"I will," said he, as he tabled the money. "It's under that one."

"Right again, my man. You are rather sharp, I must allow. Double the stakes. Put half-a-crown instead of a shilling, and see if you will be as lucky."

"Here it is," said he, as he pulled one from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"All right. We shall see whether luck will follow you this time, or whether I am to have a share of it. It is hardly fair that it should always be on your side. Now, sir," said he, as he moved the things about and put them into various places, "under which does the pea lie—this—or this—or this?"

"Under this, to be sure," roared the burly fellow, as he laid his hand upon the one. "That's it, I know."

"All right my dear sir, but do not get so excited. Fortune has again favoured you. I must say you are one of her favourites. Do you try it again, or retire to give place to some of the others? It strikes me there are one or two that would like to try their fortunes. What say you?"

"That I'll have another trial," said the countryman.

"Perhaps you'd better be satisfied with what you have and not try her too far. Very well. Do you stake half-a-crown or double it?"

"I'll double it."

"Very well, sir. Have your own way. Fortune, you know, is a fickle goddess, and does not always follow us. And it would hardly be fair for the rest of the world if she did, for we, poor mortals, would be left entirely in the lurch. Now, sir, under which do you find the pea?"

"This," said he, as he lifted up the thimble, when, behold! nothing was there. He stood in blank astonishment for a few seconds, during which the thimble-rigger drew the money into his hand, deposited it in his pocket, and rearranged the board. Then, with a rough oath, the other threw down the

thimble and retired to some distance. A general laugh was all that was accorded the poor fellow as he retired.

"Thus, as I said," continued the thimble-rigger, "Fortune does not always favour a person, but out of the three chances he gained two. Very good for you, sir. If everyone gained two out of every three chances there would be a very happy world indeed. But here goes again. Any other gentleman favour us with a trial? Ah, you, my young man, will you try your luck, or do you think it so easy that it is not worth a trial? Ah, very well, just please yourself. No one is forced here. No one is compelled against his will. What do you say, my elderly friend? A trial of a shilling or of half-a-crown?"

"I try none of those things. It's a tempting of Providence, sir," said the elderly and grave-looking gentleman addressed.

"Tempting of Providence! O, dear me, sir! It is only a trial of your own skill, and anyone can do that without tempting Providence. Have a trial?"

"No, thank you. I know something better to do with my money than that. I'd rather give it to the first honest poor man I see."

"You'll find it a very diffcult matter to discover him, I'm afraid. Very well, sir, have your own way. I don't object to your giving as much as you like to the poor, but don't despise a man for earning an honest livelihood."

"And do you call that an honest livelihood?" said the old man, with a sneer, as he left the crowd and retired to a little distance.

"Very well, sir. People will differ in opinion all the world over. But there is no use in quarrelling, so let us proceed to work. Do you try your luck, my red-gowned gentleman?" said he, addressing one of

our number. "A sixpence or a shilling; I care not which. I shall be willing to accommodate you."

The young man, feeling nervously in his pockets, at last turned out a sixpence, and laid it hesitatingly upon the table. In a second or two the whole thing was over, and he found himself the possessor of a shilling. He looked at it for a moment in surprise, put it carefully in his pocket, and retired amid the laughter of the whole of his companions and the crowd.

"And will no other one try his luck?" said the thimble-rigger, without showing any chagrin at the late affair. "Come one, come all; I'm ready to bet any amount that you cannot tell me under which of these the pea is. Who takes me up? You—you—or you? Ah, you, my man. I bet a shilling. Do you do the same? Well, then, here goes, and you have lost. Such is life. So again we turn them and let the rest of the company have a chance. Who says now? Eh! Who says now?"

In this manner the fellow had gone on for some time, managing to draw a good many shillings from the various persons who had been so foolish as to try their luck. I was so fascinated by his acting that I paid little attention to anybody else, until I was attracted by the behaviour of Lockhart, Æneas Macpherson, and Fender. They seemed, particularly the second, to be in a rage about something, and to be talking very earnestly and energetically about it. My cousin stepped forward, and, after having heard a few words, became as lively as the others, so that my curiosity was excited, and I went forward to learn the cause. I was rewarded by the remark. "These are thimble-riggers."

"So I am able to see for myself."

"Yes, but these are part of the gang that has

been infesting the town for some time, and who have fleeced not a few, as you will have seen by the newspapers."

"So I suppose."

"And, what is more, Macpherson was fleeced only last week of 15s., and he is determined now to have it out of them."

"How can he do that?"

"We shall hear from him by and by. There he comes."

"Well," said Macpherson, "what do you say to give these fellows a good thrashing? Are you game to go in?"

"Anything in that line with pleasure," said Lockhart. "Are you sure of the parties?"

"Quite. That countryman who looks so glum, and who lost his five shillings so reluctantly, but who has gone forward again to endeavour to repair his loss, is one of the gang, as I know well, for it was he that egged me on last week and laughed at me when it was over. And that old grey-headed sinner that looks like an elder of a church, or as if butter would not melt in his cheek, is another who does the respectable dodge, and watches for the bobbies. He does more to lure poor fellows on to destruction than all the others put together. Do you see that smart-looking chap who seems as if he were a gent. come out for a walk? That's another, as is the person who is speaking to him. Altogether there are about half a dozen of them. We are rather more than that, and with those whom we will be sure to get out of the crowd, ought to be a match for them. Besides, some of our college chums will be here immediately. Do you vote to go in to thrash them?"

"With pleasure. Upon how many can you count?"

"All that are here."

"How will you begin?"

"I'll go down and stake something on the game. If he recognises me, as he likely will, so much the better: we can easily pick a quarrel. I told him that the next time I saw him I would give him the benefit of my sign-manual, and I intend to fulfil my threat. So keep an eye on me, all of you, and I'll soon give you the signal for the attack."

So saying Macpherson went up to the man, who was busy with the countryman. Having lost a pretty round sum, his piteous expressions were most touching, and affected me so much that I could not believe they were feigned. He begged all about him to give him a few shillings that he might be able to recover what he had lost, and so earnestly and well did he plead that I know not what might not have taken place had not Macpherson shoved him unceremoniously aside and stood before the table. As he did so the man was arranging his board, and in his usual tone of voice shouting out his cry, "Any gentleman try his luck? Ten to one that no one will tell me where the pea is?"

"I take it," said Macpherson.

"You take it?" said the man, turning sharply upon him, and looking in his face. "Very well, here goes. Here's the money; ten shillings against one. Now, my hearty, take your choice."

"Here!" said Macpherson, as he laid his hand on one and lifted it up, displaying the pea, and very coolly pocketing the eleven shillings. "Will you bet the same again?" inquired he in a cool and taunting manner.

"The odds are on your side now. I'll bet even money you won't find it."

"Done!" said Macpherson; "eleven shillings to

eleven. Here's the money. Table yours," and the crowd came eagerly forward to see the game.

"Now, here goes. Once, twice, thrice. Under which do you say it is?"

"Under the middle one," said Macpherson, as he laid his huge hand on the whole three to prevent him moving them. "I order you to lift only that one —I know it is there."

"All right, my man," said the thimble-rigger very coolly. "Did you think I was going to cheat you? There it is, and there is your money; you are far too excitable for me, and I would prefer a calmer player, so give place to another, please," from which we at once judged he knew his man.

"You have cheated me out of five shillings," roared Macpherson, after counting his money. "Give me the money."

"You have it all there, my man," replied he, in an easy tone of voice, "if you count it properly. Count again."

"I have not. You have got it. Fork it out, or I'll——" and his ponderous hand was shaken in his face.

"Ah, here it is, lying beside one of the cups. It is yourself that forgot it."

"Very like a whale, you low swindler, you arrant blackguard," and the Highlander's blood being up, he kicked the table and its contents into the air, and planted such a staggering blow on the fellow's breast as sent him flying into the ditch behind him.

"Take that," said Macpherson, as he did it, "take that for your blackguard trick to me the other day, and remember what I told you, that I would make you pay for it. And as for you, you hoary-headed old sinner," said he, addressing the old, elder-looking

man, "I'll spoil your face for once, and make your black clothes a shade less cleanly," and before the man guessed his intention he knocked his hat over his eyes and sent him sprawling on the road. In a moment the others were upon him, but we were as suddenly by his side, and in a much shorter time than I have taken to tell it there was a regular mêlée, a hand-to-hand fight between us and the half-dozen fellows that composed the gang. As they far excelled us in skill, it might have gone hard with us had it not been that we were reinforced by a number of our fellow-students and certain of the crowd. Macpherson, however, was a host in himself, and threw his long arms about like so many sledge hammers, and wherever they descended committed great havoc. After a very stiff combat we managed to drive the thimblers back along the lane, and compelled them to take to their heels. In full cry we followed, and as we could not reach them with our hands we pelted them with stones all the way to the town. The people on the road, finding out who they were, encouraged us with shouts, and even the policemen cried out to throw the stones from the centre of the crowd so that they would not know who did it. After them in hot haste we sped, giving them many a good knock and stopping not until they had got within the shelter of the houses and made good their escape. With many a hearty laugh we returned to college and, finding the class assembled, were greeted as we entered by a hearty cheer from our class-fellows—a dereliction of duty which the professor ignored for the time being in consideration of the good service in which we had been engaged. And it did turn out a public good, for the thimble-riggers were compelled to migrate to other quarters where their faces and figures were less known. As

for Macpherson, he used often afterwards to chuckle over this adventure, and declare that he not only got all his money back again, but such delightful interest as he had never before obtained.

CHAPTER XVIII

At nyght were come into that hostelrye
Well nyne and twenty in a compaignye.
—*Chaucer: "Prologue," 23-4.*

THE day on which we had made our successful raid on the thimble-riggers was memorable in the annals of the college, being Bursary Day. From time immemorial it had been the practice to pay one half of the bursaries held by any students on the last Friday in February and the rest at the close of the session, when they had successfully passed their examinations. Should they have been so unfortunate as not to pass, the balance was retained until they had made up their arrears of examinations. By this means a wholesome check was kept upon them, and an impulse given to work, besides the feeling of honour which every right-minded student had.

It was also a practice, handed down from generation to generation, for the bursars on that evening to entertain their friends at supper, and to supply them with unlimited quantities of punch. The invitations to these were generally given months before the time, so that there could be no refusals, and these parties consisted in general of the choicest friends, who met together with the full determination to make a night of it. The jolly god was rampant, and all grinding was thrown to the dogs.

Lockhart's invitation had been given me about a month after my appearance at college, so that I could not have refused had I been inclined. However, such a thought never entered my head, though I found it impossible to arrive at the place of meeting—the Café Royal—before the hour of ten. When I opened the door, my eyes met a sight which was truly student-like. In a room, down the centre of which ran a large table, sat some twelve or fourteen young men, enwreathed in volumes of smoke, with steaming bowls of punch before them, and talking and laughing to their hearts' content. At the head of the table sat Lockhart, who was doing his best to help on the hilarity of the evening, ably seconded by his friend and croupier, Fender. My cousin and a number of others whose faces were well known to me were grouped around, and from each came a cry of welcome as I showed my head at the door.

"Gentlemen, silence!" cried Lockhart, giving a smart rap on the table, which caused a slight lull. "I see one of the gentlemen who were invited some months ago to this small spree of mine has just put in an appearance at this advanced stage of the evening. Now, I do not wish to be impertinent, nor make him blush by stating that he has been in the company of ladies, who shall be nameless"—("Names! Names!")—"but I will take the liberty of informing him that there are certain rules observed in such companies as ours by every one who comes late. One is, that the gentleman thus offending, to make his drinking fair, and in order not to be behind in the amount, shall empty every tumbler upon the table. Gentlemen, I appeal to you if that is not the rule of our body."

"Yes, yes. Make him empty them all—them all."

"So here, Mac," said Lockhart, "take mine first,

and then walk around the table emptying each one you come to. Remember, no heel-taps are allowed."

"Thank you, I'd rather be excused. If I were so foolish as to perform the libation you order, I would have myself beneath the table in half an hour, but as I intend to enjoy, and perhaps add somewhat to the hilarity of the evening, I shall content myself, and, I hope, satisfy the company, by emptying the tumbler of our worthy host and his no less worthy croupier. So here's to you, gentlemen. Long health to Lockhart, and many a spree may he live to give us, as well as his right-hand man, Fender."

"Long health to Lockhart and Fender, and three cheers for Mac," shouted all, quite pleased that I thus readily made myself equal to them.

Another "round" was called in, and each one set himself to the task of brewing his own punch. It was amusing to note how each one did so, and how his peculiarities of character became more prominent as he advanced in his cups. Some dashed in the water, sugar, and whisky anyhow and everyhow, stirred it round as if it were some villainous mixture, and ladled it out as if it were something for which they had a great contempt; whilst others carefully poured hot water on the sugar, stirred it round and round till it was sufficiently clear, and then, with a critical eye, added the whisky. These were the country students, who had been taught the art by connoisseurs, and who would have considered it sacrilege to have made it otherwise. In fact, they looked with sovereign contempt and unmitigated disgust on the novices who were so barbarously unacquainted with the method of making the national beverage. In their estimation they were far beneath the dignity of human and rational beings. And thus all made their punch anyhow and everyhow, and, at

the termination, lifted up the tumblers and tasted their contents.

Lockhart acted, as I have said, as master of ceremonies, and, being the entertainer, took the liberty of calling out the latent qualities of all the gentlemen present. Knowing them all well, he could, in his own peculiar way, take liberties that but few others would have dared. He would twit one on his fondness for some particular lady, tease another about that cousin of his who was always to be seen with him, and even tried to give Fender a sly rub regarding the Sabine maidens, a rub which Fender returned with interest. All was taken in good part, and the harmony of the evening was uninterrupted.

At last Lockhart declared that they could not remain any longer without that never-failing source of amusement among students—songs. "So, gentlemen, let us have a song. Let someone do it as soon as possible, and save me the trouble of naming him. I know there are plenty of singers here, and all they require is just to be set a-going. Gentlemen, a song!"

There was silence for a short time, and as no one seemed inclined to respond to the call, Lockhart, looking down the table, said, "Friend Fender, I am afraid I will have to call upon you."

"There's many a one must come before me. Come along. We know genius is always modest, so you need not bother us with it. Greig, Ross, Givan, Forbes, Macpherson, give us a song—a Highland one, if there is nothing else."

"Yes, Givan, give us your song. Now that I have got a gentleman that I know can sing, I'll stick by him. Gentlemen, silence for Mr. Givan's song."

Seeing there was no escape, Givan wet his whistle and thus began—

Daddy Neptune one day unto Freedom did say,
"If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain."
Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own island."

O, what a snug little island,
A right little, tight little island;
All the globe round none can be found
So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water—he could not come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon their home turned their backs on,
And all for the sake of our island.

O, what a snug little island, etc.

Then a very great war man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, "Hang it, I never liked my land;
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful island."

O, what a snug little island, etc.

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade her,
Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,
They could not do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the island.

O, what a snug little island, etc.

These proud, puffed-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth, but they scarcely could spy land
Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck,
And stoop to the lads of the island.

O, what a snug little island, etc.

Then, since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune
In each saying, "This shall be my land,"
Should the Army of England, or all they could bring, land,
We'd show them some play for the island.

O, what a snug little island, etc.

"Hurrah! hurrah! Mr. Givan's health and song, gentlemen," cried Lockhart. "A truly national song, and worthy of being drunk to. So empty your tumblers, gentlemen, and let us refill, for that chorus makes one dry. Twat the bell, Ross; twat the bell, and let us have another."

The bell having been "twatted," and the wherewithal obtained and prepared, Givan was requested to call upon some other person.

"I shall do so by calling upon my friend Lockhart to give us one of his recitations—'To be, or not to be.' 'My cousin Richard,' 'My name is Norval,' or anything he likes."

"I'd rather you had called on some other person, for recitations are not worth anything. However, not to destroy in any way the hilarity of the evening, I shall give you 'My name is Norval.' So, gentlemen, here goes," and in a very creditable manner he delivered that speech, which has been recited so often, and which has yet so many attractions for all. When done, we cheered him lustily, and tried to encore, but it was of no use.

"No, no, gentlemen; I'll be hanged if I recite any more to-night. There are lots of gentlemen here who are far better able to do this than me, and I intend to make use of their services. So here goes. As I have the right to call, I will request my medical friend here to give us his 'Examination Song,' and we will help him out with it. So here goes for the song of our son of the marrow-bones"—

SPRING EXAMINATION SONG.

You ask me, lads, to fill my glass,
  You call on me to sing,
You know I cannot, lads, alas!
  I'm going up in "spring."

My airs, so "volatile" before,
Are of the "fixèd" sort,
My wit, that roused the merry roar,
Confined to a "retort."

I cannot dance, my only "steps"
Are up the stairs to class;
I cannot laugh, save with a dose
Of "nitrous oxide gas";
Nor spin an after-dinner yarn,
Nor make the chorus ring;
I pass the bottle and the glass
That I may "pass" in "spring."

You tell me of some pretty girls
You'd introduce me to—
Some with their teeth like rows of pearls,
And some with eyes of blue;
In vain you say "their hearts are warm,"
Their warmth I don't suspect,
But I can't come—I have "a heart,"
A cold one, to dissect.

If e'er I hear a tale of woe
For human sympathy,
The "sympathetic nerve" alone
Suggests itself to me.
In spring I'm going up—glad spring
No joy will bring to me;
No verdure then shall I behold
In flower or forest tree.

In place of gathering lovely flowers
From nature's glorious glens,
Cramming I then must sit for hours
At those dried specimens.
So come I cannot, e'en although
Full well I be inclined,
For time flies fast, and I, you know,
Must never cease to grind.

"Well done, old marrow-bones! Your very best health from my 'sympathetic nerve'."

"He touched my 'sympathetic nerve' at any rate when he spoke of these examinations," said one poor fellow, pulling a wry face, as he thought of the fast approaching close of the session. "O, hang these examinations! I wish to goodness we had none of them."

"My dear fellow, you would not have half the joys of life if you had not these examinations. They are the things that sweeten our existence."

"Sweeten! Hang them, they sour it."

"Not at all. They form a contrast to our present jollity it is true, but we could not have this without them."

"What a grand thing it would be were there no examinations!" cried one.

"A perfect heaven upon earth," exclaimed Fender, with a sigh.

"No nonsense, old boy," said Lockhart. "I thought you had turned over a new leaf."

"So I have. But am I not allowed to hope or even think of the days of Elysian bliss which might be ours were it not for those beastly examinations?"

"Yes; think as much as you please, but do not express your thoughts. It's bad policy before these young ones."

"True, I had forgotten that. The morals of the company must be attended to. Pray, whose turn is it?"

"I can't say, but if I had the call, I should fix upon yourself. Come, give us your song."

"Nay, nay; not mine. Let Anderson give us that Latin song I heard him at the other day—'In Scotiae laudem.' Hey, Anderson, your Latin song—Alick Anderson's song."

Thus called on, Anderson gave his song—

Quae terra in orbe, O Scotia cara,
Se pulchritudine tibi componat?
Quae terra in orbe, O solum natale,
Tam multa diversa incolis donat?

Montesque vallesque et insulae pulchrae
Pectus adornant et silvae umbrosae;
Gemmae sunt illae quae omnes delectant,
Semper fulgentes et valde formosae.

Ab omnibus liberis montes dilecti
Erica vestiti caelum petentes;
Est durus venatus, durusque agrestis
Valles qui incolit interjacentes.

Sereni sunt insulis lacus ornati;
Pinusque cingentes colles amœnae;
Valles reductae, fontesque perennes;
Et amnium ripae floribus plenae.

Quocunque terrarum argentum quaerentes
Fortes vagentur natique robusti,
Laborem post longum penates movebunt
Et repetent domum auro onusti.

Laetissimi terram revisunt natalem
Ardenter dilectam, causa videndi
Cognatos, amicos qui superfuerunt,
Patrumque ad ossa sua ponendi.

O Scotia cara, quae terra in orbe
Se pulchritudine tibi componat?
Terrarum non ulla, O solum natale,
Tam multa diversa incolis donat.

"Ha! that's the style! There is some pith in that. Your health, old boy. I think you deserve to be a native of *Scotia cara*, an inhabitant of her *montesque vallesque;* and when you are an old man we will allow you the liberty *ossa tua ponendi* in her warm bosom. Anderson's health and song, gentlemen, and may he ever sing 'In Scotiae laudem'."

"It is a grand country, after all," said Fender.

"But why 'after all'?"

"None of your nonsense. I say it is a grand country after all, and worthy of praise."

"Come now, none of your rhapsodies; none of your grand periods, such as you gave us the other night. If you begin with that you will send us all beyond ourselves. Remember, I will not be responsible for the consequences. Come, my boy, give us 'Lochiel and the Wizard'."

"But who's going to be the 'Wizard'?"

"I will," said another.

"All right. Come on, Macduff! Draw, and defend thy life! My foot is on my native heath, and my name is Macgregor."

"Come. That's not 'Lochiel'."

"No; but it will do for an introduction instead of some of your hackneyed remarks. But here goes," and they went through the piece in more than a creditable manner, and justly earned the plaudits of the company.

"That's better than your usual, Fender. You'll do for a parson yet, I think, provided you give them something like that. It is not every day they hear it, and it would take."

"It must be allowed," said Fender, "that there is precious little attention paid to the elocution of our parsons. Each one flounders through in the best way he can, and if he does excel another it is because there is some genius in him, or because he allows Nature to take her course, instead of modelling himself upon some of those great guns with whom he has not one thought or feeling in common. It is a downright shame that it should be so."

"Well, then, let us commence a change for the better when we enter the Church, and show them what can be done for elocution."

"My dear sir, it is a subject that deserves something more serious than fun."

"I really am in earnest."

"I must say you do not look like it."

"Perhaps so, but nevertheless it's true. But what are we going to get now? Another song? Mac, come, give us another. You have not done anything to add to the evening's enjoyment, spite of your boast at the beginning. Twat the bell again, Ross, and let us refill."

As soon as this was done Lockhart cried out, "Now for Mac's song, and give us one with a chorus."

"Well, then, I shall give you a Latin one, since you seemed so fond of the last. Here goes"—

UBI JUVENIS FUI.

Ubi juvenis fui, O tunc, O tunc, O tunc,
  Ubi juvenis fui, O tunc,
Equitare habui, gladiumque lateri.
  Tam mihi terra ivit laete tunc, O tunc,
  Tam mihi terra ivit laete tunc.

Mulierem duxi, O tunc, O tunc, O tunc,
  Mulierem duxi, O tunc,
Mulierem duxi atque dixi me mori,
  Tam mihi terra ivit laete tunc, O tunc,
  Tam mihi terra ivit laete tunc.

Mortua muliere, O tunc, O tunc, O tunc,
  Mortua muliere, O tunc,
Mortua muliere ego coepi conflere,
  Tam mihi terra ivit laete tunc, O tunc,
  Tam mihi terra ivit laete tunc.

Arcam emere ivi, O tunc, O tunc, O tunc,
  Arcam emere ivi, O tunc,
Arcam emere ivi, vix ridere potui,
  Tam mihi terra ivit laete tunc, O tunc,
  Tam mihi terra ivit laete tunc.

Fidem ivi emere, O tunc, O tunc, O tunc,
Fidem ivi emere, O tunc,
Fidem ivi emere, ad Plutonem canere,
Tam mihi terra ivit laete tunc, O tunc,
Tam mihi terra ivit laete tunc.

"Tunc, tunc, tunc—hurrah!" roared Lockhart, at the top of his voice. "That's the sort of song I like. Come along; give us another of the same, like the Psalms of David."

"That would be hardly fair; but if you are so mad for Latin songs, ask my cousin to give you his 'Latin Alphabet,' or, as it is properly called, 'Jean Van Decuyper's College Alphabet.' It should suit you all, and may be of some use to you at present."

"Yes; let us have it!" "Let us have it!" came from different parts of the room at once, so *nolens volens*, my cousin had to give it:

JEAN VAN DECUYPER'S COLLEGE ALPHABET.

A—A—A—
Valete studia—valete studia—
Studia relinquimus
Patriam repetimus.

A—A—A—
Valete studia—valete studia—valete studia.

E—E—E—
Ite miseriae—ite miseriae—
Bacchus nunc est dominus,
Consolator optimus.

E—E—E—
Ite miseriae—ite miseriae—ite miseriae.

I—I—I—
Vivant philosophi—vivant philosophi—
Studiosi parvuli
Etiam sunt bibuli.

I—I—I—
Vivant philosophi—vivant philosophi—vivant philosophi.

O—O—O—
Nil est in poculo—nil est in poculo—
Repleatur de novo,
Nummi sunt in sacculo.
O—O—O—
Nil est in poculo—nil est in poculo—nil est in poculo.

" O, indeed," cried Lockhart, " *Nil est in poculo*, my dear fellow. You will not have that to say again. Twat the bell, Ross. I am happy to say, *Nummi sunt in meo sacculo*, and plenty of it, too, and no man shall say that he has not enough of drink, for

Bacchus nunc est dominus,
Consolator optimus,
Ite miseriae—ite miseriae—ite miseriae,

and may they never come back again."

" My dear fellow, you are getting philosophic," said Fender. " If I can believe my ears, there is wafted towards me the sound of a philosophy resembling that of Epicurus, and diametrically opposed to the self-denying philosophy of the noble Stoics."

" You shut up."

" Thank you, I'll be happy to do it by and by, but not just at present. Who's going to give us something? "

" Forbes will give us ' The Auld Toon Clerk '."

" No ; M'Combie will give us ' The Silver Eel '."

" No, no ; something else," cried another.

" I vote for ' The Auld Toon Clerk '," said one who was pretty well on.

" And I vote for ' The Silver Eel '," said another. " M'Combie, strike up."

Lockhart, who had been watching the altercation, rose up with a flushed and angry face. " Gentlemen," said he, " no one can enjoy an evening of this kind

better than I do, but I would prefer the evening's pleasure unmarred by the song that gentleman is going to sing. I can stand a joke as well as anyone, but I do not like obscenity. So I hope you will have some little regard to my scruples and those of the company."

"Well, if we are not to have 'The Silver Eel,' let us have 'The Auld Toon Clerk'."

"No, nor that either."

"You're too particular."

"If you are not satisfied, you can walk. I do not force you to remain. Every one is at liberty to do what he pleases, provided he does not offend the good taste of the majority."

"You're a humbug," was the curt reply of the fellow, who, to do him justice, was pretty far gone—"You're a humbug!"

"I'm very sorry to hear it, and as my company may not be so acceptable as you would wish, perhaps some of the company may feel inclined to taste the fresh air. Who agrees to a sally out? We can return again if we wish it."

"I do," "I do," came from various parts of the room, as the young men jumped up, and, bidding "Good-night" to their comrades, were soon on the street, which was gleaming white from the glistening granite and reflecting brilliantly the pale rays of the moon.

CHAPTER XIX

Now beamed the evening star,
And from embattled clouds, emerging slow,
Cynthia came riding on her silver car.
—*Beattie: "Minstrel."*
(*M.A., Mar. Coll.*, 1753.)

THE night was pretty far gone when Lockhart and the rest of us made our exit from the heated room, for then we were not troubled with that omnipotent person, Forbes Mackenzie. Arm in arm we paraded the streets, joking with all we met, and ready for any fun that might turn up, the walk and the cool air helping to drive off the fumes of punch and tobacco. By and by some of our companions dropped off or went home, and so about half a dozen of us were left, who, linked in each other's arms, clattered along the stony pavement. We were often saluted by companions and others who were out at that early hour, but beyond a stray remark or some joke which would raise an echoing laugh in the half-deserted streets, nothing further was done. The moon shone out with unusual brilliancy, lighting up one side of the street with such a bright glare that it seemed a sheet of silver, looking all the more beautiful on account of the dark contrast that lay alongside of it. Over the granite we trod in Cynthia's pale beams, becoming almost poetical, and making the quiet streets ring with our lucubrations. But amidst a quotation from some of the poets regarding the beauties of the

herald of the night, spouted by one of our number leaning against a lamp-post and gazing up with maudlin eyes on her silver bow, there would be interpolated by some stray wayfarer a line of "We won't go home till morning," or "A wee drappie o't."

Of course such a noise was sure to attract some attention, even at that early hour of the morning. The policemen, wise in their generation, either kept out of the way or completely ignored the fact of there being a noise. Some made remarks upon us anything but complimentary, but in the general hilarity these were little attended to. One man, rather demonstrative in his talk, and very much the worse of drink, was told, on a repetition of his offence, to keep a civil tongue in his head, else he would have to take the consequences. As this seemed only to make him more demonstrative and abusive, Lockhart stepped from the middle of the group, knocked off the fellow's hat, and kicked it across the street. A few of us followed his example and went after the discarded beaver, kicking it along the street to the best of our ability. When we had finished this pastime and were making our way to our companions, we noticed a commotion there, and on arriving found Lockhart in the hands of the police, and the fellow whose hat he had knocked off standing near and ordering the policeman to do his duty. Of course we were going to make a rush, but Lockhart stopped us by saying—

"Comrades, none of that! I'll go to the office quietly with this policeman and explain matters. See that that fellow comes along with us."

"Gentleman, sir! I'm a gentleman!" roared the fellow.

"See that that fellow comes along with us,"

repeated Lockhart, "and, comrades, I'll expect you to give evidence in my favour."

"All right, old boy. We'll make sure of following," and as we did so the cause of it all took his hat from a policeman who had picked it up, looked at it with a rueful face, and walked with an unsteady gait bareheaded to the station.

Arrived there we were ushered into a room along which ran a desk or counter, and behind which sat a gentleman whom we afterwards found to be the superintendent of police. Before him lay a book and a slate, which he drew closer to him as we entered.

"Well, men, who's this you've got now?"

"A young gentleman whom this person ordered us to bring along."

"For what offence?"

"We cannot say, as it was all over before we arrived."

"For what offence did you order the policemen to bring him here?" inquired he, looking very suspiciously at the fellow, for he bore anything but a reputable appearance. "What did he do?"

"He knocked off my hat and kicked it along the street."

"Why did he do so? Were you provoking him in any way?"

"No, sir; not in the slightest. Without any provocation he stepped from the crowd of his companions and knocked it off."

"Ah, indeed! What do you say to this?" inquired he, turning to Lockhart.

"I shall say nothing in my defence until I hear the proof."

"Very well, we shall proceed. What is your name?" addressing the accuser.

"John Williamson."

"Occupation?"

"Gentleman."

"Eh?" inquired he, looking up.

"Gentleman, sir!"

"Oh, 'gentleman'—very well"—and he drily wrote it down.

"Place of residence?"

"85 Shiprow."

"Ah, 'gentleman, 85 Shiprow.' Just so. Ah, that will do."

"Now, sir, what is your name?" inquired he of Lockhart.

"David Lockhart."

"Occupation?"

"Student."

"Place of residence?"

"25 Silver Street."

"Just so. And so this person accuses you of having knocked off his hat and kicked it along the street. Would *you*, Williamson, now give us the particulars of the case?"

Thus appealed to, the accuser came forward and gave his evidence. He said that he was going quietly home after having been at a friend's house where he had had just two glasses of whisky.

"They must have been very large ones, then."

"No, not very; but extremely little takes upon me."

"Just so. Go on."

"Well, as I was saying, I was going home quietly—quietly, remember—I wish that to be put particularly in evidence—I was going home quietly, when I met this fellow and his companions, who insulted me in a most gross manner—a most foul and despicable manner, unworthy of gentlemen, sir—and when I retired, sir, this fellow who now stands before

you, sir, jumped out from among the rest, knocked off my hat with a stick, sir, and kicked it along the street. I was so confused by the suddenness of the attack, and the state of my own feelings, that I had hardly strength of mind to give him in charge and see him brought here. That is all."

"Just so. Have you got anything to say in your defence?" said he, addressing Lockhart.

"Any of my companions will tell you that almost everything the fellow has said is false."

"I'm not a 'fellow'; I'm a gentleman."

"I repeat it, sir, everything the fellow has said is a lie."

"I'm a gentleman. I appeal to you, sir; I'm a gentleman."

"Very well, we'll take your word for it, though I must say there is not much of it about you. What do you say?" said the superintendent, addressing Fender.

"That what that fellow says is a tissue of lies."

"I'm a gentleman. I insist: I'm a gentleman," repeated he, with tipsy reiteration.

"And I'll prove it too, if you will kindly listen to me for a moment," continued Fender.

"Go on, then, sir."

"Well, we were walking the street arm in arm, chatting and sometimes singing snatches of a song, jolly ourselves, and not purposely annoying anyone. We had gone along one of the streets when this fellow——"

"Gentleman, sir; gentleman. I insist: I'm a gentleman."

"I would feel obliged by your keeping quiet during the time this gentleman is giving evidence," said the superintendent.

"This fellow insulted us," said Fender, "by calling out a name which I shall not repeat.

"Repeat it, repeat it!" roared he as loud as he could.

"If you do not be quiet I'll soon make you," said the superintendent in an angry tone.

"We paid no attention to him, as we considered it only the effusion of a brain overburdened with strong drink."

"It's a lie, sir; it's a lie."

"Did you hear what I said?" cried the superintendent, waxing quite wroth, and effectually stopping him.

"We went on our way," continued Fender, "not in any way damped by this fellow's insolence, and had proceeded some distance up the street, when, by one of those short cuts best known to himself, he again made his appearance, and insulted us in the same manner. Still our good nature overcame our dislike to him, but when he a third time insulted us in a scandalous manner, one of our number—it may have been Lockhart, it may have been myself—knocked off his hat, and kicked it along the street. This fellow then gave Lockhart into custody, and you know the rest."

"This alters the case very much indeed."

"It's a parcel of lies, sir; a parcel of lies from beginning to end," said the fellow.

"That has yet to be proved, and if you cannot bring forward any counter-evidence stronger than your own word, I frankly tell you I shall not believe you."

"I'm a gentleman, sir; I'm a gentleman."

"You may be so, but I am not inclined to put very much faith in it. Have you any witnesses to bring forward?"

"Witnesses! No! You have my word—the word of a gentleman."

"But we shall require more than that. I cannot condemn this gentleman, however willing I may be to do so, on the single testimony of a prejudiced witness, more especially considering the state you are in."

"I'm a gentleman, and as sober as a judge."

"All drunk men say so."

"All drunk men! What do you mean, sir?" said he, in an insolent tone.

"That you are drunk," said the superintendent. "But let us not waste time. You cannot, it seems, bring forward any more proof. Can *you* tell us anything?" said he, addressing Adams.

"I can corroborate the statement of my friend, Mr. Fender, in every particular except the last. I do not know who knocked off this fellow's hat."

"Gentleman, sir; gentleman!"

"Well, this gentlemanly-looking fellow's hat," repeated he, amid roars of laughter, in which the superintendent joined. "As far as I could see, he did it himself."

"It's a lie; it's a lie."

"Well, prove it to be so," said Adams coolly. "I repeat that he knocked off his hat himself, gave it a kick across the street, and that we for companionship's sake, and because we could not resist the temptation, did likewise. These are the facts as far as I could make them out, but on occasions like these you are very apt to make mistakes."

"And what do *you* say about it?" said the superintendent, addressing my cousin and me.

"That the testimony of both our friends is in the main correct. There may be some slight difference in their evidence, but it does not materially affect the matter."

"And what do you say for yourself?" said he to Lockhart.

"That that fellow told a tissue of falsehoods."

"I'm a gentleman, sir; I'm a gentleman," said he, in a maudlin tone, as he raised his head from the counter on which it had fallen.

"And let me, for the sake of my defence, recapitulate a little: I am a student, as you know, and what is more, a student of the old college. You have, I have no doubt, heard of the fight we had to-day with the thimble-riggers?"

"I did, and thank you very much for it, though perhaps I ought not to do it."

"Well, then, I was one of the parties who treated them to a good thrashing, and will do it again if they dare to show their faces here. Well, sir, this was our Bursary day, and I, a bursar, according to old use and wont, was treating a few of my friends to a supper in the Café Royal. We had spent a pleasant evening, and were having a walk before going home when this fellow insulted us three times."

"I'm a gentleman; I'm a——" and the rest became inaudible.

"This fellow—this thimble-rigger—I repeat it, sir: this thimble-rigger—insulted us three times. The first time I passed him with contempt, the second time I treated the remark with scorn, but the third time I was so carried away by my zeal for the public cause that I took up my stick and knocked off his hat. Not content with that I kicked the thimble-rigger's hat along the street, as also did my companions; and, should the same happen again, I have no doubt we should go and do likewise."

The superintendent laughed heartily at this summary method of taking the law into one's own hand, and said, "I now see that this person has been the aggressor. You, Mr. Lockhart, and your friends can go, but this person, or 'gentleman,' having been

drunk and disorderly, and being at present incapable, must remain here all night. Good morning, gentlemen; good morning!"

We hastily made our exit, laughing heartily at this comical *dénouement* to our night's adventure. As we did so we heard the poor fellow, who had really become very tipsy, either from the heat of the room or the excitement into which he had been thrown, shouting out, "I'm a gentleman! I'm a gentleman! I'm not drunk! I'm not drunk! I'll make you pay for this! I'll——" and suddenly the sound ceased as the loud bang of a door announced the shutting up of the gentleman for the night.

When we had somewhat relieved our pent-up feelings by hearty guffaws, we made our way home. At the foot of St. Nicholas Street I was to bid my companions "Good morning."

"And now," said I, "I expect the whole of you to supper at my house this (Saturday) evening. I intend giving my Bursary supper, and I'll wager you'll enjoy it."

"What sort is it to be?"

"I will not tell you till you come. It is, as far as I know, original, and you will find none there but friends."

"Who are they?"

"I will not say, but come and see. Will seven o'clock be too early?"

"O dear no! All right; we will be with you at that hour, if not during the day; and I say, Mac," said Lockhart, "if you are along this forenoon, will you twat the bell for me."

"All right, old boy, I'll not forget, for you know 'I'm a gentleman'."

"Ha! ha! Yes; 'I'm a gentleman! I'm a gentleman'!"

CHAPTER XX

My lodging is on the cold, cold ground,
And very hard is my fare.
—*D'Avenant: "The Rivals."* (*1664.*)

I WAS getting out of bed next morning about ten or eleven o'clock—for students invariably lie late on a Saturday, even when there has been no Bursary night previously—when a knock came to my bedroom door, and Fender entered. He looked very dirty, unwashed, and seedy; indeed, presented quite a contrast to his usually neat appearance. Surprised, I said, "Hullo, my boy! What's the matter with you? You look quite seedy."

"Seedy! I should rather think so."

"And dirty too."

"So would you if you had spent the night where I have."

"Spent it where you have!" echoed I, in surprise.

"Yes; where I have."

"Have you not been home?"

"No, not quite, thanks to that mad fellow Lockhart."

"Oho! And where did you spend it, then?"

"In the police office, to be sure."

"The police office. Whee—ee—w!"

"Yes, the police office—whee—ee—w! It's perhaps mighty pleasant to you to hear it, but, mind you, it is not to me to tell it. Have you nothing

spirituous to give a poor fellow, to take the sharp edge off him? I feel quite pendulous."

"Most certainly! I beg your pardon for being so forgetful. Here is some whisky. Help yourself; and if you feel inclined to have a good wash afterwards, here are the materials."

"All right, and many thanks. After I have recruited my inner man, and removed this shock to my nervous system, I shall apply myself to my ablutions, for, faugh! I hope I will never spend another night where I spent the last."

"But how was it?"

"My dear fellow, let me recover myself a little, and then I will tell you all. It was entirely owing to that beggar Lockhart."

"He seems to be at the bottom of everything."

"He was at the bottom of this, anyhow."

"I'll restrain my curiosity until you have made yourself presentable. Meantime I'll see that breakfast is being made ready, for I suppose you have had none."

"Not a scrap, and I am fearfully hungry. Nothing like a night in the lock-up for giving you an appetite."

"I suppose so. Were you alone? Was not Lockhart with you?"

"Not quite. He was too wideawake for that. But I'll pay him back yet. I never thought I would be such a fool," and he began spluttering in the water, and throwing it about him like a wild duck at play. Over and over his head and neck he poured spongeful after spongeful, till the water flowed in streams from every particular pendicle of hair which hung from his head. And then, during a slight lull, he would cry out, "O, but that is jolly! There is nothing like a good sousing with cold water the

morning after a spree. It eases the temples, relieves the brain, and cools the general system. O, but it's jolly! especially after being cooped up in such a dirty, abominable hole as I was in last night"; and he rubbed away at his head till his hair stood up like that of an American Indian.

"And now, my dear fellow," said he, after he had brought himself into his normal state and commenced breakfast, "I'll treat you to a recital of last night's adventures. They are rather unique, and say little for my diplomacy."

"The adventures after I left you, I suppose."

"Just so. We bade you 'Good morning,' and went on our way rejoicing till that madcap Lockhart insisted that we should again pay a visit to the Café Royal. I refused point-blank, but was won over by the others, who sided with Lockhart. So to the Café Royal we went, and had sundry tumblers of toddy, which did not improve our state, you may well imagine. After discussing these and taking our departure, as ill-luck would have it Lockhart's eye was caught by a knocker. Now, you know that, at a certain stage, the sight of this article of domestic architecture puts him crazy, and he will have it whatever be the consequences. So, in his melodramatic manner, he went up and began to apostrophize it in the words of good Will Shakespeare—

> Is that a knocker that I see before me?
> The handle towards my hand.
> Let me but clutch it;

and, suiting the action to the word, he wrenched it off by main force, tossed it up in the air, and gave one of those wild war-whoops which made our ears crack again. You may be sure we scampered off as quickly as possible, for the bobbies were sure to be

on us. I thought we should get quietly home, but this was a vain delusion with Lockhart in this mood. He enumerated about half-a-dozen knockers he was determined to 'pin,' and no persuasion would move him from his purpose."

"But you could have refused to follow, and left them," said I.

"True; but that, you see, is not in my line. I cannot refuse anything that promises fun, even though it be a little dangerous."

"Then you have yourself to blame."

"All right, my dear fellow; we will take the 'moreal' afterwards. Suffice it to say we went, and managed, with difficulty, to secure two or three of the articles prized so highly by our friend. As our success increased so did our recklessness, and we were repeatedly warned by the police to mind what we were about. At last we arrived at Wallace Nook, and were about to make our way home, when Lockhart declared that he would not go until he had secured a brass knocker which was at the top of the stairs of one of the buildings near which we were standing. As we were afraid of being discovered while performing this delicate operation, scouts were placed along the street and at the door to give warning of the approach of danger, while Lockhart and I went quietly upstairs to obtain the prize. At last we reached the top landing and saw the object of our desire—a huge, ponderous brass knocker, that would take some trouble to remove. Lockhart put in his stick and gave it a twist, which made no visible impression. Pushing it through, I took hold of the other end, and we both exerted our utmost strength, but all in vain. Lockhart became quite excited, and raved so loudly that I was afraid he would arouse the inmates. We tried it this way

and that, up and down, and just when we were about to give it up as a bad job, it gave a crack which made the whole staircase resound. We stood in breathless silence to listen if any of the inmates had been aroused, and, when no motion was heard, the knocker was gradually moved from its place and deposited carefully in Lockhart's hand. As we did so, a low whistle—the signal of danger—was heard. At once we made our way downstairs, but as the exit of both might create suspicion, it was agreed that Lockhart—along with the trophy—should go first, and that I should follow afterwards, as if I were one of the people going out to morning work. Lockhart passed on, and I, after waiting a very short time, followed him, giving one of the doors a bang as if I had just shut it. The measured tread of a policeman was heard, and when I reached the bottom I was greeted by his bull's-eye and the inquiry, 'What are you doing here?'

"'Going to my work.'

"'Going to your work! No gammon here.'

"'Gammon! What do you mean? I would thank you to be a little more civil.'

"'You need not try to come over me in that style. I know you well. I have seen you two or three times to-night, and this story will not do.'

"'I tell you I'm going to my work.'

"'What work?'

"'What's your business, I should like to know?'

"'What work, now? No, no; that won't do. You must just come along with me, and you had better do it quietly too. There is no mistake. I know you well, and know you have been up to no good. So come along.'

"So, much against my will, I was compelled to go along with this stern limb of the law. He was a

raw, country fellow, one who wanted to make himself officious, and who did not understand the force of a tip or a delicate hint like most of the old policemen. I was ushered into the office, from which our friend the superintendent had unfortunately departed, and without any ceremony thrust into a cell, where I had the pleasure of spending the night on the hard boards. I cannot say that my sleep was light or my dreams pleasant, for I was very tired, and never awoke until they came to let me out. Among the drunk and incapables, and along with our 'gentleman' of the previous night, I was marshalled out, with a caution never to appear there again; and I do mean to say that I intend to do my best to act up to the counsel. Had it not been for the cowardly desertion of my friends, I should not have had the opportunity of receiving this good advice."

"But what became of Lockhart and the rest?"

"I cannot say. Got well home to their beds, I suppose, and left me to chew the cud of prison thoughts."

"I don't think they would willingly have left you thus in the lurch. I am afraid they must have got into a scrape also."

"No fear of that."

"I'm rather afraid of it, however."

"Very well; time will show. At any rate, I'll have nothing more to do with Lockhart and his knockers."

"Make no rash promises. Here's some of them, I'll wager," said I, as I heard a noise on the stairs, and presently a knocking at the door. Opening it, in rushed the very persons we were speaking of.

"Hullo, old boy!" cried they to Fender, "where have you turned up from? We have been searching the whole town for you, and had at last come to the

determination to send out a bill, headed 'Lost or Strayed.'"

"Thank you; I'm much obliged to you for your kindness and consideration. Had you been as attentive last night you perhaps would not have had so much trouble to-day."

"Don't blame us unheard, my boy. I must confess appearances are against us, but let me give you particulars. We did our best for you, and we could not do more."

"And, pray, what was that?"

"Listen and believe! When I got to the foot of the stairs, I found a policeman making for the entrance. Quietly depositing the knocker in the gutter, I took to my heels, followed by a limb of the law, who stuck most pertinaciously to me. By the sound I knew the rest of my companions were in the same enviable state of being hunted, and that if we did not manage to give the bobbies the slip soon we should have no chance of rescuing you. It was some time before I managed to do so, and having disguised myself as well as I could, I returned in the direction of Wallace Nook, and found Adams standing in the shadow of one of the courts. We had not waited long when the others came up, and a consultation was held as to our future course. Certain you were in limbo, we determined to use every means in our power to get you out, but when we went to the lock-up and stated our purpose, the policeman on duty told us that if we did not make off at once he would take the whole of us in charge. No entreaty of any kind, no production of the current coin of the realm, would move his stony heart, and so, very reluctantly, we were compelled to make our way home without you. Before doing so, however, I requested my friends to walk round by

Wallace Nook, and there, safely lying in the gutter, bright and clear as when it hung upon the door, was the knocker for which we had risked so much. I lifted it carefully up, and now I am happy to say it stands among the other trophies of war on my sideboard."

"I wish to goodness it had been somewhere else, and that you had had my night of it."

"That is a very unchristian wish, my dear fellow, and totally unlike you."

"You would say the same had you been in my place."

"Perhaps so; there is no saying what might happen. But remember, I have never heard particulars and shall be happy to do so."

After Fender had recapitulated the whole, Lockhart said, "Well, I am sorry for you, but the best plan is to try and forget it. It is, I can assure you, no fault of ours. Could we have assisted you in any way we should not have gone quietly home."

"Quietly home! That is good," said Adams. "Why, that fellow very nearly got us into another scrape."

"What was that?" inquired Fender, forgetting for the moment his own disaster.

"As we were going home we came upon a lamplighter putting out the lamps. He had a ladder over his shoulder, which he used to ascend each alternate lamp-post for the purpose of turning off the gas. By some means, best known to himself, Lockhart cajoled the ladder from the old fellow, and was to be seen running along the street, clapping it against every lamp-post that came in his way, and putting out the light. But this was not all. He had the audacity to place it against the windows of the second storey of some of the houses, and, ascending the

ladder, lifted up certain of the windows that were not fastened, and treated the inmates to a few words. The lamplighter, who did not relish this way of doing business, and who decidedly objected to the whole of the lamps being put out, ran after him to get back the ladder, which Lockhart most dexterously avoided. They ran this way up and down various streets, to our immense amusement and to the great annoyance of the poor man, who evidently thought he was going to get into a scrape. At last Lockhart, fairly exhausted, gave in, and returned the man his ladder, after he had managed to put out about a score of lamps. I'll never forget the sight he presented as he scudded along the street—the ladder on his shoulder moving up and down, and the old lamplighter running, shouting, and puffing after him. Did you give the old fellow anything?"

"As far as my memory serves me, I did, but I will not swear to it, for my recollections are at the best but hazy. I don't think any lamps were broken."

"O dear no! But it was a wonder your own limbs were not, for you scrambled up the ladder in the most reckless manner possible, and frequently it could not have been very well fixed."

"I suppose not, but it is wonderful how we escape at such times. I see you have had some eatables. Have you anything in the drinkable line to recruit a poor fellow?"

"I don't think you deserve any," said Fender.

"Be not ungenerous and uncharitable. It is not in your nature to remember an injury long, particularly when you know that it could not be avoided. Let bygones be bygones."

"I think it is the best way," said I, as I placed a bottle on the table. "Tap this, and let the generous

drink heal the breach. We ought to drink your health this morning, Lockhart, for the grand spree you gave us last night."

"Don't mention it, my boy. Had we only been as sensible us you, we should not have had such an untoward *dénouement* as befell our friend Fender."

"Well, never mind. Let the beastly thing be forgotten," said Fender. "Here's to Lockhart."

"And here's to Mac and his supper. May it be as good as Lockhart's."

"Hear, hear," came from several at once. "When do you expect us?"

"About seven."

"And who did you say were to be there?"

"You, and Fender, and Lockhart, and Adams, et cetera—the fact is, you will see when you get there."

"Is it a secret?"

"Not at all, but I prefer to let you see for yourself."

"All right, old boy, we'll be there at the time specified, and no mistake. Good morning! good morning!" and, saying so, they tumbled out of the room and rattled down the stairs.

CHAPTER XXI

From the lone sheiling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas ;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

—Blackwood's Magazine, 1829.
—Tait's Magazine, 1849.

ALL my friends who were bursars had given suppers to their companions and equals, but I had resolved to give one to the poorest students in the college—those who, from their position and their own personal scruples, would not be likely to be asked to any of the feasts given by their class-fellows. There were a great many of these at our college—young men who, having saved a few pounds or gained a small bursary, lived upon the meanest of fare, that they might obtain the learning after which they hungered. We have known some live on salt herrings, potatoes, and oatmeal during the greater part of the session, and consider themselves well repaid for all this toil and starvation if they gained even a respectable place in the class. The records of no college could supply more instances of self-denial and stern perseverance, and none, we fear, more instances of overwork and early deaths—deaths of those whose lives were full of promise.

It was my determination, therefore, to seek out the poorest and meanest of these, and invite them to my lodgings to have a good feed for once during the session. As I knew it would be useless sending

invitations, I took the opportunity of calling upon them early in the morning and personally requesting the favour of their company. I expected some opposition, but was by no means prepared for such strenuous resistance as I met. Having, however, after very great difficulty, obtained the concurrence of Alister Macalister, I used his name pretty freely with the rest, and thus got six to promise to come without fail. I was particular in informing them that there would only be mutual friends present, and that I would be glad to see them anyhow or everyhow. So, rather satisfied with my morning's work, I returned home to make preparations.

But, O, what wretchedness and misery did I see in that forenoon's peregrinations! I had often heard of the miserable hovels in which many of our students were lodged, but I had never formed any idea of the wretched reality. Garrets that were not fit for the storage of potatoes, or the homes of rats and mice, were the studies and sleeping-rooms of young men who had made their mark in the class, and, were they spared, would leave it also on the world. Down from the bare tiles of some the water was running, and on cold nights this would be frozen and hang in icicles from the roof. A chair, a stool, and a rickety old table composed almost all the furniture of these rooms, if we except the student's trunk, his few books, and his bed. A small, small fireplace, formed so as to hold the smallest quantity of coals, was fixed into one side of the room, near to which the student had drawn the table, so that his feet, for the sake of warmth, were almost on the bars. We do not wonder, nor did we then think it any exaggeration, that many of these poor fellows, on the cold nights of winter, when the coals were dear and they were barely able to get them, would

creep under the blankets of their thinly-clad beds, and, throwing their clothes above them, try to keep themselves warm, and study far through the hours of the morning. It was oftener from a consideration of the expense than from their own physical exhaustion that these fellows would lay past their books and take the sleep which tired nature demanded. And even that they grudged with the niggardliness of a miser, for the precious moments did not seem, but were really, "winged" to them. That morning I came home a sadder and a wiser man, and more confirmed in my resolution that for once they should be made comfortable and enjoy a really good supper, and that my Bursary Saturday should be a day to be marked by them with a white stone.

Towards seven o'clock my landlady—who had entered most enthusiastically into my plan and lent me her best room for the "spread"—came and requested me to take a look at the supper table. Knowing that nothing delighted women more than to be deferential to them in such matters, and conscious also that she well deserved it of me, I obeyed, and was agreeably surprised and delighted to see everything so substantially and tastefully prepared. I walked round the room, admiring and commending everything, and feeling mightily proud of my supper.

Just as we were about to leave the room a ring of the bell was heard. "There's some o' them, I'se wauger. Come yer wa's oot o' the room, an' slip intae yer ain an' receive them there, for we winna lat them see the gweed things o' this life till they're a' here." And, saying this, she shut the door behind her.

In a minute my room door was thrown open, and in stalked my cousin and Givan. Congratulations

and such-like things followed, and as they took their seats another ring was heard.

"That's not Lockhart's ring, I'm sure," said my cousin.

"Perhaps not; it may be some of the rest."

"Who are they?"

"You will see just now, if you will only be patient a minute."

"Not ladies, I hope."

"There they come," and as I spoke in stalked a monster Highlander, well known to us all, but so transformed by his new habiliments, and so odd and comical, that we could with difficulty refrain from laughing. It was Alister Macalister, but Alister, not as he appeared at college in his homespuns, but as he appeared on state occasions, in his very best Sunday suit. These had been made for him some years before, and as he had grown considerably since that period, and they had remained *in statu quo*, they were not exactly a good fit. The trousers reached only a little below the knee, and were so tight round the waist that they looked as if every moment about to burst. The vest was also too short, and so tight round his body that he seemed in danger of dying from tight-lacing. And then the coat, besides being far too short both in the sleeves and tails, displayed such a breadth of beam encased in what appeared skin-tights, that when he turned round to deposit his hat we almost burst into roars of laughter. Knowing that this would spoil all, I motioned to my companions to restrain themselves, and introduced them in that free and easy manner common to students. Another and another soon followed in much the same costume, and with an awkwardness of manner that was very amusing, until, Lockhart and Fender arriving last, our number

was complete. Soon after, my landlady appeared at the door of the room in her best cap and gown, and informed me in a stately manner that supper was ready. Stepping before us, she opened the door and stood aside to let us enter. And as we did so the faces of those genuine sons of the hills were a study in themselves. Astonishment, desire, eagerness, and every sort of feeling passed over them in one minute, and, as my landlady afterwards said, "It wis worth a' the trouble I hid hid, to see the faces o' the peer craturs fan they saw the gweed things—an', O, their eatin'!—it passed a'thing."

"Now, cousin," said I, "will you act as croupier for the evening? Fender, will you take this side and Lockhart the other? I have got a small duty for you here, Adams, and another for you, Givan. And now, gentlemen, will the rest of you take your seats as best you can; I think you will find chairs for every one of you."

When all were seated and grace said, I applied myself to the task of carving, and called upon my friends to do their best to follow my example. "Gentlemen," continued I, "I have given this spread, and I intend that we shall demolish the whole of it. Let every one set about making the best supper he can, for I can assure you that you will do me the greatest favour to eat without being pressed."

And they did eat. These poor, famished fellows, to whom meat was a luxury, and who had not tasted a supper like this once in their whole lives, went into it with such a zest that they kept us busily carving and helping them, till Fender declared he would get to his feet the better to see what he was about. He and Lockhart had at once entered into the spirit of the thing, and heaped the plates of the guests till, in their excitement, they sent it spluttering over the

table-cloth. And when they found a refractory bone, or a piece upon which the knife would not operate, after Fender's suggestion and example they seized it in their hands and soon reduced it to a clean state. Again and again was this done, we helping ourselves to snatches during the lulls, and watching with intense interest the gratified and beaming looks of all. At first stiff and formal, they began to relax, and ere they had finished the first plate were as talkative and happy as anyone could have wished. And yet little talk was indulged in, for all were too busy, and the most heard was a grunt of satisfaction or delight as something more palatable than usual was put on their plates. Occasionally they would look across the table to some of their companions, and in their native Erse mutter something unintelligible to us, but which was evidently something pleasant, if one was to judge by the merry twinkle of their eyes and the gratified smiles that overspread their faces.

Hungry Highlandmen, however, can be satisfied, and they were compelled at last to lean back on their chairs and give up in despair. With longing eyes they looked upon the wreck as it was being removed, and wished they could do more.

But their astonishment was great when they saw the landlady, after all had been cleared away, proceed to lay down the sweets. They had not been prepared for this, and at the sight began to smack their lips and shake themselves, as if by this means they could make room for some more. Macalister, after a preliminary whiff and "ugh," proceeded very carefully and quietly to unloose the top button of his trousers, and finding great relief from this, he proceeded to do the same to his vest. But the tension on it being greater, or the power of resistence on the part of the buttons less, the first gave way and flew across the

table, followed by two or three more which were unable to resist the accumulated pressure. Of course this sent us into roars of laughter, but Alister noways put out, said, "Ugh, but that is nice! It's jeest the very thing to mak' room for the puddin'! If I wis you, Hector, I wid loose a button, for I widna want a bit o' that nice thing at the head of the table for a' the buttons in the world."

Encouraged by Alister, and urged by Lockhart and Fender, the rest, nothing loth, prepared themselves for an attack upon the dessert, and made sundry changes evidently to their own comfort.

And they did enjoy the puddings, and would hardly believe us when we told them of what they were composed. Plateful after plateful was taken, until they had tasted almost everything on the table and everyone had taken as much as he could. Wistfully Alister looked towards a large piece of plum-pudding which I was pressing upon him, but was compelled to say, "Na, na; I canna manage that, though I maun say it's awfu' temptin'. Bit fat ca' ye that ower there? It disna seem sae big like, an' mak's my vera teeth water. I'll tak' a bit o't, onyway. It canna be pooshin, for it looks ower nice for that."

So, being helped to some cornflour, he ate it with evident relish, but was at last compelled to acknowledge, as did the rest, "That though ye were to ram it doon my throat—ay, even the finest o't—I couldna eat it."

Gradually the table was cleared, and the cloth removed. All sat round it with faces radiant with the effects of good cheer, and chatting away as familiarly as if they had been acquainted for as many years as they had been hours. Alister was expatiating in his own quaint way about the supper, and

declaring that it passed his "comprehension how they manufactured sic stuff as they had been eatin'," when the room door opened, and the landlady appeared with a huge tray, on which were bottles, tumblers, glasses, and smoking hot water. You should have seen Alister's face, and heard the loud "Whe—e—w" with which his speech was brought to a conclusion, and watched the manner in which he rubbed his hands as he shouted, "Ay, that's the stuff, after sae grand a supper! There's nae fear o't's deein' us ony ill after a tumbler o' that," and he watched with intense interest the placing of the various articles on the table.

Soon the whole of us had a tumbler brewed and our heads deep in its steam; soon the generous fluid, affecting us all, made us merry, and jokes and fun became the order of the evening. Pipes were filled and refilled, and the smoke rose in such clouds all round the table that it was a matter of some difficulty to recognise those at the other side. A second tumbler was brewed, and the Highlanders' tongues, formerly very sparing of their language, began to clatter like those of the rest, both in their own and the Scottish dialect. Jests were given and taken, words bandied about in the best of temper, and all were on the very best of terms, when a commotion arose in the direction of Macalister. His huge figure—with the buttons of his vest all gone but one, and the top-band of his trousers about three or four inches apart—was seen to rise from his seat and in a stentorian voice call, "Silence! Silence!"

This having been obtained, he said, "I have been waiting for some of the gentlemen present, my own countrymen and also those of the Lowlands, to rise and propose the health of the gentleman who this night has treated us so handsomely, but none of them

seems to think it worth his trouble. I, however, having some spark of gratitude in me, have risen to make up for this omission. It is not often that we "—(looking towards his countrymen)—"have the opportunity of being present at such a supper as we have had to-night. I must say that when he came to my lodgings to invite me I took it for a hoax, such as I once experienced during my happy Bageantdom"—("What was that?" "What was that?" came from several, to which he replied, "Never mind just now")—"and so I was very chary and ungentlemanly, I am afraid, towards him." ("No, no," said I.) "If so, I here beg his pardon, and from the heart retract anything I may have said. And now, let me declare that I would not have been absent from this feast for a great deal, and that the gentleman who thus thought of us in his Bursary supper showed a good heart and deserves our warmest gratitude and thanks." ("Hear, hear," and thunders of applause.) "I have enjoyed it so much that it has produced a sensible effect upon my corporation"—(looking down towards the lost buttons amid roars of laughter)—"but I have no doubt this generous fluid, this nectar worthy of the gods, and truly our national drink, this *usquebaugh* in which I pledge the good health and long life of our illustrious and kind host, will soon make me forget my loss or gain, and that we shall soon all be friends and brothers 'o'er a wee drappie o't.' Here's to our generous host's health!"

The noise after this speech was almost deafening, and, before I could get to my feet, Ronald Macwhirter, the opposite neighbour of Alister, got to his legs and demanded to be heard. As there was no putting him down, he was permitted to proceed. "Allow me to second the proposition of my friend, and to add to his judicious and well-timed remarks,

the other, that the conduct of our host to-night shows a kindness and goodness of heart that does him very great credit. Such acts are few, and pity it is that they are so. I know very well—and from sad experience too—the class feeling that exists in this country, which many generations will not eradicate, and which debars us from associating much with each other. I must allow, however, that there is little or none of this in the classroom, and that there a man is measured, as he ought to be, by his mental calibre. Besides, that independence peculiar to us as a class prevents us from being obliged to another without making an adequate return, and since it is impossible from our position to do so, we consider it better and more independent to keep aloof altogether. I know it is pride, but still we would rather possess it than eat the bread of dependence. It was a feeling of this nature that made me refuse at first the invitation of our host this morning, but when I was informed that Macalister was to be of the party, I reconsidered my decision and consented. I had no qualms of conscience regarding any past hoax, like my friend opposite, about which I do not remember to have heard, and I must say that I in no way regret the fact of coming. I have enjoyed, and hope still to enjoy it, as I have never done a night at college. Let me, therefore, heartily second the motion of my friend Alister, and wish long life and happiness to our kind host."

I got to my feet in the midst of the uproar, and, holding up my hands, entreated silence. But it was of no use. The enthusiastic Highlanders would have their burst out, and so I let them go on until it had consumed itself. Then I began: "Gentlemen, the favour to-night is on my side, not on yours. In coming here and accepting my hospitality you have

indeed done me a very great kindness and laid me under a deep obligation. It is too often the case that in our Bursary suppers we ask our daily companions and forget those with whom we are less acquainted. I departed a little from the stereotyped plan, and have most certainly had my reward. I can assure you, when I called upon Macalister this morning, I did not expect to have so happy or successful an evening. It was with the greatest difficulty I could prevail upon him to give me his consent, and as he has to some extent explained his reason for being so reluctant, I hope he will favour us with the full details later on in the evening." ("Hear, hear," with "We'll see, we'll see," from Alister.) "The last speaker has referred to that class feeling which exists in society. This, of course, none of us can deny; but there is one thing we may be proud of, and that is, that it is entirely rooted out of our classes at college. There the poor and the rich are on an equality, and superiority is only gained by superiority of talent. I have only to ask you to look at your separate classes, and you will readily acknowledge I am correct. This is as it should be, and it is a great thing to boast that of no other institution in the United Kingdom can this be so safely said. And long may it continue increasing instead of diminishing, though I am afraid that, as class feeling is diminished in the world, our republic of letters will become less conservative. I hope this meeting to-night will help to keep up among us good fellowship, and to do away with that feeling of superiority which birth or position in society has too long engendered. In my opinion, position should arise from talent and perseverance only. Now, gentlemen, enjoy yourselves, throw off all reserve, and let us be like brothers. In doing this you will do me the greatest favour, and do more

than anything else to add to the hilarity of the evening."

And they did enjoy themselves, becoming more and more free and easy as the bottle circulated, and really appearing as if they had been acquaintances of some years' standing. Suddenly Fender called out, "Come now, Alister, you've never told us that story yet."

"What story, man?"

"The story that made you almost refuse to accept Mac's invitation."

"I never said I would. Besides, it has reference to some of the big wigs at college, and therefore must not be mooted."

"Oho! That's it, is it?" cried all, more eager than ever to hear it. "Why, then, we must have it! Is it about Geordie?"

"Na, na; never ye mind it."

"But we must mind it. You surely will not be so shabby as not to tell it. Look at Mac, there: he seems awfully disappointed."

"I must say I should be very sorry to disappoint him after his kindness, but as it is a mere nothing there cannot be anything shabby in refusing. Besides, it is hardly fair to speak about it now when it is all past."

"But we shall not speak about it, I can assure you. We shall swear to secrecy."

"O, there is not much need of swearing, but the fact is I don't like even to think about it, though it was great fun, after all."

"Well, come, let us have it, and it will ease your mind. Drink out your glass and brew another. Gentlemen, replenish—Alister is going to give the history of his past life."

"Na, na; only a sma' episode."

"Very well, gentlemen: Alister's 'Sma' Episode.'"

CHAPTER XXII

For blyth an' cheerie we'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
An' dance till we be like to fa'
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

—*John Skinner,*
M.A., Mar. Coll., 1738.

"YOU are all aware that one of the professors, who shall be nameless, and who has now gone the way of all the earth, had a particular affection for those students who were connected with any of the Highland clans. He is said to have boasted that there was not a drop of Lowland blood in his veins, and that such a breed was his utter aversion. It was, therefore, our exclusive privilege to be invited to his breakfasts and small parties, and as the professor had a posse of daughters, you can well believe that we were often the envied of the less fortunate. Not that it is such a pleasant thing to be present at these, for many of us, being unacquainted with the ways of such high society, naturally felt awkward, and committed a great many ludicrous mistakes, which were the subject of many a hearty laugh afterwards among the more polished of the students. And yet, spite of your disinclination to go, and your knowledge that you would be uncomfortable and perhaps commit some stupid mistake, these invitations, like those of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, partake more of a command than a request.

"During the year of my Bageantdom I had the

pleasure of stretching my legs under this professor's mahogany, and of eating a hearty breakfast without making a fool of myself. This was a matter of congratulation, for many of my class-fellows made such awful mistakes that they were the butts of the class for months afterwards. However, spite of the predilection shown for us and our clanship, we were by no means prepared for such a display of kindness as he extended to us about the merry time of Christmas.

"I had gone home from college, and was about to sit down to my dinner, when I noticed a letter on the mantelpiece. It was not often that I was favoured with such notes, and you may be sure that, from pure curiosity, I hastened to master its contents. You may imagine my surprise when I found it was an invitation from our kind-hearted professor to a dance at his house on the following Thursday. I could hardly believe my eyes, rubbed them again to see if I was awake, and turned over and over the paper, scarcely believing it was real. But there it was, and I believe is still, for this is the very coat I wore on the occasion," and he commenced fumbling in his pockets, and at last produced the following document:—

"'Professor Mac—— presents his compliments to Mr. Alister Macalister, and requests the favour of his company at his house, on Thursday the 25th, at eight o'clock.

"'P.S.—Reels and strathspeys. Be sure and bring your slippers.'

"That's the veritable note, gentlemen, and you may well smile at it. Even then, in my yellow Bageantdom, I did so; but then I knew the Professor to be a quaint fellow and one that loved a joke, and

so thought little about it. However, to make sure that there was no mistake, I went to see my friend and countryman, Donald Macdonald. As soon as I entered his room he jumped up and cried, 'I know what you've come about. You've got an invitation to Professor Mac——'s party. So have I. I have no doubt, now, that the thing is genuine, but to make assurance doubly sure we shall go and call on our various countrymen whom we know he favours, and see if invitations have been sent to them. If so, then we may be proud of the distinction. And yet I am not altogether surprised at it, for it is only another proof of the old saying, "Blood is thicker than water".'

"Calling on our friends, we found that almost every one had received a similar invitation, of which they were mightily proud. The Highland blood was up, and they scrupled not to boast loudly of the exclusive honour done them by their professor, and to look down with contempt on their less fortunate Lowland brethren. When it became known, you can easily suppose that the fortunate few were the objects of much envy, and that they had many a talk among themselves how they would act, with which of the Professor's daughters they would dance, to whom they would make love, and which of the songs of grand old Ossian they would sing.

"The eventful Thursday came, and at eight o'clock you might have seen us all wending our way in the direction of the Professor's house. In my best black suit, the identical one I have on just now —only it had not lost its buttons, and was able to meet over the region of my stomach—I stood at the door and rang the bell. Donald Macdonald was with me, and, while we stood waiting the result of our summons, Lachlan Maclean and Gregor

Macgregor came up. When the serving-man opened the door we asked for the Professor, and were shown very politely into the drawing-room. We had scarcely entered when the bell again sounded, and off went the man to answer it. Another couple were ushered in, and then another and another, till the poor fellow was almost out of breath running backwards and forwards. Rather more than a dozen had arrived, when, during a lull, he popped his head into the room and asked who would he say were waiting the Professor? Somewhat surprised that the serving-man even was not aware of our coming, but putting it down to that exclusiveness which characterized all the Professor's actions, we were about to explain, when the door-bell rang again, followed by another peal, which made the serving-man start, and go off at full speed.

"Left alone, we looked around us with wonder and awe at the various things scattered about the room. Most sat in hushed silence gazing eagerly around; some made remarks on some of the furniture, and the probable use to which it was applied; while two or three began to hum over some of their favourite reels with which they intended to surprise some of the Professor's daughters. Just then the door opened, and the Professor, with anything but an inviting countenance, stood before us. In a voice by no means pleasant, he said, 'Gentlemen, may I ask to what I am indebted for the honour of the present visit?'

"We looked blankly, stood in silence, and then stared one at the other, expecting each to speak. Meantime, the Professor's eyes scintillated in a very ominous manner.

"'Gentlemen, I repeat, to what am I indebted for the honour of the present visit?'

"Then Donald Macdonald, in a voice scarcely audible, informed him that we had been summoned here by an invitation sent by himself.

"'Sent by me! Impossible! I never sent any such thing in my life. Have you got a copy of it?' promptly demanded he.

"About half-a-dozen hands were stretched out at once, and the Professor, seizing it, read the quaintly-worded note. At once the stern expression of his face gave way to a sort of smile, and as he gave it back he said, 'Gentlemen, I see you have been the victims of a mischievous hoax. *I* never sent the invitation, but some of your waggish fellows have. They intended to cheat both you and me, but we will cheat them. Knowing that all the Highlanders are fond of reels and strathspeys, and that it is almost impossible for us to resist a dance, they have worked upon our weak point. Now, gentlemen, can any of you supply us with the music?'

"Colin Mackenzie ventured to suggest that Æneas Macpherson, who was famous in his native vale for his performances on the bagpipes, should be sent to his lodgings for them, and that they could then dance to the strains of their own national music. The Professor, who declared that he loved the notes of the bagpipes better than those of any other musical instrument, was afraid that the confined nature of the room would destroy the effect and mar their beauty, and the rest being of the same opinion, the proposition was reluctantly negatived. Hector Macnaughtan's fiddle was then suggested, but as he lived at the other end of the town, and it had lost two of its strings, this proposal also fell to the ground. At last the Professor said, 'But what am I thinking about? Here is the piano, and I can get one of my daughters to play, so let us have some of

the real Highland dancing, as Highlanders only can dance. I am sorry I cannot supply you with partners, but will be delighted if you will give me a specimen of your ram-reels, as you are in the habit of dancing them in the Lobby of a Saturday evening. Now, gentlemen, let us have it with spirit, and do not be afraid to give the real, true Highland "hough"'—and the Professor, bringing in one of his daughters, led her to the piano, when she proceeded to play the 'Reel o' Tulloch,' till our feet itched to be upon the floor.

"After some staring at each other, we rose and entered into the spirit of the thing. Round and round, up and down, and through all the mazes of that glorious reel we went, "houghing" and yelling like so many wild Highlanders, the Professor inciting us to still more wild displays. At last his daughter was compelled to stop, and we, with very great reluctance, took our seats. At this critical moment the Professor gave a signal to the serving-man, and in a short time he was moving round the room with a tray on which there were glasses filled with spirits. Of course, we never refused to take it, and when he informed us that this was some of the genuine article, manufactured in the very heart of our own native hills and unadulterated by a single drop of Lowland water, we rose to our feet and drank his health in real Highland fashion.

"'And now, gentlemen, as I do not wish to tax your kindness too far, and am mindful of the work you have before you, I shall thank you for another dance, and then we shall bring this pleasant evening to a close. You can tell your friends who had the kindness to perpetrate the hoax that, instead of doing harm, they have done us a very great favour, and that we shall ever feel obliged to them. And now, let us have the dance.'

"I need not tell you that it was done full justice to, no doubt greatly owing to the glass of whisky which we had drunk. Entering into the spirit of the thing, as Highlanders only can do, I can assure you that, speaking for myself, I was very sorry when it came to a conclusion, and when I found myself shaking hands with the Professor, and thanking him in his native language. At the door we found a number of our college companions, who had been attracted by the noise or informed of our sham invitation, but who said little, finding the tables turned against them. Anyway, spite of its being a hoax, we enjoyed a very good evening, and none of us regret to this day the mischievous trick played upon us."

"And did you never find out who did it?" inquired I.

"No, though we had pretty fair suspicions. For my own part, I thought Fender was at the bottom of it."

"Me!" cried Fender. "Upon my word of honour, I knew nothing about it."

"Well, it does not matter now. The parties who did it have all likely left college, and there is no use saying anything more about it."

"But did not the Professor try to find them out?"

"No, he never did; perhaps because he knew from past experience that it would be useless."

"No doubt. It was a very good joke, however."

"'All's well that ends well.' Had it been otherwise, it might have been unpleasant for many."

"He was a Goth, however, that Professor."

"No, sir; he was a pure Celt."

"All right, Alister; I was not going to say anything very disparaging of him. I was remembering the remark, *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis*."

"But some time ago our college must have been a regular hole-and-corner affair. The professors were the nominees of a few, and it has been known that the marriage of a professor's daughter was the stepping-stone to one of the best livings in the college."

"I have heard," said Lockhart, "but perhaps it is only rumour or the false tongue of tradition, that one of these fortunate fellows had to learn the Greek alphabet after he had been appointed to the chair. It is said to have been grand to hear him translate the first line of the Iliad. If anyone was so stupid as to attempt to transfer that glorious poet's introduction into literal English, he would look at him with a shade of contempt in his face, and say, 'Ay! ay! But give us it in the glorious words of Pope.'"

"That must have been the person," said Fender, "whose language in the classroom was not always choice. I suppose you will all be aware that it was the invariable practice in former days to address the students in Latin. Of course, this often caused very ludicrous mistakes, particularly in the case of this professor, who being, as tradition reports, a surgeon in the Navy, had been in the habit of using other language than now fell to his lot. Besides, not being a good Latin scholar, or—to take the most charitable view of the subject—having forgotten what little he did know, he often used words which were nowhere to be found in 'Ainsworth.' It is related of him that, coming into the classroom one day, and finding a student jumping over the desks, he cried out, 'Ille qui jumpavit solve unum sixpence.' On another occasion, for a like offence, and perhaps to distinguish the party, he cried out, 'Tu puer, wi' the red head, qui jumpasti super deskium, solve unum sixpence, and if

you don't, ego te verberabo.' And to those who were restless, and for the purpose of teasing him moved about the classroom, he would cry out in a stentorian voice, that would be heard the whole length of the quadrangle, 'Visne sedem tenere, ye lang-legget loon, ye guid-fir-naething scamp?'"

"That's drawing the long bow, Fender," said my cousin.

"It is not, for if you make inquiry of anyone acquainted with the antiquarian lore connected with the college, you will find it quite true."

"I'm afraid I would find it real 'antiquarian lore'."

"Not at all, my dear sir. You would find it the real, genuine article, unadulterated and not surrounded with any of the hazy atmosphere which usually accompanies traditionary lore."

"It would require more than your word to make me believe so."

"Why, man, it is as well known as that the appointment of professors was in those days a hole-and-corner business."

"Or that many of the bursaries do not go to the proper parties."

"That cannot be said regarding the Competition ones, but there may be grave doubts about the private bursaries."

"Why, it is as clear as noonday that many parties possess bursaries whose parents are able enough to keep them at college. It strikes me it was not for these that the bursaries were founded."

"Why do they not publish a list of the private as well as of the public ones, so that we may know who has the best chance? For one, I say it is very unfair."

"Many things are unfair in a Senatus, for, as you must know, the members are above law, and can do what they please. They have done so in the past with college property, and they will do so in the future, until their meetings are open to the public, or at least reported in our local papers."

"That is the only way to make them heed what they are about."

"And yet the College Competition is a grand idea."

"The grandest that could have been conceived."

"I don't know what I should have done without it," said Macalister.

"Nor I, either," said Macwhirter.

"Well, Macwhirter," said I, "if you have no objections, will you tell us how you managed to get ready for it? I have no doubt your tale will be interesting and instructive, and new to us all."

"With pleasure, if you allow me to tell it in my own way, and don't interrupt me. It was a hard struggle, but one that I now look back upon with pleasure, and, I do not hesitate to say, with pride also."

"You will be your own master in everything. Refill, gentlemen; and silence, please, for Macwhirter's experiences."

CHAPTER XXIII

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flock, a frugal swain.
—*John Home: "Douglas."*

"THE earliest recollection I have is of being with the sheep on the hillside. During the summer months, or in fine weather, this was pleasant enough, but in the rain, and on the cold, bleak days of winter, it was a miserable existence, and one altogether unfitted for one so young. I used to be sent to the parish school during the three worst months, and managed to pick up a fair knowledge of words, and even acquire considerable proficiency in reading. I had always a craving for books—at least ever after the grand idea entered my brain that the alphabet and its accompanying sounds were the secret which opened a world of wonders. Once able to read, during the long winter evenings I conned over every book I could lay my hands upon under the dim oil lamp that hung in the room where we dwelt, and when the summer came, and the bright days shone down upon us, I would take some book to the hillside and feast thereon, sometimes reading aloud to my companions, and delighting them with the wonders contained in the old, well-thumbed volumes.

"As I grew up this craving increased, and I teased the lives of all around to obtain sufficient pabulum to allay it. One of the kindest in lending books was my master's son, in return for which I

would show him birds' nests, and do for him many things which he did not like to do himself. We were sworn friends, and in the long summer evenings would lie on the hillsides and dream the hours away. We would talk about what we would do when we were men, of the adventures we would have, and the sights we would see. O, those lovely summer days on the hills—how happy, how joyous they were! Without a thought of care, and with the future stretching all before us, we lay and panted to be there. But, ah, how different the reality! How many troubles were to come, how many trials were to be endured, before that future could be reached; and when it came, how different was it from that which we had pictured!

"From my companion I one day learned a fact which afterwards coloured the whole of my life. It was this—that anyone, however humble his position, however poor his lot, may, by his own exertions and by his own scholarship, gain such a bursary in open public competition as might keep him at college and pay his class expenses. When I first learned this I could hardly believe that I had heard aright, or that such a thing could be possible. From that day the whole idea of my life was changed. I determined, at whatever cost, to prepare myself for this Competition, and to try to place my name among the fortunate few. Once at college, once the thin end of the wedge was inserted, I had no fear of the result, but was as sure of that acme of every Scotchman's ambition—the Church—as I was of my own existence.

"But how was I to obtain the knowledge necessary for this? I was occupied all day, and at night sat in a room among a number of other people, who would not give me any quiet to prosecute my studies.

But any person—particularly a Scotchman—when determined to gain an object, will soon find the ways and means to obtain it. I had become extremely fond of astronomy, and meeting with the large and excellent treatise of Ferguson, a Scotch herd laddie like myself, I studied to such good purpose that I obtained a tolerably accurate knowledge of it. I had often spoken of the heavenly bodies and their wonders to my master's son, and thereby excited in his mind a desire to become acquainted with them. To his request that I should teach him, I replied: '"Fair exchange is no robbery." I'll learn you astronomy if you teach me Latin.' Proud to act the schoolmaster, and to show off his learning to one whom, in some things, he found ahead of him, he at once accepted the offer, and next day the 'Rudiments' were brought to the hillside, and I got my first lesson in Latin. Until the afternoon, I stalked about declining the various cases of *penna*, and shouting them out to the sheep, so that, when my teacher arrived and with a critical air listened to my lesson, he acknowledged that I had done remarkably well. After testing my knowledge by asking various questions and giving me a number of other words to decline, he told me, with a satisfied air, that I might pass on to the second declension.

"Thus the summer days wore on, and winter began to approach. I had been rather more than six months in Latin, and could manage to go through the 'Rudiments' very accurately, make a few simple sentences, and had even looked into Cæsar, but as the month of October approached, my hopes received a severe damper in the announcement that my teacher's father had determined to send him off to college at the end of that month. I was in despair, while he was in the seventh heaven of

enjoyment. I knew that without him I could do nothing, and that it would be impossible for me to obtain the services of any other person. As my spirits became depressed, and began sensibly to affect my working powers, my teacher inquired the cause, and promised to speak to his father. But he went off to college, and I was left for many a weary day to look at my books, and sigh for the assistance which my kind-hearted friend used to render. Everything seemed black and dreary, and I looked upon my future with anything but bright hopes; and yet I plodded on, working longer into the night, and conning over my book, which I always carried in my pocket, whenever a leisure hour offered itself.

"But 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' Long after my friend had left for college, and when I had come to the conclusion that he had completely forgotten to report my case to his father, my master called me into the 'parlour,' and, informing me that he had heard from his son that I was trying to better myself, said that he had mentioned my case to the minister, who had placed it before the schoolmaster, and that it had been settled that I was to go to school for the whole of the next winter. If I did well they would then consider my position and see what further could be done.

"I left the room scarcely knowing whether I had heard aright. When the sweet reality became clear to me, I almost danced with joy, and kept repeating to myself, 'Now I'm in for a bursary.' I need not tell you that I worked well, both from a natural love for learning and because I wished to show the minister and the schoolmaster that they had not been deceived in me. And so all through the winter I went to school, helped in my master's house during

the hours in which I was not otherwise engaged, and studied in every leisure hour I had. Every minute was precious to me and carefully used, so that I soon made progress, and evidently gave my teacher satisfaction. And the great spur that urged me on was the bursary. As I studied at school, and mastered some difficulty that had long puzzled me, I would, to encourage myself, say, 'O, for a bursary!' As I walked home in drenching rain or biting sleet, I would cry out to the roaring winds, 'O, for a bursary!' As I translated Latin into English, or composed some of those versions well known to you all, I would whisper to myself, 'O, for a *sine errore* version, and O, for a bursary!' And with this spur to exertion, with this watchword, on I went, determined to do my best to obtain one. Many and many a time did I bless the memory of those who had thus placed in our way this stepping-stone to learning.

"Thus the winter passed, and the breezy days of spring came. The schoolmaster gave a favourable report, but however willing my master might have been to further my views, he could not do without my services. I had therefore to return to my old occupation, and during my spare hours rub myself up in my Latin. Though the schoolmaster kindly permitted me to go and consult him at any time I pleased, yet I could not intrude upon him with every little difficulty that troubled me, and had it not been for my old friend, my master's son, who had returned for his summer holidays, I should have been very badly off. I was stimulated onwards not only by his kind remarks, but by what he told me of that seat of learning where he had spent the winter. I came to look upon it as the El Dorado of my hopes, and felt a sort of sacred reverence for the very pile, which reminded me of the feeling which the Jews enter-

tained for the dust of their ancient Jerusalem. I am sorry to say, however, that a closer connexion has to some extent destroyed this feeling, and proved the truth of the poet's remark, that 'distance lends enchantment to the view.'

"When winter returned, I was again sent to school, and worked most assiduously at my lessons. I read Cæsar and Virgil, and once or twice attained the acme of my ambition—a *sine errore* version. But I knew that a *sine errore* version under my master was a different thing from one under that prince of Latin scholars, Dr. Melvin; and until one could come up to something like his scholars there was little hope of success. When the busy time returned, the teacher, seeing my anxiety, prevailed upon my master to allow me to go to his house at certain hours that suited him, and there he drilled me in the idiomatic peculiarities of the Greek and Latin languages. These were the happiest hours that ever I spent, and showed me the schoolmaster in a new light altogether—that of the kind-hearted, genial man. You will all admit that there seems to be nothing that delights a schoolmaster so much as the working up of young men for the college. Perhaps it reminds them of their own young days, and of their own hard struggles, and, more than all, it gives them an opportunity of pushing forward another in the intellectual world—a thing a Scotchman, and especially a Scotch schoolmaster, delights in.

"So passed the summer, and so drew near the month of October. I need not remind you that of all months in the year this has to us students the greatest significance. On it depends the fate of many a poor fellow: whether he will move forward or give up for ever the grand ideas that have floated

in his brain. I intended walking to college, as the greater number of our poor students do, but my kind master told me that as his son was going I could accompany him, and thus without any expense —a very important consideration to me—I was landed at the place where everything depended on myself. Though my teacher declared I had a very good chance, I was by no means sanguine of success, and I can assure you no one was more surprised than I when my name was called out, and 'Davie' informed me that I was the fortunate gainer of a bursary of the value of £15.

"You need not be told that I did not refuse it, or that I thanked, with grateful heart, a kind Providence for so signally answering my oft-repeated prayer, 'O, for a bursary!'"

"Your case, Macwhirter, is not a solitary one," said I. "Many hundreds could be brought forward of the same kind, far less fortunate than you."

"That is true, as I can prove in my own personal experience," said Hector. "I had many more difficulties to contend with than he, and was much longer before I gained the summit of my ambition. Like Macwhirter, my prayer—morning, noon, and night—was, 'O, for a bursary!' and each year as I heard of the fortunate few my determination to emulate them was still more confirmed. I am one of a large family, and from my earliest years have been inured to hard work. My father was a common labourer, and as I had at an early age to follow his occupation, you can easily suppose that, after a hard day's work, there was little inclination left for study. Nor was there much opportunity, for in a room with rather more than half-a-dozen children romping about, you can well understand that there could have been little

quietness for study. I was thus compelled, if I wished to improve myself, to study during the hours when the rest were steeped in slumber. So, often far into the night and morning would I sit, trying to master somewhat of that language which was the Open Sesame to all future eminence. But it was very hard and very disheartening work. By my parents I was scolded for sitting up to all hours of the night, wasting fire and light, and by my friends I was laughed and jeered at because I wished to make myself better than they. But what troubled me most of all was the want of books. I was too poor to buy them, and was thus compelled to obtain them as best I could by loan, so that often when I would be just beginning to see my way, the book would be taken away, and I would lose nearly all I had learned. Through the kindness of a friend who was going to college, I was presented with a Latin 'Rudiments,' a 'Delectus,' and 'Grammatical Exercises.' O, what wealth I seemed to possess when all these were mine! how many hours of the night did I pore over them and try to discover their hidden mysteries! But it was slow work, for I had no person to help me or show me where I was wrong, and I would often spend whole evenings trying to discover what a single hint would have at once cleared up. When the summer came, I was rather better off, for my kind friend who gave me the books helped me over many difficulties I could not alone surmount.

"But every day it was becoming more and more clear to me that it would be impossible to go on without some assistance, and so I determined to save as much money as would enable me to go to school for at least a quarter during the short days of winter, when our work was slackest. As my parents

objected to this very strongly, I had to save as much as would pay for my keep as well as my fees. The latter, thanks to our splendid parochial system of education, were not very great, as for a few shillings I could obtain a thorough knowledge of everything necessary for passing the Competition and gaining a bursary. I studied hard, and did not waste a single hour. I might have done more, but my comforts at home were very few, and every obstacle was thrown in my way by my parents, who thought that by this means they would prevail upon me to give up my project. When I look back upon that weary time, that time of severe trial caused by that arch-enemy of mankind, drink, I often wonder that my courage stood the test, and that I did not return to my old occupation. But no; I struggled on, and in the beginning of the summer removed to a neighbouring town.

"I was urged to this by the fact that wages were better there, that I was not comfortable at home, and because there was a schoolmaster in the place noted for the successful preparation of young men for the Competition. Early in the year I went to this place, worked hard all the summer, saved carefully every halfpenny, and at the beginning of the winter entered the school. There I really felt my deficiency, and how far behind the majority of the scholars I was, but instead of this damping me it only acted as a spur to further exertion. Day after day and night after night I toiled with patient care, and had the pleasure of seeing that it was not in vain. Gradually I made my way up in the class, and was doing remarkably well, when I was compelled to return to my old occupation. Another summer of hard work and hard study succeeded, and then I was again at school, and found I had not lost so very much.

Finding I was determined to push myself through, the schoolmaster obtained for me some private teaching, which enabled me to remain all the summer at school, and go up with the others to the Competition. With fear and trembling I went through the work, and when the declaration day came, I went home almost mad with joy, for was not I the fortunate gainer of a £12 10s. bursary, gained by myself, mind you, not by help from influential friends, but obtained by my own hard, intellectual toil? This may be something like boasting, but I think we, if any, have a right to be proud of our work. Many may think there is not much to boast of, but though my bursary is small, it is quite sufficient for my wants, along with the two bags of meal and potatoes and the barrel of herrings which I brought with me. Thus you see, Macwhirter, my case was even harder than yours."

"So I see."

"And what do you say, Gregor?" said I.

"Well, mine's just something of the same—a hard struggle with the world, and success at last. I also am the son of parents so poor that they could not, even if they would, have assisted me. With a family of six children, and such wages as a farm servant gets in the Highlands, you can well suppose that there would be little to spare for my education. And yet my parents were determined, at whatever cost, to give me an education such as would fit me to gain a bursary, and with this aim in view they denied themselves necessaries and almost all the luxuries of life. But they were not singular in this, for almost every well-disposed labourer's family in Scotland does the same, the great desire of every one being to see at least one of their sons 'wag his pow in a poopit.' In my efforts I was greatly assisted by the

schoolmaster, who, seeing my anxiety for knowledge and my willingness to work, offered to educate me for nothing, declaring that if I gained a bursary he would be well repaid for all his trouble. I need not tell you that this generous offer was as freely accepted as it was freely offered, or that I set to my work with a firm determination to succeed. Version after version was composed until I arrived at the magic words, '*sine errore*,' when my master, with a twinkle in his eye, would clap me on the shoulder and say, 'That's the way! Go on like that and you'll be certain to come in amongst the fortunate few.' Year after year this hard work continued without any intermission, and I was beginning to fear that the acme of my ambition was never to be gained. At last my master said that I could go up, and so, setting out, I walked the whole way to the Old Town and for the first time looked upon that Crown which has since had such tender associations for me. I was found amongst the list of competitors on the following Monday and Tuesday, and, when the eventful declaration day came, I was indeed surprised to hear myself declared the winner of a £16 10s. bursary. You may be sure that I immediately wrote off to my parents and the schoolmaster, and I have made it a point every Bursary day since to remit some money to my parents, who struggled so hard to make me what I am."

"That's right, Gregor. There is no doubt your heart is in the right place. I wish I had parents to whom I could do the same," said M'Kenzie. "Mine died when I was very young, for I was left an orphan when about two years old, and so became dependent on the bounty of strangers. My life has not been a particularly pleasant one, for those to whose care I was entrusted had a large family of

their own, and did not care to be burdened with me. You may be sure that I was early thrown upon my own resources, and that I learned to eat the bread of poverty. Like Mac there, I always had an inordinate craving for reading, and taxed the libraries of all the people round and round for books. But there were very few to be found in the houses of those with whom I was acquainted, and for a time I could not reach those of the schoolmaster or minister. By good luck, however, I by and by got to be serving-man to the latter, and he, noticing my desire, encouraged it, and supplied me with books of every kind, so that I acquired a good, general knowledge, and came to be looked upon among my companions as something beyond the common.

"About this time the Presbytery determined to open a side school in a destitute part of the district, and I was asked, at the instigation of the minister, to undertake the charge of it. I did so with fear and trembling, but I soon found that my knowledge was quite sufficient, and that all that was needed was a good acquaintance with the Gaelic and English, not forgetting the Shorter Catechism. I set to work with spirit, and in time managed to make a very good school. True, the fees were small, in many cases nothing; my whole income was not large, but quite sufficient for all my wants, even enabling me to lay past something for a future time.

"But, as I toiled on, a new ambition seized me—I must go to college. I therefore set to work to prepare myself in the subjects necessary for this, and was greatly assisted by the schoolmaster of my native parish. He was not, however, a very good scholar, and for many years had neglected his classical studies, being more inclined to be a worshipper of Bacchus than of any other ancient

god. After a certain point I obtained little assistance from him, and so was compelled to prosecute my studies alone. When I thought I was sufficiently prepared, I gave my pupils a week's holiday, and set out for the Competition. I went in, but, whenever I saw the first day's paper, I knew very well that I had not the least chance. However, I went through them all for the purpose of knowing how things were done. I waited for the declaration, and then trudged my weary way home again. By the following Monday I resumed my work, determined to struggle on for the prize which I had set before myself. Year after year I came, until my face was almost as familiar as Macalister's, and I was beginning to give way to despair. But two years ago, when my hope was faint and my heart failed within me, you can imagine the feeling of joy that shot through me when I found my name called out among the rest. My bursary is not large, only £10, but then, with the little I have saved and my school during the summer, it is enough for all my wants. You know these are not large or extravagant, and we all live in anything but palatial residences. But never mind. By pinching ourselves to-day we will manage to reap some future reward; and what greater reward can there be than to sit at the fountain-head of knowledge, and perhaps some day lay down the law to the whole of the people?"

"That's the thing, M'Kenzie. I hope we shall all have the pleasure of seeing that day."

"What surprises me most of all," said Fender, "is that you so willingly go back to your old occupations, however menial they are, after you have had some time at college, and often continue them to the end of the curriculum. I have known joiners work at their trade during the summer

months with the greatest pleasure, so as make as much as would keep them at college, and many of your countrymen are engaged in even much more laborious occupations."

"It is our love of learning that does it. We are not so fortunate as you in having many opportunities for the employment of our talents, and are glad to do anything to make a little money. You have heard the story of the Greek professor who met one of his best scholars acting the part of gillie to a party on the hills."

"Or the other, who fished for the herrings he used during the session."

"Or the one who was a stone-diker, and pored over his Latin books when he had a spare minute."

"Or the ploughman who spent the summer months in the arduous labours of a farm, and whose hours of study would therefore be indeed few."

"In fact, the number may be increased to any extent," said I, "and the lesson I draw from them all and from your stories is that the Scotchman *will* have knowledge, whatever difficulties may come in the way. The impulse of this struggle for college education is, of course, the grand system of open competition for bursaries, and no better proof could be brought forward for its efficiency. Just look upon our quadrangle on a Competition day. You will see Orcadians and Shetlanders; men from Caithness, Ross, and Cromarty; stalwart Highlanders from the western islands and the western counties; and young men from the favoured counties of Inverness, Nairn, Elgin, Banff, and Aberdeen. And from the south comes even the Sassenach to try his skill with his old opponent the Gael in a contest much more worthy of them both than those in which they engaged in days of old. I say again,

as I have said many a time before, our bursary system is the best that could have been invented, and, like Sancho Panza, I say, 'A blessing on the man who invented bursaries!'"

"Hear, hear," cried Lockhart. "Three cheers for Mac's speech. I think it is about the longest and most sensible I ever heard him make. And as none of the rest of our Highland friends seem inclined to favour us with autobiographic sketches, I will take the liberty of rising and proposing a toast. Therefore, gentlemen, before I do so, will you kindly fill your glasses; and, mind you, let us have no heel-taps—clean, empty glasses, with their heels in the air." Having re-filled, he continued, "I rise to propose the health of our illustrious host. To-night his original idea has given me such a treat as I have never before experienced. I have known, to some extent, the pleasure of making others happy, but our host will have the satisfaction of feeling that he has made us all happy for many a day to come, and broken down, to a very great extent, that barrier of rank which often stands between man and man. I, therefore, with the feelings of a brother, stretch my hand across the table to my friend Alister, and through him to all the rest, and give him the right hand of fellowship now and for ever. I shall endeavour to act towards him as a brother, and, if we are all spared till another year, I invite him and his companions to a supper party such as this, on the Saturday of Bursary week." ("Hear, hear.") "May we all be spared till then! Now, gentlemen, let me again propose the health of our illustrious host. May his kindness of heart never leave him, and may he always find as thankful guests as he has now. Mac's health, gentlemen, and no heel-taps!" and draining their glasses they turned them upside down.

When the noise had subsided, I thanked them for their kindness, and hoped that the good fellowship which had been commenced that night might be continued through life. "The more man knows of his fellow-man the more will he treat him as a brother. The great curse of past generations has been that there has existed such a gulf between class and class that one would suppose they could not have had originally the same progenitor—Father Adam. We would find more friends among the students if we would search for them, and let our selection be guided by talent, and not by position in society. And when we have found them, let us keep them, so that they may be as sunny memories of the past to us. We can ill afford to lose any of our friends in our journey through life, and I hope that those friendships made to-night may last for life, and that the pleasant evening we have spent may be remembered by us for many years. I can assure you that I have experienced intense pleasure in having you all here, and I hope that you have done the same. I see the clock warns us that the hours of another Sabbath are approaching. So, gentlemen, with your permission, we shall conclude the evening's enjoyment by singing 'Auld Lang Syne.'" And so, standing up round the table, hand linked in hand, we sang the strains of that song which has thrilled the memory chords of many a Scotchman's heart in far distant lands. This done, we bade each other "Good night," and went to our respective homes.

CHAPTER XXIV

Shon Campbell went to college,
The pulpit was his aim;
By day and night he ground, for he
Was Hielan', dour, and game.
The session was a hard one,
Shon flickered like a flame.

—*W. A. MacKenzie:*
Alma Mater, 9th May 1894.

In the course of our narrative we have several times had occasion to notice that, owing to the general desire for the highest education and the facilities afforded by our excellent bursary system, many of the students attending the University belonged to the artisan and labouring classes, and that these not unfrequently proved themselves more than a match for those belonging to higher grades in the social scale. Perhaps no better specimen of these successful aspirants could be given than Robert Macleod, and, as a somewhat melancholy interest is connected with his history, we here introduce his name and honour his memory by paying a passing tribute to his worth. Robert Macleod belonged to the same parish as my cousin, and, indeed, for some time resided under the same roof. His parents and friends were very poor, and from his earliest years he had been a son of toil. He was shy and shrinking, even to a fault, but possessed a spirit so independent that it might easily have been mistaken for pride. Manly in form and noble in mind, he was

KING'S COLLEGE BEFORE 1860.

From a Painting by Sam Bough, A.R.S.A.

a general favourite, and much esteemed by those whose good opinion was most to be desired. The manifestation of an honourable and not unreturned affection for a young lady, much his superior in worldly station, exposed him to some bitterly reproachful words from one of her relatives. Hence he became still more shy and independent, and resolved still more firmly to raise himself out of his humble condition. Through much privation and perseverance, and by means of his own good talents and a little assistance from my cousin, he was able to secure a bursary. With his foot once upon the academic ladder, he rapidly made the ascent; but penury and incessant toil had undermined his bodily health, and it soon became evident to all that the laurels he had won he would never live to wear. With the utmost delicacy, some comforts had from time to time been placed within his reach, by my cousin and one or two female friends; but, towards the close of his last session, it seemed absolutely necessary that he should be removed to better lodgings, subjected to better nursing, and treated to better fare, if his life were to be prolonged even for a few months. His medical adviser was consulted, and the requisite arrangements made; but the removal of poor Macleod turned out a much more difficult matter than was at first anticipated. The doctor mooted the subject one night, but met with a decided refusal. He said nothing further at the time, but allowed what he had said to have some impression upon him, strengthening this by occasional remarks on the deleterious effects upon the constitution of rooms improperly aired and situated near the roof. Macleod, however, would take no hint, and the doctor began to fear that he was not to gain his point so easily as he had at

first imagined. Three days after the first hint, he again mentioned the subject, and met with as decided a refusal as before. But this only acted as a stronger impulse to him. He saw that there was some strong reason for the refusal, and he determined to overcome it at whatever cost.

"The fact is," said he, "I must have you out of this place, else I will not ensure your life much longer."

"I do not think there is more danger of it here than anywhere else."

"I tell you there is. If a man is determined to commit suicide, it is the duty of those who are near to prevent him. And I mean to do so."

"But I do not see that I am doing so."

"That's the way with all patients. They never see that there is anything the matter with themselves, when others see them dying. Now, look you here, I will have you out of this whether you are willing or not. I do not want to pry into your secrets, or to try to find out your reasons for remaining in this abominable garret. All I know is, that I have found better rooms for you at the same price, and that your landlady will be willing to let you go."

"You have, then, been prying into my secrets."

"I have not," said the doctor, rather sharply. "I, from past experience, know pretty well what this place costs you, and I know that the kind heart of your landlady will not refuse to forgo this."

"But I do not intend to ask her."

"I never said you did. I shall do the whole of that, and you will and must remain a passive agent."

"I will do no such thing. In this place I will remain for the rest of the session. It is not very long now."

"True, but the most important part of it has yet to come—the examinations. Now, you may care little for these," said the doctor, with a sly glance at his companion, "but I do, and if you wish to have yourself in proper condition for them, and if you have any desire to carry off the Mathematical and Natural Philosophy prizes you must attend a little more closely to my orders."

This seemed to stagger him a little. After a pause, he said, "I have managed it here before, and I do not see why I should not do it again."

"But I do. You have had a very serious attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, and a disregard of my orders might be attended with serious results."

"I do not think it is quite so bad as that."

"You are quite welcome to think of it as you please. I know the state of matters, and that is sufficient."

"But you are not aware that it is impossible for me to leave this place. I must remain here."

"There is no *must* when your life is in the balance."

"But I tell you there is, and you do not know it."

"I have told you already I do not want to pry into your private matters. Keep them to yourself, but obey my orders."

"But I assure you I cannot do so without seriously injuring myself."

"You injure yourself more by remaining here."

"But you do not understand."

"I do not want to understand. Your rooms are waiting for you, and I would advise you to prepare for a removal at once, as the longer you delay the more you will have to pay, for, after to-morrow, you will have both rooms to pay for," and the doctor watched him through the corner of his eyes.

"But this was taking a liberty with me to which you had no right," said he, pulling himself up to his full height and looking indignant. "I never commissioned you to do so."

"I know that, and, what is more, knew that you would never do so, and therefore did it of my own accord. Had I waited until you had told me, I should have had to wait till doomsday."

"But I do not like this way of going to work," said he, looking up into the face of the doctor, which was stern and fierce.

"I don't care whether you do or not. You know as well as I that when people are incapable of looking after things themselves, other people have to do it. Now, you could not look out for lodgings, and so I did." A pause. "I can assure you they did not cost me much trouble, so you need not be cudgelling your brains to find out how many hours I have spent in the search. They came unasked, and are the very thing I wanted." Another pause. "I am perfectly certain that you will like them, and that they will do you a great deal of good. They are light and airy, and will be of very great assistance to you in the preparation for the examinations."

"Where are they?"

"In Silver Street."

"Where?" inquired he, pricking up his ears.

"In Silver Street," replied the doctor, as unconcerned as possible, but certain that he suspected something.

"And what number, may I ask?"

"Really, I cannot tell, but, as far as I can judge, it is about the middle of the street."

"I see it all. You want me to live on the charity of another," and he rested his head on his hand and looked intently on the floor.

"You judge me very harshly, I must say. Have you such a mean opinion of me as to think that I would be guilty of such an action? I hope I have as much respect for myself, and you, as to be above it, and must say that you are very ungenerous even to mention it," and the doctor in his pretended indignation rose and paced about the room.

"Forgive me," said Macleod, after a pause, and in an altered tone, "I so far forgot myself as to be ungentlemanly and to overlook the many acts of kindness which you have shown me. But you know not how it cuts me to the quick when I think that I have been indebted to anyone. I wish to stand alone, and to push myself through the world by my own exertions."

"Which you cannot do. That doctrine is the most foolish and injurious that could be fostered in the mind of any man, and in no class is it so predominant as among students. Why, what are you made of more than the rest of mankind that you should stand by yourself, and look down upon all the rest of creation? Are you any better than we—than all the people, rich and poor, who would stretch out a helping hand to pass you over your difficulties? I can assure you, you are labouring under a great delusion when you think you are thus acting independently. Every member of society is so bound to the other and all the rest that he cannot stand like a single unit, unaffected and unaffecting others. It is an idea only to be found in the brains of such young men as you, whose pride is often their ruin."

"But I have been too much indebted to that party already, and I do not want to be so any more."

"O, you want to make your condition known to others, do you?" A wince. "Very well, you can do so; but I must say it does not show a very

independent spirit." Another wince. "Of all the young men I have met, he has the tenderest heart, of which you have had experience." Another wince. "With him, and under his care, you would be sure to get better, and soon be fit for work. I only wish I had had such an offer when I was at college. I am certain I would not have refused it, though I believe I had a good deal of that false independence with a superabundance of which you are blessed. Besides, are you such a boor that you do not feel the least gratitude to those young ladies for taking such an interest in you? I really thought you had more of the gentleman in you."

"It's not that, sir; it's not that."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"Another thing altogether."

"Well, what is that other thing? Pride, abominable pride! Why, there is nothing in the world that does us so much harm as this false pride, which bristles up its back every time it sees anyone from real kindness of heart try to do a good action to another. It is enough to destroy all charity, all love towards one's neighbours; which, I believe, is one of the things strongly inculcated in the Bible."

"You look at it in a wrong light."

"No; I do not. It is you who do that. Do you not give me credit for knowing a little more of the world than you—of having seen more of the ways of men? Now, I have seen many of the same way of thinking as you, and after years of mingling with the world, they have learned that this solitary style of theirs was a curse rather than a blessing. Many a one has said so to me, and I have felt it in my own experience; and it can hardly be otherwise in the like of you. Here you sit in your study, with no companion but your books, knowing nothing of the

outer world or of the amenities which help to make up the gentleman. Everything is done by your own exertions, and you come to think that there is nobody in the world like you. It is nothing but conceit—abominable conceit, sir," and the doctor fumed in his ire.

"That is a rather hard name for it."

"It is no such thing. Look what it produces. Does it not make men and ministers that are not fit to mingle in respectable society. They get so bound up in their books, and so forgetful of the outer world, that when they come into society they make such figures and look so awkward that everybody wishes them out of it. They are not only uncomfortable themselves, but they make others uncomfortable also."

"That is rather severe. You do not find this always the case."

"True; but look around you and you will see that I am not very far wrong. Trace it back to its source and you will find that I am right. You get so immersed in your books and your study that you look upon the claims of society as *nil*. This is wrong: every clergyman, you know, ought to be a gentleman."

"And so he is, for his education makes him so."

"Ay, there's your false reasoning. Education may, and does make a gentleman, but only if the person getting it learns also to behave himself like a gentleman. Would you call that man a gentleman who did not know how to conduct himself in society?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, you know as well as I do that the majority of you students, and of course our future ministers, look like fish out of the water when asked to breakfast or dine with your professors or any of your betters. You know also that the blunders made are retailed and laughed at for many a day afterwards.

But let these alone just now. I intend being this way in the afternoon, and will take you down in my carriage to your new quarters."

"O, but I must think a little about it first."

"Pride, abominable pride, again! I will not allow any such thing. You must at once obey my orders, and if you are not very refractory you will not find me a hard taskmaster. As to your fellow-lodger—I do not say friend, for he has proved to be that long ago—I would advise you to get over any feeling against him as soon as possible. It is very ungenerous, and unworthy of a gentleman. You will find him the very best companion for you—lively, frank, and generous to a fault. Cultivate his acquaintanceship and that of his family, and do not refuse any of the dainties they send you, for they will do you more good than anything else. And, try, once for all, to get over that foolish pride which helps to mar so many fine men. Contact with the world—a world somewhat higher than yourself—will soon do away with this, though it is an enemy that fights long and bravely. And now I must be off. Good morning! Be ready at four o'clock and I'll be at the door. Pack up all your books and articles of value, and we will send some one for them afterwards. Good morning! and remember the lecture," and the doctor was gone.

That afternoon Macleod was installed in his new quarters, much to the satisfaction of the doctor and my cousin, though not of himself. He seemed to feel that he had been shorn of his independence, and that therefore he had some reason for being sulky. But my cousin, glad and proud of having him in his rooms, paid no attention to his coldness of manner, assured that in time it would wear off. He did not, however, allow himself to be settled there without a strong protest.

"You must know," said he, "that it is very much against my will that I came here. I hate to intrude upon the privacy of anyone's rooms."

"You are by no means intruding upon mine. You, of all men, are most welcome."

"Thank you," said he, stiffly. "It was the doctor that forced me—in fact, brought me here against my will. On him be the blame."

"I certainly place it on his shoulders, not on yours. But no doubt the change will be for your good."

"Perhaps so. I liked my old garret better than I'll like any other place, and I am sorry to leave it. Besides, these rooms are too fine and expensive for one in my position."

"As to the fineness, that is a matter of opinion; and the expense must be something like what you have been accustomed to. But the doctor will explain all that to you."

"I shall most certainly see about it at once, and if they are much the same as mine, I must have been cheated, or the doctor, you, and your landlady have formed a conspiracy to cheat me."

Some days afterwards my cousin was surprised by his saying, "I suppose you all think me a dreadful boor, a very ungrateful and thankless fellow, without the slightest spark of gratitude in his soul. If you do, you are as much mistaken in me as I have been in you."

"I can assure you I never had such a thought in my head."

"I feel just now as if the ice were melting away from under me, and that the whole fabric of my independence is being undermined and brought to the ground. Would not you, when you saw your pet scheme crumbling to ruins, become angry?"

"I am sure I would."

"Well then, *I* am. I say to myself, now and then, that they have no right to use me thus; they have no claim to make me leave my garret, and take up comfortable quarters here; they have no right to try to make me better."

"You are rather hard on yourself, I think."

"Thus do I reason in my pride," continued he, not heeding the interruption, "forgetting that even the simple law of kindness condemns me, and that the higher law of God, love to our neighbour, most assuredly orders us to treat our neighbours as ourselves. I should think that is a very hard thing to do."

"Rather."

"We students in general are a set of boors," said he abruptly, after a pause.

"Not so bad as that, I hope. We are rough, but in many cases we do not mean it. Man, generally, is like a piece of rock broken off from the parent mass. He has sharp angular points which are noticeable and keen. Contact with the world and mingling among his own species are like the waves of the ocean, rubbing down the rough angularities and making him smooth and presentable. You cannot smooth a man in solitude or in the precincts of his study. There he rubs against nothing but self; and so a rough diamond he will remain till he meet with others who will polish him."

"But we consider that as so much time wasted."

"Just so; and that's where I find fault with the most of you hard-working students. You think the pursuits of others so trifling as to deserve no notice, and to be beneath the dignity of a scholar. You have no consideration for the feelings and the ways of those different from you. It is a great mistake. Many are as truly fulfilling their end in life, the duty God has set before them, as you, bending over your

midnight oil. The despised of earth are often the most admired in heaven. The most of us, from the fact of our positions being made by our own exertions, are full of pride, self-esteem, and a too ready desire to form hasty opinions regarding others differently situated from ourselves."

"That was just what the doctor was saying the other day."

"I am glad to hear he is of my opinion. Mine I have gathered from what I see around me; for though I am a student, and proud of the honour, yet I am not altogether blind to the faults common in student life."

"One of these is gracelessness. You will not find a dozen among us who really look upon their future in life in a serious and proper light."

"I am afraid you are correct there."

"Look at me: I started in life with the determination to get to college for the purpose of, some time in the future, preaching to my fellow-men. During all these years I have been here I have seldom thought of the great responsibility of my future profession, and, except as regards my college work, made no preparation for it. I thought it was time enough to think of that when I came to the Divinity classes."

"I am afraid we must trace this to our system of education, to the fact that young men are *made* ministers, instead of being allowed to follow the bent of their own inclinations."

"But mine was a spontaneous choice."

"True, and on that account yours is a peculiar case. I think all the rest will be traceable to that craving which every Scotch father has to see his son 'wag his pow in a poopit.' They send them to college whether or not they have any special aptitude or

'calling' for the office of the ministry, and hence the fact of your having so many who do not trouble themselves about the spiritual welfare of the masses. They look upon the profession of a minister in exactly the same light as the world does upon the professions of Law and Medicine—a source or means of livelihood."

"But the Church, at least in Scotland, can never be put in comparison with the professions of Law and Medicine as a means of income."

"No, most certainly not; but it has a position which neither of these has, and which is particularly pleasing to the Scottish mind."

"O, yes; there is no doubt we are a priest-ridden people—a people afraid of our parsons."

"There is no great harm in that, I think, provided they are not blind leaders of the blind."

"But I am afraid there are a good many of these, for we do not find very many great men among them at present. There were far more in a past generation."

"Don't you think we are apt to disparage the present and overrate the past? Not that I think we can overrate such men as made this town famous in the end of the last century. They were great, and will ever remain so."

"But I find, among ministers of the present day, so much narrow-mindedness and bigotry that it almost drives one from the profession."

"No doubt the old were the same, even those very men whose fame has shed a halo of glory around our University. I am afraid that in this they are too like students generally," said my cousin smiling: "unwilling to believe there is anything worth thinking about out of their own circle. The boy is father of the man. It is not to be expected

that men altogether free from prejudice could be manufactured out of the materials which we have here every year. Our specimens are generally of the rough diamond sort."

"No doubt: but the real, genuine, unsophisticated article, fit to be polished into the finest Koh-i-noor."

"Perhaps so, but I am sorry to say that we do not often come upon them in their clear and polished state."

"I think you are prejudiced against them, and speak rather severely. In our own college, and among the graduates, you will find a number of specimens who will bear a favourable comparison with those of any other university. It has to be remembered that we have a greater proportion of students from the lower ranks than any other. But, after all, the annals of our college will not disgrace us."

"By no means, nor do I wish even to insinuate such a thing. It is our glory and boast that we have done for the poor man what other universities have done for the rich and titled. But there is an ease and polish which one brought up from his youth in the best society always has, and which we, let us be ever so careful, can never acquire. It is this I refer to, and this that we want."

"It is a refinement which I do not particularly desire, and which, I think, I can do without."

"Perhaps so, but it is well that all are not of the same opinion. Like our education, it is easily carried about with us, and never offends, like the opposite."

CHAPTER XXV

There was a sound of revelry by night!
* * * *
On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd.
—*Byron: "Childe Harold," III, xxi.*

"I SAY, coz, did you ever hear the story of the Professor of Signs?"

"No, never. What is it about? Did he belong to our college?"

"So they say, but I cannot tell you anything about him. I heard a joke at his expense yesterday in the classroom, and, as it created very much merriment, I was anxious to know the particulars."

"I'll wager any money Lockhart will know it. He's quite an authority as regards college matters. Let us go and see him and get the story. I hope he will not be out, for precious few students are found in their cribs on Saturday evening."

"Let us go at once, then, before it be too late."

Acting upon this suggestion we went forth, bent our steps to his quarters, and were fortunate enough to find him in.

"Just about to absquatulate, my friends. Five minutes longer and you would have found the bird flown."

"We were afraid of that, and were the more anxious, because we came to consult you about something."

"Nothing serious or heavy I hope, for I hate to

think of anything of that kind on a Saturday. My week's work is over, and I like to feel at ease."

"No, no; it's by no means of a heavy nature, and is entirely in your line. Something antiquarian, I believe. But I'll let Mac speak for himself."

"Well, Mac, what is it?"

"I heard a joke yesterday about the Professor of Signs, which created a great deal of laughter, but which I could get nobody to explain properly. They enjoyed the joke, though they could not give a reason for it."

"Ah, I see. Too often the case in this world—the multitude follow the few, particularly if the few are of any note. I think, however, I can give you full particulars, which may perhaps clear up the joke to you. It is said to have taken place in the reign of James VI. of Scotland, and shortly after he had removed to London to fill the seat of his illustrious predecessor, Elizabeth. The Spanish Ambassador—a man of great learning, but, like many others, 'wi' a bee in his bonnet'—had the idea that in every university there should be a Professor of Signs, whose duty should be the making men of various countries to understand each other by signs, thus doing away with the tedious and laborious process of learning different languages. This would be very nice, I must say, and would save us poor mortals a good deal of labour."

"There would be no grinding needed then. That would suit Fender to a T."

"And many another one, too." In fact, it would be jolly. Just think of sitting opposite to 'George,' Fuller, or 'Davie,' and understanding everything at once from their motions, or just, as it were, from 'the turn of the wrist.' What a saving that would be of the midnight oil."

"It is too good to be true."

"Don't condemn the Professor, or rather the Ambassador, unheard. Wait till you hear the whole of the story, and then pass your judgment."

"Well, go on, old fellow."

"As I was saying, the Ambassador had this crotchet, and used to pester everybody with it. One day he was lamenting to the King this great and important deficiency in our university education, declaring that he could not understand how it should have been so long overlooked. The King, who was as fond of a joke as he was of cock-a-leekie, said that he laboured under a very great mistake in supposing that this important branch of education had been entirely forgotten in this country, for in the most northerly of all his universities there was a Professor of Signs, whose fame was very great."

"'And where may that be?' inquired the Ambassador.

"'At Aberdeen, some six hundred miles off, and too far for you to travel.'

"'Though it were ten thousand leagues off I'll go and see him, and prove the truth of his fame. Such a man is not to be found every day, and I will at once set out for this place, however remote it may be.'

"The King, seeing he had 'put his foot in it,' as we say, and finding he could not very well back out, wrote to the Principal of our University an account of the matter, advising him of the Ambassador's coming, and desiring the professors to put him off the best way they could. The Ambassador arrived almost at the same time as the letter, and presented himself at the University before they had concocted any plan. As it happened to be the college recess, the professors thought to put him off by saying that the Professor of Signs had gone to the Highlands, and that it was

perfectly impossible for them to say when he would return. The Ambassador assured them that, having come so far, he was willing to wait any length of time to see this extraordinary person, whose fame had extended so far as London. He would therefore do them the honour of staying until such time as the Professor should return, and, after the interview, depart, carrying the account of the place and the Professor to his native country.

"Seeing that he would remain so long, and cost them so much money, they managed to contrive a plan by which they gratified, as well as got rid of, their enforced guest. There was a 'souter,' some say a butcher, named Geordie, who lived in the Old Town, blind of an eye, noted for his waggery and quickness of repartee. One of the professors, meeting him, explained the dilemma in which they were placed, and said that they did not know what to do. Geordie, ready for any sort of fun, declared that if they would entrust the matter to him, he would undertake to send the Ambassador away pleased with his visit, and brimful of information, to his native country.

"At their wits' end, and glad of any opportunity of sending their guest away, they granted Geordie's request, particularly enjoining him not to speak, as that would be sure to spoil the whole matter. Dressed in professorial robes and a flowing wig, Geordie was placed in a chair of state in one of the rooms of the college, adjoining which was the reception-room, into which the Ambassador was ushered. He hurriedly entered, declaring that he was delighted to hear that the Professor had unexpectedly arrived from the Highlands, and that he hoped that an interview might be granted him immediately. The professors, after some remarks

of a general nature, informed him that the Professor of Signs was in the adjoining room waiting his appearance. The Ambassador, entering, walked up and took a keen survey of Geordie's features, which he bore with the greatest equanimity. Suddenly he shoved one of his hands into his pocket, and producing an orange held it up to the bright eye of Geordie. The 'souter,' nothing daunted, thrust his hand into the pocket of his coat and produced a piece of oaten cake, which he held up to the surprised and delighted Ambassador. While they were thus gazing at each other, the Ambassador, replacing the orange in his pocket, held up one finger, on which Geordie held up two. The Ambassador then held up three, on which Geordie clenched his hand and held it sternly in the air. On seeing this, the Ambassador smiled in a most gratified manner, bowed most profoundly, and left the presence of the pretended professor.

"On entering the room where the professors were anxiously awaiting his return, he held up his hands and declared that their Professor of Signs was a perfect miracle, and worthy of having come much further to see. 'When I entered the room,' said he, 'and looked carefully at him, I drew from my pocket an orange and held it up before him, signifying the richness of the country from which I came. He promptly put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a piece of oaten cake, showing me that his country was better than mine, for it produced bread, the staff of life. I then held up one finger, meaning that there was only one God. He held up two, showing that there were two persons in the Godhead. I held up three, meaning that there were three persons in the Godhead. He clenched his hand to show that the three were one.'

"On the departure of the Ambassador, delighted with his interview, Geordie was called in to give his version of the story. 'The scamp,' said Geordie very indignantly, 'fat dee ye think did he dee? He cam' forret an' stared in my face as gin I hid been a forren loon like himsel'. Aifter this piece o' impidence he shoved his han' intil his pooch, an' pu'in' oot an orange held it up afore me, as much as to say, 'Yer peer country canna produce that!' I shoved my han' intil my pooch, an' pu'd oot a daud o' oat cake an' held it up, daurin' him to show onything like that. Then, fat dee ye think did the rascal dee? He held up ae finger, meanin' that I hid only ae e'e. I held up twa, meanin' that he hid only twa. He then held up three, meanin' that there was only three atween's. I then clenched my han', an' wis in sic a rage that gin he hidna gaen oot o' the room pretty quick I wid hae knocket oot baith his blinkers'."

My cousin and I laughed heartily at Geordie's rendering of the Ambassador's signs, and then I said, "So much for two ways of reading a story. Many things are often done in the same way. Mistakes are generally made through people misunderstanding one another, or playing at cross purposes."

"Yes, you remember what Burns says—

> O wad some Power the giftie gie us
> To see oursel as ithers see us!
> It wad fae mony a blunder free us,
> An' foolish notion.

Had the Ambassador known that there was such a different rendering of his signs, and that the professors and Geordie were laughing heartily at the way in which they had played upon his favourite foible, he would not have departed so well pleased with himself and with his visit to the pretended Professor of Signs."

"No doubt King James would laugh heartily at it, too."

"That is, if he ever heard of it," said my cousin. "For my part, I believe it may be traced to some wag who wanted to concoct a good story about the professors."

"O, yes; that's your way always," said Lockhart: "throwing doubt upon matters that have been most assuredly believed among us students for centuries. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Yes, he ought," replied I.

"For my part, I believe every word of it," continued Lockhart, with a queer twinkle in his eye. "And now, when you have obtained all your information, what do you intend doing?"

"Going for a stroll, I suppose."

"By the way," said Lockhart, "what do you say to go to the 'Lobby'?"

"What is that?" inquired I.

"Hear him again! I don't think you will ever get over your greenness or Bajeantdom. Don't you know the 'Lobby'?"

"No, I do not, though it seems I ought to be ashamed to say it."

"You ought, my boy, for every student at your *Alma Mater* is expected to be a member of it. Come along to Fender's, and I will tell you all about it as we go. I promised to call there and go with him, for I believe there is to be some fun to-night."

We went out and soon arrived at Fender's. He was ready, waiting for us, and so we set out for that old place, arm-in-arm, as students generally go. It was a clear, frosty night, the stars shining brightly from the deep blue of heaven, the crescent moon slowly rising and dimming the light of the weaker constellations. The ground, feeling the frost, crunched

beneath our feet as we paced along with light steps and joyous hearts to the old spot that was associated with so many sunny memories. As we began to leave the houses and the more crowded streets, I said to Lockhart, "Now let me have your account of the 'Lobby'."

"But, seriously," said he, "do you know nothing about it?"

"Not a thing. You must remember that, though I am fond of fun, I am not one that enters into it indiscriminately or with anyone that I meet. I may be free and easy with you and the rest of our friends, but I am reserved with strangers. Besides, I have a wholesome fear of students' pranks."

"But there is nothing of the kind here. It is real, good, innocent fun, and first-class fun, too."

"It is curious I had not heard of it before."

"Rather, but it is to be attributed to your keeping yourself so much by yourself. However, you will be initiated into the mysteries to-night, and if you don't enjoy them I will be very much surprised."

"And, pray, what is it?"

"Nothing else but a dancing school, presided over by nobody, or, more properly speaking, by the elder students, with John Ross as fiddler."

"A dancing school!" cried I, in surprise.

"Well, properly speaking, a dancing party among the students themselves, for you must know that no ladies are allowed to enter its sacred precincts, unless they are smuggled in by some means unknown to the sacrist."

"It is the first time I ever heard of a dancing party without ladies. It seems to be a perfect anomaly."

"So it would have been anywhere else but among students, fond of music and dancing. It has thriven

for hundreds of years, and is not likely soon to die a natural death. How it originated is lost amid the mists of antiquity, but one chronicler—whose name I at present forget—says that the great founder of our University, being fond of the same amusement in his youth, and finding it an excellent counteractive to the evils produced by prolonged sedentary habits, insisted that the students should, once a week, devote one hour to this pastime. Others declare—but it is needless to inform you that they are those who are opposed to all innocent amusements—that it is a relic of old pagan mythology, and that it can be traced to the dancing at the festivals of the god Bacchus. I am afraid that this idea must have arisen from the fact that a number of the students, after the party is over, meet together and pour out copious libations to that heathen deity."

"There is no doubt in my mind that this is the real cause of that idea."

"There is not much expense connected with it, the annual subscription being only one shilling, which is expended on candles, and John Ross, the fiddler, already mentioned. The room we, of course, receive for nothing, it having been expressly stipulated by the original founder that 'in all time coming the students should have the use of the "Lobby," free, gratis, and for nothing, for the healthful and pleasant recreation of dancing.' I forget the original Latin, but it is something to that effect."

"I am afraid the ancient chronicler is a mere myth of your own imagination."

"As I said before," continued he, paying no attention to my interruption, "none but students are allowed to go there. Some may suppose from this that the original founder must have had a grudge against the fair sex, and in this manner vented his

indignation against them. But from all the research I have expended upon the matter I find that this is a calumny upon him, and that he was an excellent man, fond of his toddy, and by no means opposed to the blandishments of the fairer part of creation."

"Just so. Does your ancient chronicler specify these facts?"

"I, therefore," said he, regardless of my question, "had to look around for some other cause, and soon discovered it in the ancient records connected with this place. It was some old, strict, and cold-hearted professor who caused the law to be passed precluding the appearance of any fair beauties within the precincts of the 'Lobby.' But, between you and me, they pretty often appear there, though in such a guise that even the lynx-eyed sacrist cannot detect them. And woe betide him if he dared to show his face within the hallowed precincts of the ball-room!"

"I suppose he would not care about doing it a second time?"

"I should think not. The threat of 'Downie' would be enough. But to proceed. I would not be acting the part of a true chronicler did I not give you another reason for the exclusion of the ladies, not so much to the credit of the students. In the records I have mentioned, the presence of such were often chronicled, and tradition says that the fairest beauties of the Old Town, and also of the neighbouring seaport—not to mention many of the professors' daughters—graced the 'Lobby' with their presence and lighted up the dim walls with their brilliant eyes. But on a sudden there comes a hiatus—and it is said that this was caused by the extraordinary increase in certain statistics for which this county is famous and which I need not particularize here."

"All right, old boy, I understand."

"This was thought to give the death-blow to the 'Lobby.' But they were mistaken. Like Minerva, who sprang from the head of Jupiter when it was cleft, so the ram-reels sprang from the blow which was thought to completely annihilate this dancing party of the students. Since that time it has been famous for them, and I hope will continue to be for many years to come. They are peculiar to us, and I think will please you. You can have no idea how glorious it is to be whisked through the air by an arm stronger than your own, and to hear the loud shouts of the performers as they gesticulate in their wild, Highland manner. You might consider it a dull affair, but just wait a little, and your opinion will be completely changed. But here we are at the college gate, and you will soon be able to judge for yourself."

We entered, passed under the archway, and stood within the quadrangle. Turning to the right, we walked under the colonnades, entered the door which led to the Moral Philosophy classroom, and ascended the stairs. Broken and worn were they, for many a student's foot had trod them in the days when they lived within the precincts of the college, and when they mounted to their rooms which branched off on either side. The banister creaked and groaned as we occasionally came against it in the darkness, and door after door of the silent rooms was thrown open as we stumbled against them on the turns of the stairs, out of which came cold, musty gusts of wind, telling us of emptiness and dust. Through the windows, which lighted the staircase, could be seen the lamps of the Old Town and the bright glare which surrounded the more modern and busier part. Tumble after tumble we had, to the great amusement of us all, but slowly and surely we made our way

upwards, the exact spot of our search being made known to us by a thundering noise which shook the whole building. Higher and higher we climbed, until we reached the very top of the building, and then, leaning against the wall, we drew our breath before opening the door and taking part in the mysteries.

Fully recovered from our breathlessness, we gently opened the door and entered. "Never till life and memory perish" can we forget that sight, though the whole of its features could not be taken in at one glance owing to the dimness of the light. In the centre of the room were a number of excited students in the full swing of that famous dance, the "Reel o' Tulloch." Through its windings they went with hearty good-will, their hob-nailed brogues coming down with all the force of a stalwart leg upon the wooden floor and emitting a sound that was almost deafening. To this must be added the wild cries and "hoochs" of the dancers as they caught hold of each other's arms and swung round in eddying circles that almost seemed to mock the eye to follow. Again and again was this done, the hob-nailed boots coming down every now and then more fiercely on the floor, and the fun becoming more fast and furious as John Ross quickened the music and approached the end. And, as he drew a final stroke across the fiddle-strings, the deafening noise suddenly ceased, and the dancers took their seats, some leading their partners in mock gentility to their places and retiring with a most elaborate bow, which elicited shouts of laughter.

Taking a seat we looked around. At one end was the orchestra, the only performer in which was John Ross, than who no better ever drew a bow. Though the light is dim, you can perceive he is blind

from the manner in which he moves his head and rolls his eyes. And that music—those intermediate pieces with which John used to regale us—could be played only by one whose ear was quickened by the loss of his eyesight. Dear old John, you have gone the way of all the earth, and given place to others, like that famous "Lobby" which your presence and fiddle so often graced and made hilarious! Rough benches were ranged round the room, on which the students sat and chatted in the most free and easy manner, altogether unlike the school of the real dancing master. No doubt there was some master of ceremonies, generally one of the Magistrands, but the students seemed to take their cue from John Ross, who, from long practice, could give them exactly what they wanted. Even as he sits, the Celt cannot keep his feet from moving and keeping time to the music that comes from that most exciting of all instruments, the fiddle, and in time all begin to follow, and there is an improvised and well-kept-up beat of the feet as the music goes on. Suddenly it changes into another reel, and there is a movement among the students. Each rushes to the other, and tries to get a partner and a place. I am suddenly called to my senses by seeing Lockhart standing before me, bowing in the most elaborate manner, and requesting the favour of my company to the next reel.

I rise, take the place of the lady, and before I fully recover myself am in the full whirl of the dance. Backwards and forwards, round and round we go, thrashing the floor with our feet and trying who can make the most noise, while every now and then we utter wild whoops not unworthy of American Indians. Faster and faster goes the music, faster and faster go the feet of the dancers,

the perspiration standing in beads on our brows or streaming down our faces. But little we care for that. On, on with the dance, is our cry. Let joy be unconfined, for there is only one hour of it, and we must take as much out of it as possible. And we did, dancing wildly as only Highlanders can dance, or those who do it from a spirit of downright opposition. Perfectly breathless, I was handed to my seat by Lockhart, who politely bowed his adieus.

Another and another followed, and then came the summons for departure. After a reel danced with the most tremendous noise and fiendish yelling, the "Lobby" closed, the greater part bursting pell-mell from the room, making their way downstairs laughing, knocking, and tumbling over each other. Taking it a little more leisurely, we descended, holding aloft one of the candles which we had taken from the room. Carefully led by some of the Magistrands, John Ross was helped down the stairs and conducted to his home. As we came out from the door and passed from under the colonnades into the quadrangle, we could not but admire the beauty of the evening. The moon shed her pale light upon one side of the square, illuminating the windows and rooms where the students formerly resided, and throwing the shadows of the colonnades all over the broken pavement within, while on the opposite side the old chapel stood in darkness, and the grey, old tower, with its escutcheoned wall and time-honoured Crown, looked down upon the scene.

We passed out and away, feeling the reverence inspired by the sight. A hoary head is a crown of glory, and thine, O tower, is glorious to me, and venerated not only for what thou hast seen and heard, but also for the golden memories which the

sight or thought of thee awakens of those sunny days of manhood's prime now for ever fled!

Thou art the same, but ah, how changed! The outline remains, but many of those things which cling around our memories and raise our wild laughter when we meet with an old college chum are gone. And one of these that has at last sunk into the past is the "Lobby" in the dimly-lighted garret at the top of the students' staircase. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

CHAPTER XXVI

Yet the cards they were stock'd
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shock'd
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

—*Bret Harte.*

ONE evening I went to Francis Gellie's room and found a number of students assembled, all watching with eager eyes the motions of my friend. He seemed to be about some of those legerdemain tricks which are practised by such people as Professor Anderson, for he had what appeared to be a magic wand in his hand, which he kept moving in the air over a book which lay before him. Unable to discover what he was about, I whispered to one who was near me, "What's up?"

"Taking the omens," said he.

"Taking the omens," returned I; "what do you mean by that?"

"O, he's taking the omens to see where 'George's' or the Greek Professor's examinations are to be."

"And which is he after just now?"

"The Greek Professor's I believe, for that is a 'Homer' lying before him. But listen; watch him: he seems now about to find the place."

I did so, and while I watched him I called to mind that my friend in one of his jokes had taken the omen his first year at college, and having

happened upon the very piece, was encouraged to try it again, when luck again favoured him. From his successful hitting the mark on two occasions, his taking the omens was to a certain extent believed in by the lazier portion of the students, and he had been called upon by some of the Bageants to attempt it now: hence the concourse of students in his room.

There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he waved his hand backwards and forwards, pointing first to the east and then to the west, and looking in every direction to see if the omens were favourable. Not by the flight of birds, not by the feeding of chickens, not by the barking of dogs, not by the sneezing of any of the company did he draw his inferences and prognostics of the future, but by some internal mental calculation far beyond the comprehension of any of those present. His dress consisted of what seemed to me an old gown of his landlady's which being thrown over his shoulder in a peculiar manner gave it somewhat the appearance of a *toga prætexta*, the insignia of a Roman priest. He kept continually muttering something in the Latin tongue, which none of us nor perhaps he himself understood, while he waved in the air the *lituus* or wand, curved at the end to make it resemble the badge of office belonging to the ancient augurs. Gradually the wand became stationary and he ceased turning over the leaves of the book which lay before him, and then, moving gradually downwards, the wand fell upon the book with a sharp rap.

As soon as this happened the students crowded forward to see and judge for themselves. Of course there was a difference of opinion, but the majority were inclined to believe that he had made a very good calculation, and no doubt all present, such is

the influence of imagination, preferred that part to any other. But it was no use, for the customary good fortune of my friend deserted him on this occasion, and he was very wide of the mark.

"Try the Latin, Gellie," cried one of the students.

"*Dii contrarii sunt*," said he, amid roars of laughter.

"Well, try Mathematics."

"Itidem, itidem," said he again to this request. "No favourable answer will be returned. *Alio tempore, alio tempore.*"

"All right, my boy; we will wait till another time, but if you do not take them next Saturday it will be too late, and you will be a prophet after the time."

"We will see about it. You've had enough for the present, and therefore we will consider the *divinatio* at an end"—after which the greater part left the room.

"I hope you will be as successful as on former occasions," said I, as I went up to the performing augur, who was laying aside his *lituus* and disrobing himself of his *toga prætexta*, which I found was a purple-striped dress of his landlady's. "Your luck was decidedly in the ascendant on the two former occasions."

"Yes; I hit it pretty near."

"So near, that in olden times you would have been taken for a prophet."

"Many have been taken for prophets with much less reason."

"Why, many of the ancient Roman and Greek prophets were not so near the mark. Look at Delphi. The famous oracle there was more remarkable for the double meanings which it uttered and expounded than for the truthfulness of its vaticinations."

"That is the way with most of our so-called prophets of modern times. They were a little before their age: knew more than their neighbours, and were able to turn that knowledge to the best account."

"But your plan is not so sure as that of Robertson's," said another student who was in the room.

"What is that?" said Gellie.

"His system of copying."

"It is more honourable, I should think, and, what is more to the point, perfectly legitimate."

"I grant all that. But I am speaking of the adaptation of means to an end. Robertson has reduced his to a system, and really deserves credit for it."

"I never consider anyone deserves credit for doing what is dishonourable," said Gellie, rather indignantly. "It's a great pity he did not expend his ingenuity upon his legitimate work."

"Hold there, my boy; don't class me among his followers, or consider that I grant him credit for copying. It is only his system I speak of."

"Rather a nice distinction for me. It seems, I must say, a distinction without much difference."

"Never mind that just now. I will try to explain his system to you as he did to me the other night. I think I understood him."

"Go on, then."

"We will suppose the examination to be one in Senior Mathematics—the most difficult of all, and one which causes quakings of heart to the great majority of us. Well, Robertson knows perfectly well that the professors will not put themselves to the trouble of investigating the contents of his pockets to see if there is anything contraband. He, therefore, makes them the receptacles of his cribs."

"The days of finger-nails for dates, and wide arm-

sleeves for slips of paper are over, I see. An improvement has come."

"Yes, a decided improvement, think such as Robertson. As I said, all the pockets of his coat are made available, and ticketed along with their contents."

"Quite a system, I see," said Gellie, interested in spite of himself.

"Yes; but that is not all. He has a slip of paper in his pocket, or inside the paper on which he is to write, on which all these pockets are carefully numbered and the contents of each marked. By this means he can at once see where any particular thing wanted is, and abstract it when the professor's back is turned."

"I see, I see. But is he not apt to confuse and abstract the wrong paper?"

"That's just where the beauty of Robertson's system is, and on which its accuracy depends. Let us descend a little more to particulars, and you will see that he does not boast without good cause. Suppose he has four pockets: one for Spherical Trigonometry, another for Conic Sections, a third for Differential and Integral Calculus, and the last for odds and ends. These he numbers one, two, three, four; and their contents are also numbered on his catalogue in the order in which they occur in his pocket. Suppose that he looks at his examination paper and finds that he wants in Spherical Trigonometry that part of De Moivre's Theorem which is marked three in his catalogue: he goes to pocket No. 1, counts carefully the sheets of paper, and when he comes to three, abstracts it from his pocket and deposits it among his papers. Again, suppose, in Conic Sections, that he wants that famous theorem about the Parabola, of which 'Freddy' is so fond,

and which he finds marked five in his catalogue: he goes to pocket No. 2, counts the papers there until he comes to it, and then does the same as before. And so with anything else from the other pockets. Of course, he is careful that the paper is in every case the same, and that the same ink and pen are used, for otherwise there might be created a suspicion of foul play. There are, it may be supposed, a number of questions which cannot be treated in this manner, but he trusts to be able to do some of these, and thus be enabled to pass. 'Freddy' is so fond of certain things that we are sure to get some of them, and, with pockets filled in this manner, Robertson cannot miss the mark if he is not too closely watched."

"I never heard of the like of that in all my life," said Gellie.

"Did I not say right when I declared that he deserved credit for the perfection to which he had brought the art of cribbing?"

"Perhaps he does, but, to say the least of it, it is most dishonourable."

"Not only do I say so, but I also assert that it is very unfair to the more honourable of the students."

"Very, and ought to be exposed."

"Undoubtedly. It is a disgrace that anyone by his carelessness and laziness should have brought himself to such a state."

"Did he not seem ashamed of it?"

"Not in the least. He rather seemed to glory in the fact of 'doing' the professors, and to boast the perfection of his scheme."

"It is shameful. Of course in all classes there will be a certain number of lazy fellows who will not do the work, and who, when the examinations come, will either copy off their companions or do as Robertson is doing. They ought to be horse-whipped."

"No young man of any honourable feeling would act in this manner. I told Robertson that, but he only laughed at my fastidiousness, as he called it, and said that there were two sides to a question."

"Decidedly: a right and a wrong, and he is following the wrong. He may get off now—though I hope he won't—but it will tell against him in the future. The dishonest boy will be the dishonest man, and there is as much dishonesty in that as in abstracting money from another's pocket, in my view. Though I am not an advocate for *viva voce* examinations, I would be inclined to have these fellows pulled over the coals in that way."

"It would be a surer test for them, but, on the whole, my own opinion from actual experience is that written examinations are the best test of a good scholar. A student who is nervous never gets on well at a *viva voce* examination, and professors often, from their manner, make them so. And if they have any feeling against a student—for they are but mortals—it is sure to come out on such an occasion."

"True. I uphold the written examinations for many reasons, and these among others—they make us more accurate and more particular. You may remember the aphorism of Bacon: 'Reading maketh a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man'."

CHAPTER XXVII

A dirge for him, the doubly dead, in that he died so young.
—*Poe : "Lenore."*

THE examinations were drawing near, and every moment of spare time was employed by the students in preparing for them. They were seldom to be seen strolling the streets at night, as they were accustomed to do in the early part of the season, unless, perhaps, a few who did not care about their position in the class, and who were certain to be among the number of the "stuck."

My cousin, though working very hard, often came to my lodgings and spoke about his companion. He was not satisfied with the state of his health, and persisted in declaring that he was much worse than he appeared to be or would allow us to think. He said that he often saw expressions of pain pass over his face when he thought he was not being observed, and in his sleep he moaned, as if suffering from some internal pain. I said that if I were in his place I would call quietly upon the doctor and state how matters stood. He did so that evening, and found him at home.

"Well, anything the matter with your friend?" said the doctor.

"I can hardly say. There is perhaps nothing to arouse apprehension, but I am not satisfied: I see expressions of pain pass over his face when he thinks

I am not looking at him, and in his sleep he moans as if in pain."

"So, so," said the doctor, meditatively.

"He also looks thinner and paler even to my eye, though a stranger perhaps would note even a greater change."

"Just so, just so," said the doctor, still in a musing tone.

"I am sure this hard grinding must be very much against him."

"When do the examinations come off?"

"Next week."

"I don't think much can be done till then, for anything I could do would be completely neutralized by his anxiety about the examinations."

"I do not think he is fit to go up to them. They will kill him."

"I should hope not. There is no doubt the excitement is keeping him up, and that there will be a relapse after they are over. There is no use disguising this fact."

"I can easily see it myself. If his strength keeps up till then, it is sure to give way after all is over."

"But we must look after him a little better. I have been rather busy of late, else I would have called, but I'll do so to-morrow, after you return from college—in a free and easy way, you know."

"You must not let him know I have been here. He would never forgive me."

"No fear of that, no fear of that."

Agreeably to his promise the doctor called upon them next day as they were at dinner.

"Ah, caught you grubbing! Never mind. Go on; I have no doubt I'll find something interesting on this side the table. Ah, Tennyson! I did not think you would have had time to study him."

"Perhaps study is not the right word," said my cousin. "I only take him up in my leisure hours, as a relaxation from severer studies."

"Not a bad idea. A good poet, though somewhat fanciful. Years will mellow down that, and then we will have a man and poet superior to any in the present generation."

"I am glad you have such a favourable opinion of him," said my cousin, "for he is my beau-ideal of a true poet."

"He has an extraordinary power of expression, it must be allowed, but I think he will show that more in the future. But what are *you* doing, my quondam patient?"

"Working away as hard as I can, making ready for the examinations."

"When do they come off?"

"Next week."

"So soon, and yet I ought to remember that, seeing it is so near the end of March. You must take care and not overwork yourself before they come. You look as though you had been at that already."

"O, no! I have been taking it rather easy."

"What do you say to that?" said he, turning to my cousin.

"That his taking it easy is what I call working like a horse."

"I should think that is nearer the truth. I must look after you, or you will be knocking yourself up before you get over all your work. It would be a pity to bring you up to the day of the examination, and then allow you to collapse."

"I do not think there is any fear of that."

"The old, old story: will not believe there is any danger. However, there is no use discussing the

matter just now. Your friend will come down and I will give him a mixture, of which you will take a table-spoonful when you feel wearied. It is a stimulant, and may be of some service to you. I would like you to use it as little as possible."

"If I can possibly do without it, I shall not use it. I do, however, often feel worn out long before I ought."

"It can hardly be otherwise, but be as careful as you can, and we will try to pull you through. Call for the medicine," said he to my cousin, "any time in the evening. Good-bye, good-bye."

"Keep an eye on that lad," said the doctor, when my cousin called. "He is killing himself by hard work, and if he does not mind what he is about he will not be fit to pass his examinations. Send him off early to bed."

"You might just as well think of removing a mountain as moving him when he is hard at work. He would not move for the Queen herself."

"He will be sure to ruin all by this way of going on. 'A wilfu' man maun hae his wye,' and I suppose we cannot thwart him without bringing about the very thing we are afraid of. Take him this; let him use it, as I said, when he feels wearied, which I think will be pretty often. It will help to keep up the system a little, but the great thing he requires is rest—total cessation from labour of every kind, mental as well as physical."

"I suppose we cannot look for that until after the examinations."

"No, no; and then perhaps it may be too late. I cannot understand fellows killing themselves for the sake of a paltry prize—for the honour of only one day, or, at the furthest, one week."

"When one looks at it in that light it does seem folly."

"Downright, arrant folly! A fellow's life is short enough at the best without his foolishly curtailing it. Students are a parcel of asses, who never think for one moment of the most simple rules of health," and he strutted backwards and forwards in a fume.

"Well, well, never mind. You cannot put an old head on young shoulders, and we must let him take his own way for a time. I have no doubt he will regret it by and by."

My cousin left, and did everything in his power, during the short time that intervened before the examinations, to prevent Macleod from prolonging his studies, but all in vain. He even seemed to study more closely than before, and my cousin was by no means sorry when the examination days came. These were Monday and Wednesday—the former for Mathematics and the latter for Natural Philosophy. My cousin noticed on Tuesday evening that he was very much exhausted, and tried to prevail upon him to go to bed.

"After to-morrow I will have plenty of that," said he in a sad tone.

"Yes, but I am afraid you will seriously hurt yourself even before that time comes."

"I do not think that one night more can do much harm." Then, after a pause, he said abruptly, "I cannot understand myself now. I never felt this way before. I used to be as fresh as may be before examination time, but I feel quite worn out now."

"You must remember that you have not been well of late."

"I never could have thought that it would make such a difference. But wait till this other examination is over, and I will give myself rest. That will soon bring me round to my old self again."

My cousin could hardly refrain from sighing as he looked at the wasted form before him, and considered whether he ever would be himself again. That nervous twitching of the nostrils and that difficulty in breathing hinted at another tale.

It was enough to affect the most callous heart to see Macleod walking over to the college, leaning on my cousin's arm. The small hill that used to be considered nothing was now a hard toil, and they had to stop several times to give him rest or wait until some severe fit of coughing had passed away. When they reached the summit it was a great relief to both, and they smartened their walk a little as they went down the gentle incline which led to the college. Arrived in the quadrangle, the students crowded round them to inquire after his welfare, and the stiff, independent, somewhat cold young man seemed to be very much affected by the anxiety of his class-fellows. Soon there came the hurry and excitement of the entrance, and Macleod and my cousin were separated, the former having been kindly placed near the stove, in the library, where the examination was to take place. During the whole of the time occupied by the examination, my cousin often looked towards him, always seeing him busy at work, and near the close noticed him deposit his paper and leave the room. It was some time before he was able to follow, and when he got out he found him leaning against the library door, looking around and evidently thoroughly exhausted.

"Well, how do you feel now, Macleod?"

"Utterly done up. I could do no more were fifty examinations before me."

"Take my arm, and we will get a cab to take you home."

"Anything, anything; I care not what it be, were

I only home. But let me have one look more—one long, lingering look. Perhaps it may be my last, my last, my last," and he gazed round with hungry, eager eyes on the pile where he had spent so many hours, and where he had triumphed so often.

"Oh no, not that," said my cousin; "you are making yourself worse than you are."

"Do not flatter me with false hopes. I am quite certain that the sensations I feel at my heart are those of death. Don't you know that I have seen the anxiety on your kind face for the last week or two, and understood your longing for the close of the examinations. And now they are over, my work is done, and I will no more enter this gate. Let me feel it; let me touch it once more—only once, you know it will be the last," and he took hold of one of the bars, and, with eyes fixed on vacancy, stood for a few seconds in deep thought.

"Come away, you are exciting yourself too much. It will do you harm. Here is a cab; let us get into it, and we will soon be home. I want to get you to bed so that you may have some rest."

They entered the cab and were soon at their quarters. With very great difficulty he managed to get upstairs, for a deadness seemed to have come over his body, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could move his limbs. When he got up to the room he dropped into the easy-chair like a piece of lead. My cousin left him for a little, and when he returned he had fainted away. Getting him at once to bed, he went for the doctor, who, on seeing him, shook his head, looked very grave, and applied some restoratives. As soon as Macleod opened his eyes he looked into the doctor's face with a longing, wistful gaze, and then whispered, "It's come at last, doctor!"

"I hope not," said the doctor, in a hopeful tone. "I must try what I can to bring you round. Now that these examinations are over, and we can have rest for an unlimited time and plenty of country air, there is every chance for you."

"I'll never see the country again, doctor, nor the blue peaks of my own native hills. No, never more!" and the tears started into his eyes.

"You are taking by far too gloomy a view of it. You have overworked yourself and are now paying the penalty. Rest will do wonders. You must not let your spirits get low, for that is the worst thing possible for you."

"How can they be otherwise when you feel death gnawing at your vitals. Do you think Prometheus was in high spirits when he felt the eagle gnawing at his liver?"

"Can't say, as I was not acquainted with the gentleman, but this I do know, that you are spouting too much, and *that* I will not allow."

After giving some directions how to act, the doctor said to my cousin as he stood with him at the street door, "I need not conceal from you that your friend is in a critical state. He has completely overwrought himself, and is so prostrated that I am not at all pleased with his state. If he does not speedily rally I would not say much for his future chance of life."

"I hope it is not so bad as that."

"We will hope for the best. I'll call upon you to-morrow morning; and, meantime, if there is any change, either for the better or the worse, let me know, whatever the hour is."

In the middle of the night my cousin was awakened by a sharp cry. He got up and went to Macleod's bedside, but started back in alarm when

he saw his eyes staring wildly about him, and a red stream of blood flowing from his mouth. Dressing hurriedly, he called the landlady, and rushed frantically for the doctor. Together they hurried through the darkness and dullness of the streets, and reached the room shortly after the landlady had got to his bedside. Looking long and carefully at him, the doctor shook his head, placed him in an easier position, and wiped the blood from his mouth. Then lifting the wasted hand, which lay upon the coverlet, he felt the pulse and looked anxiously at his face. Slowly, very slowly, the colour began to return to his lips and cheeks, and after a little the eyes gently opened, and he looked as if about to inquire what was the matter. The doctor held up a warning finger, still, however, retaining the hand to note the action of the pulse. Then, after a little, he said, "Quietness, quietness, above everything! Lie in one position, for motion backwards or forwards will only increase the flow from the wound. Your friend will help you to the mixture I'll send. See you," said he, turning to the landlady, "that he obeys my orders, for I am inclined to think he often goes contrary to them."

As my cousin and he returned to his surgery, the doctor said, after a long pause, "That last attack has done for him, I'm afraid. He was weak before, but this will make him much worse. What I give him can do little good. It's a pure case of one killing himself by not attending to nature's laws. It's most aggravating to see a clever young man needlessly cut off before his time."

My cousin walked on in silence, his heart too full to speak.

"If a post-mortem examination were made upon his body," continued the doctor, "the verdict ought

to be 'Committed suicide while in a sound mind.' It's enough to make one wild," and the doctor strode off at such a speed that my cousin could hardly keep up with him.

"Give him that—a table-spoonful, you know, every hour or so. But it's no use: he'll never get better. He's killed himself, when he might have lived to be an old man and done some good in his day. Don't you tell him that, though."

"No, no," said my cousin, hardly able to speak.

"Now, get to bed yourself, and let your landlady look after him for a time. You have been overstraining yourself by your examinations and anxiety concerning your friend. I do not want two patients on my hands. Besides, it can do no good—cannot add one hour to your friend's life."

That day, my examinations being over, I went to divide the watching of our friend with my cousin. I had not seen him for some days, and could not have believed that such a change would have happened in so short a time. His eyes were sunken, and had that peculiar look which only those have who are drawing near to the grave—a look as if anxious to take in more than the vision permitted. The hand was thin and bony, the blue veins standing out prominently, and looking still more blue from the contrast to the white. Altogether, he gave me the appearance of one who had not long to live.

"Thin, is it not?" whispered he, holding up his hand. "I am passing away," and, overcome with the thought, he turned away his face and wept.

I did the same, for I could not help myself.

"It's hard, when one is so young and just entering upon life," continued he, after a time, "but I have got to think more resignedly about it. There

is one thing: I hope I have not lived in vain. Though fond of empty honours—the honours of my college, which to me now seem as nothing—I hope I have not been useless in the world." And then he stopped for want of breath, and lay panting on the bed.

At another time he said, "Don't *you* fall into my error—the killing of yourself with hard work. What are honours and prizes in comparison with good health and the opportunity of doing good? I would give all the prizes I ever obtained, ten times over, to have health back again. But I must not complain."

On the Saturday he got very low, and we were afraid he would pass away. He rallied, however, in the afternoon, and seemed much better. A note came to my cousin from one of the professors inquiring about him, and also privately intimating that Macleod was first prizeman in both classes. This information was sent with the hope that it might aid in restoring him to his usual state of health. After a consultation on our part, we told him the result of the examinations, and watched with anxiety the effect upon his feeble frame. A faint flush of joy overspread his face, and his eye flashed for a moment with pleasure. But it was only for a moment. Turning to us he said, "Yes, it is a pleasure even yet to know that I have outstripped them all, and stand first. But these prizes I'll never see, and as I may not have the opportunity again of speaking about them, I will do it now. I wish them given to you two—Mathematics to the one and Natural Philosophy to the other. When my name is called out and I am not there"—a long pause, broken only by our sobs—"go up, each of you, and get them, and say that it was my particular

request. It is the only return I can make you for your great kindness. Tell the doctor to choose one of my books—any one he pleases, a prize if he likes —as a remembrance of me. And now, let me say my last, my final words. Sell all my books, unless what you wish to keep for yourselves. With what you obtain for them, and the second half of my bursary, you will have plenty to pay all my debts and leave enough to put me decently under mother earth. If there is anything left, put it in my chest with my clothes and send it to the address you will find marked upon it. I do not remember anything else. Bury me within sight of the old college tower. It is a fancy, but I would like that the sound of the old cracked bell should occasionally boom over me. I need not say how much I feel your kindness to me, and how much you have softened the bitter end. God will reward you for it. I have none to leave but you, and I do so as if you were in reality my brothers. Farewell!"

We could not speak, so overcome were we with emotion. He fell into a quiet slumber, which continued the most of the night. When the doctor saw him in the morning he said he could not last much longer. His breathing gradually grew fainter and fainter, and at times we really thought he was gone. As the bells began to ring for morning service he raised his head as if listening, a sweet smile passed over his countenance, and, muttering some endearing expression in his native Gaelic, he gently passed away—we trust to a more exalted worship above.

We buried him near his old college, within the sound of the cracked bell, and almost within sight of the place where he had struggled and triumphed. His funeral was attended by all the students and

professors, and many a dim eye looked upon that coffin lid, marked with the simple inscription: "Robert Macleod, died aged 21. 'Whom the gods love die young.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells.
—*F. C. Mahony.* (*1804-66.*)

It was the last Friday of the session, and we rose filled with thoughts of the prizes to be announced that day. And not we alone, for many an anxious heart throbbed as others walked that familiar road for the last time that session. They were not perhaps so nervous as they had been at the commencement, when they assembled in the same public hall to hear the list of bursars, for then their whole future depended on the decision; but, with an anxiety increased by the work of the session, and after a five months' contest, these various athletes could not but be a little excited as to the result. In general, a very good idea was entertained of those who were likely to head the list, but as everything in our University was decided by written examinations, there was often a very great difference in the list from what had been expected. All during the session, but particularly towards its close, the steady, hard-working student had been creeping up to the front—another illustration of the hare and the tortoise—and now he was to receive the reward of his exertions. We think that nowhere is this so clearly proved as at college, for the flashy student—he who wants to appear clever—takes a high place in

the class at the commencement of the session and works by fits and starts; but when the close comes, and the real test of a scholar is applied, finds himself far outdistanced by him who has quietly but steadily pursued the even tenor of his way. A dashing manner may carry a man through the world, and that world may give him credit for what he does not possess, but one session at college is sufficient to prove such a student's proper place—a place generally far down in the order of merit—and, once it is found, there is usually no future change.

A little after ten the public hall was completely filled by the students who, as usual, indulged in the amusements common on such occasions. And yet one, by closely observing, might see that these were not so heartily entered into as on former occasions, the students being either tired of them or perhaps thinking them beneath the dignity of young men about to leave the University. On the appearance of the sacrist in his gown trimmed with purple silk velvet, and the mace on his arm, followed by the professors in a long row, the noise subsided, and all sat anxiously awaiting the result. After prayer, the Vice-Principal stood up and said that he would now announce the successful candidates for the highest honours of the college—the Simpson Mathematical and Greek Prizes, and the Huttonian Prize for the best scholar in all the classes. "The first of these," said he, raising his voice, "the Mathematical Prize of £60, has been gained by Mr. Thomas Barker." No sooner was the name announced than a loud cheer rang through the hall, which was renewed again and again when little Tom stepped forward and received from the Professor the envelope with the enclosed cheque. After a little the Vice-Principal again said, "The next prize, the Simpson Greek Prize of £60,

has been gained by Mr. Thomas Gentles." Even a greater noise than before arose as he went forward, and this continued so long, causing the dust to rise in a thick cloud all over the room, that 'Davie,' fond of his joke, could not resist the temptation of saying in one of the lulls, "Gentlemen, I would feel obliged if you would not kick up such a dust," on which the "ruffing" was changed into uproarious laughter, small though the joke was. "The next name I have to announce is the winner of the Huttonian Prize of £15, for the best scholar in all the classes. This has been gained by Mr. William MacGregor." As the tall, slightly stooping young man went forward calmly and quietly, there burst from all a loud cheer, for he was universally respected, and everyone was pleased that he had obtained his reward for his hard "grinding."

'George' then stood up, prefacing his list, however, with the remarks that the papers presented to him by his classes this session were undoubtedly of a higher order than those which had been received by him on any former occasion. For the edification also of the Junior Latin class, he begged to inform them that their class certificates, so necessary prior to their entrance upon the troubled arena of the world, would be presented to them at the conclusion of the present Senatus-consultum, and that those gentlemen whose papers, through the superabundance of class operations, had been unavoidably omitted, would have them forwarded to their future habitations free of all charge. Then came his list of prizemen, among which my own name appeared rather far down in the list, for 'George's' Roman antiquities had proved my stumbling-block. However, this was made up by my position in Greek, for there the third place was

awarded me, an honour which I considered much greater than the same position in Latin. The Mathematical Professor then announced his list, and as the first name in the senior class was read out there came a sudden hush, for all thought of that coffin upon which they had looked only one day before. Slowly my cousin went forward, and as he was well known as Macleod's most intimate companion, they quietly watched him approach the desk and speak to the Professor. Then, in a husky voice, the latter said, "It is at the particular request of the deceased that this prize is delivered to Mr. Jamieson." My cousin returned to his seat bearing the volumes, but had again, to his great surprise, to march up and receive the fourth prize, to which he had been found entitled. When the Natural Philosophy Professor stood up and announced his first prizeman, there was the same hush, and as I went up he took the opportunity of saying, "Robert Macleod was, without doubt, the cleverest young man who has been at college for many a year"—a compliment by no means undeserved. The other prizes soon followed, after which the students quietly dispersed, the successful prizemen receiving the congratulations of their friends outside, while those who had failed made an abrupt departure, disgusted with everybody and even with themselves, for at such a moment the most conceited cannot but be conscious that their failure is entirely owing to their own carelessness, or want of steady perseverance.

And then comes the last and most important of all the ceremonies at the college—the capping for A.M. Once on a time the Magistrand wore a Master of Arts gown and hood, but these grand days are over, and he robes his person in a gown generally borrowed from some clerical friend, and places on

his head a hat—an article which many of them have been known to wear for the first time. Ranged in a row before the Senatus, they are each covered with a small cap, which scarcely lies on the crown of their heads, but which, having already decorated the craniums of many famous men, is supposed to contain some virtue unknown to the vulgar. A certain amount of Latin being muttered, the farce is concluded by the professor shaking hands with all in turn, and accepting them as brothers. For this, and a piece of parchment with a tin box containing the seal of the University, they have the pleasure of paying about £5, after having passed some twenty examinations, failure in any one of which would have forfeited the right to be "capped." By many in our day, and we have no doubt also in this, it was considered very hard to pay for an honour for which they had wrought so assiduously. But as it was considered a mark of failure not to take the degree, and all who did not take it were placed among the "stuck," many a poor student paid the smart, though finding it very difficult to raise the requisite funds. An honour thus paid for can hardly be considered as such.

And now the work of the session is over. The quadrangle is deserted; the colonnades echo no longer to the sound of the students' steps or their hearty peals of laughter; the classrooms, but yesterday full of life and vigour, are now empty and silent, while John, the sacrist, moves from room to room as if out of his element, shutting the doors, and feeling himself slightly affected by the unusual silence and solitude. On the old pile there has suddenly fallen an academical repose, which remains undisturbed for seven months.

But before the separation and the going out on the

mighty stream of life that circulates all over the world, the class supper had to be discussed and sundry speeches made. Some forty of the students who had sat for the last five months, many of them for the last four years, on the same benches, now assembled round the festive board for the first, and perhaps the last, time. And yet such a thought seemed to trouble none of them, for they ate their supper and drank their toddy as if there were no skeleton present at the feast. Jokes were cracked, individual peculiarities alluded to, and personal remarks made without any regard to the fact that those present might never meet again. After disposing of the usual loyal toasts, the chairman rose with flushed cheek and scintillating eye, and, glancing through his spectacles down each side of the table, spoke as follows:—"Gentlemen and class-fellows,—This is a pleasant and yet a sad occasion on which we are met: pleasant, because we have come to the conclusion of our arduous labours, and now stand the proud *Artium magistri* of our college; and sad, because those who have mingled together for the last five months, in some cases for the last four years, will now, after the close of our meeting, in all likelihood never meet around the festive board again. There is this consolation, however, which remains to us all, that, if we do our duty faithfully and honourably in this world, we will be rewarded on that day when we shall all meet around the throne of God. You may remember what a noble poet of our time has said, and said well—

> I will go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,
> But in the armour of a pure intent.
> Great duties are before me and great songs,
> And, whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
> It matters not, so as God's work be done.

To encourage us in the performance of our duty, we have only to look upon the illustrious roll of those who once adorned our college, and whose names are now as household words. We can point to men famous in the Church, Medicine, Law, the Army, and the less obtrusive walks of life, whose example ought and must be a stimulus to us in our onward progress. And we have no doubt that our influence and example will extend yet further, for the opening of the Southern universities to our students, as also the freer access to the civil and military appointments, will pave roads for many who otherwise would have been content to spend their energies on the dull intellects of a parish school. And in after years, in climes as different as our characters, we will meet, reviving each other's recollections of the past and laughing heartily over many of our youthful pranks. But to me the saddest thought of all is, that never more again shall we all meet in this world, never more shall we all stand around the festive board, and, clasping hands together, sing the parting song of our immortal bard. But though this sad thought does come uppermost, and though most assuredly in the nature of things this must be our lot, let me express the wish that when we have done our duty here, and answered the call that must come to us sooner or later, we may hear the gracious welcome, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter ye into the joy of your Lord!'"

After this there were other speeches, all more or less resembling that from the chair, and then, all standing up, we clasped each other's hands, and sang that song which has drawn tears from many an eye. And there were many wet eyes there, eyes suffused with tears that had not been guilty of any such weakness for many a day. Then, with three cheers

for the professors and three cheers for the dear old college, the meeting broke up, and its component parts melted into the ceaseless flowing stream of human life.

As we went along the street, accompanying some of our fellow-students to the Old Town, we were unusually quiet and reflective. The Magistrands were thinking that their course of education was over and that they must now begin their battle with the world, while the younger students, affected by the others, kept decorous silence. When we came to the top of the hill a proposition was made to return, but this was negatived by Lockhart, who declared that, having come thus far, he would have one look more at the old place, since the night was so beautiful. This entirely agreeing with the feelings of the others, a general march took place down the incline, when, finding the gates locked and not relishing the idea of scaling the rails, we passed round to the back, and after some time found our way into the quadrangle. There we stood, looking upon the old pile with reverent eyes, and feeling in our heart that this hour would be long remembered by us as the stepping-stone from one period of life to another—from the preparation for duty to its actual performance. By and by there came a low sound from one of our number, which, caught up by the others, gradually shaped itself into the following parting song:—

O ALMA MATER, PARENS.

To thee, dear Alma Mater, our voices we upraise,
And all united sing to thee our parting song of praise,
Before we leave thy ancient pile to battle with the world,
And bear aloft life's banner, now openly unfurled.

O Alma Mater, parens,
Carissima valde,
Lacrimas profundimus,
Vale, vale, vale!

KING'S COLLEGE CROWN.

In green unfledged Bajeantdom we entered thy wide gate,
And now as proud Magistri we pass through it elate ;
And in the wild exuberance of the excited soul,
Think everything on earth and sea should bend to our control.
O Alma Mater, parens,
Carissima valde,
Lacrimas profundimus,
Vale, vale, vale !

The past is quite forgotten in the future's glorious show,
That, conjured up by Fancy's touch, makes all our feelings glow ;
But when that future shall become the past to you and me,
Ah, what will then the pictures be which shone so gloriously ?
O Alma Mater, parens,
Carissima valde,
Lacrimas profundimus,
Vale, vale, vale !

Then, from our hearts' best corner, the days we have spent here
Shall rise and stand before us conspicuous and clear ;
And as we think upon them, mayhap with moistened eyes,
The well-known forms of college friends before our minds shall rise.
O Alma Mater, parens,
Carissima valde,
Lacrimas profundimus,
Vale, vale, vale !

And high o'er all the frolic, the hard work, and renown,
Will stand thy grey and lichened tower, surmounted by the Crown ;
And when in lands far distant we turn our thoughts to thee,
We'll see thy Crown stand forth and grace thy pile continually.
O Alma Mater, parens,
Carissima valde,
Lacrimas profundimus,
Vale, vale, vale !

Slowly the last verse was sung as if each felt the illusion, and that the future was even now a past to them. But when its echoes had died away we gazed long and earnestly around us, left in silence the quadrangle, and made our way home. At each turn we glanced round to take a last look, and felt the affecting truth of that line of Ovid which he puts into the mouth of one of his lovers—

Vix illud potui dicere triste vale.

CHAPTER XXIX

Say ye, red gowns that hae been here,
Gin e'er thir days hae had their peer,
Sae blythe, sae daft?
Ye'll ne'er again in life's career
Sit half sae saft.

—*Robert Fergusson.*

SINCE the date of the last chapter ten years have passed away, and during their course changes both great and numerous have taken place. To every quarter of the globe that company has been scattered, and many, alas, have gone from the land of the living. A great number entered the Church, and now hold distinguished places among the preachers of the age, while some of their confrères are fast climbing up the tree of the Medical profession, and, if spared, will help to take the places of those who were their teachers. Some—alas! too many—have sunk out of sight, or into abject wretchedness, through indulgence in that curse of our country—strong drink. Many who began the race well, and who seemed to be certain of success in the world, have not attained the prize; while others whom we valued little, and who really seemed unlikely to succeed, have come to the front, and stand now before the admiring eyes of their countrymen. Truly, the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.

But, to descend a little more to particulars, and acquaint the reader with the future of some of those

mentioned in the former part of this history, I may place before him a letter which I lately received from that cousin already frequently noticed. The letter is dated from some outlandish place, whose name is so unintelligible that I dare not write it, and in which the regiment on whose medical staff he is has been for some time stationed. The Scotchmen from every accessible quarter had had a picnic, and this seems to have suggested the letter:—

DEAR MAC,

We have just finished singing the "Old Folks at Home," and I feel very sad indeed. All the rest have departed. I am left alone, and, spite of everything, and of the jolly day we've had, I have got into a very sad mood and been dreaming of the past. When singing the "Old Folks at Home" I could not help thinking of the days we used to do it in Jem Ross's lodging in the Old Town, and when that half-mad medical accompanied us every now and then on that abominable trombone or touting horn of his. It was laughable, no doubt, and yet the best of it all was Jem Ross's loud laugh, which invariably sent us into convulsions—and Jem's a rural dean now, ah me! But there was a charm about our song to-night which I never felt before. We were all Scotchmen—some of them you knew—and we all felt as we sang that we were far, far away from those "old folks at home" who had been so kind to us, and whom we would all have been greatly delighted to see. As we sang, first one and then another began to shed a tear, and when we came to a close there was not a dry eye amongst us. And yet none of us were ashamed of these tears. We looked into each other's faces, and when not able to speak, on account of that peculiar sensation in the throat which you feel when greatly moved, we shook our heads and remained silent. How long this silence might have continued I know not, but it was suddenly broken by the rush of a young tiger into our midst, which was kept as a pet by some of the young fellows. The feeling of sentiment gave place at the first glance to that of terror, but when matters were explained, an almost uncontrollable fit of laughter followed.

By the way, do you remember your first Bursary supper and the Highlanders who were there? Well, could you believe it! When last in Bombay I happened to go into one of the Scotch churches to hear a minister who had been highly commended to me. When there, I was certain I had seen him before, but for a long time could not make out where it had been. This continued till he came to a very animated part of

his discourse, when a single gesture recalled the man. Who do you think it was? None other than Macwhirter, one of your guests that night. I called upon him when the service was concluded, and he at once recognized me, invited me to his house, and introduced me to his wife, who came out only last year. She seems a nice person, and he a thoroughly changed man. He recalled that night to me, and declared that that was the first time he was impressed with the idea that he might, besides educating himself, make himself somewhat of a gentleman. And I can assure you he has succeeded. So, you see, your supper and the many of the same kind of which it was the precursor were not altogether in vain.

But I was still more surprised when, at a public dinner at Calcutta, a gentleman, addressing me from the opposite side of the table, inquired if I was acquainted with "George." Now, though I know more than a hundred Georges, still, in my mind, there is and has been only one "George." I at once replied that I did, and inquired if he was acquainted with the gentleman.

"To be sure I do, and the Sabines, two."

"Ha! ha! Did you know the Sabines?"

"Yes; rather think I should, for I'm married to one of them."

"You don't mean to say so?" said I, rather taken aback.

"It's a fact, though, as I can show you, if you come to my quarters. Poor fellow, 'George' is gone at last. They'll tease him no more, for it must be allowed we did worry the poor fellow."

"I'm afraid we did."

"And yet, he's the one that has left the deepest impression upon me."

"And upon me too, for his accuracy, impressed upon me when young, has never left me."

"Do you remember Lockhart?"

"To be sure I do. Do you?"

"I rather think so. Do you remember Fender?"

"Hang it, who are you, then, for you seem to know all my friends?"

"An officer in Her Majesty's service."

"So I see; but what is your name? Mine is——"

"I know yours quite well, and do not wish to be told it. Can you tell me anything of Givan?"

"Dead. Went off in a galloping consumption."

"What a pity. He was a fine fellow."

"As fine, true, and honourable a fellow as was in our lot, as I can testify."

"And I can do the same. Do you remember Alister Macalister?"

"Don't I, just?"

"What is he doing?"

"Preaching to the benighted heathen in his native Gaelic, and, I believe, to his own and his people's satisfaction."

"Well, he was a strange fellow—about the roughest diamond I ever met. What has become of his friend Hector?"

"I believe he is doing something of the same kind. But would you oblige me with the name of the person whom I address?"

"Do you remember Fender and the pea-crackers, or the way he did Lockhart by selling the potatoes?"

"Who on earth are you?" cried I, in utter amazement.

"And do you remember Lockhart and his door-knockers, and the lamps he put out on Bursary night, when he kept the lamplighter running after him for a quarter of an hour?"

"Remember, I should rather think so! But who in the name of wonder, are you?" said I, starting from my seat and staring across the table. As I did so he burst into a loud laugh, which at once informed me that it was that most outrageous of all wags—Lockhart. When he had quite recovered himself, he said, "O, that Fender had been here! Would not he have enjoyed the mystification! But he's snug in his manse thousands of miles away."

I need not tell you that we had a jolly and pleasant talk about old times, and about our college days, in which you and many others figured. The fact is, we were young again and at college, and gave a long, long sigh when we found that it was not the actual reality.

NOTES

BY

WM. KEITH LEASK, M.A.

NOTES

P. 2. *Schoolmaster.*—James Lyall, "*filius Jacobi, agricolae in parochia* Laurencekirk"; b.s.t.m. 1832-36, Marischal College. Schoolmaster of Peterhead from 1844 to 1875. Born, 1816; died, 16 Nov. 1875.

P. 7. *Wullie Robb.*—William Robb, Peterhead. M.A. (K.C.) 1850.

P. 12. *Our class of ninety-four.*—The Class of 1853-57, King's College. For the list, see pp. 180-181 of "Roll of Alumni in Arts of the University and King's College of Aberdeen, 1596-1860." Aberdeen, 1900. Edited by P. J. Anderson, M.A., LL.B.

P. 13. *Famous rector.*—James Melvin. See chap. xxiii.

P. 17. *Riddle and Arnold.*—"Copious and Critical English-Latin Lexicon." By the Rev. T. K. Arnold and Rev. J. E. Riddle. (Rivingtons.)

P. 27. *George Ferguson*, A.M. Edinb., 1833; one of the classical masters in Edinburgh Academy. LL.D. 1860. Last of the Humanists of King's College, from 1847 to 1860. Died July 14, 1866. Humanity = *Literae Humaniores.*

P. 27. *Davie*—"*The fiend.*"—Professor David Thomson, born at Leghorn, Italy, 17 Nov. 1817. M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, 1845; Professor-Substitute of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow, 1840-45; Sub-Principal of King's College, 1854-1860; Dean of Faculty of Arts, 1860-63; Secretary of Senatus, 1860-68. Died at Old Aberdeen, 31 Jan. 1880. See "David Thomson," Aberdeen, 1894, by Rev. W. L. Low; and article by same writer in "Aurora Borealis," pp. 71-82. "His action left him a legacy of temporary unpopularity, and he was referred to among the students as 'The Fiend.' But in time that feeling gave place to one of a very different kind, and he was commonly called by the affectionate title of 'Davie'." P. 74.

P. 27. "*Fifie.*"—Professor Andrew Fyfe, M.D. Edinburgh, 1814; Professor of Chemistry, 1844-61. Last of the "Medi-

ciners" of King's College. This was the most ancient foundation in Britain for the teaching of Medicine, under the Elphinstone Foundation of 1505.

P. 27. "*Habe.*"—Dr. Hugh Macpherson, M.A., King's College, 1788; M.D. Edinburgh, 1794. Elected Professor of Hebrew, 8 Aug. 1793. On 4 Oct. he is granted "leave to go for this winter to London in order to qualify himself more properly for the discharge of his office." Elected Professor of Greek on 8 April 1797. In 1844 he began, up to his death on 12 March 1854, the dangerous habit of teaching by deputy. See chap. xxii for his use of "the glorious words of Pope," and chap. v for the name of "Habe." "Trail tells me the story was current about 'Habe,' that he had to learn Greek after his appointment, and sought to stimulate his students with 'Courage, lads! I am just one day ahead of you!'"—Shewan's "Meminisse Juvat," p. 30 *n.*

P. 27. *Dorian.*—Professor Robert James Brown, of Marischal College, son of Principal W. L. Brown. M.A. Marischal College, 1808; Minister of Drumblade, 1821-27; Professor of Greek, Marischal College, 1827-60; Moderator of Free Church Assembly, 1846. Died 7 Dec. 1872. The "Doric" refers to the Greek dialect, a supposed hobby of the Professor. The *Dorica Via*, along which he proceeded, when late, to Marischal College, was from his house, 19 Golden Square, along Union Street, down steps to Correction Wynd, across St. Nicholas Street, up Flourmill Brae, along Barnett's Close, to Guestrow; thence into Broad Street, exactly opposite the gate of Marischal College, by Ramage's Court, of which the Guestrow end still exists, but the Broad Street end is represented by Mr. Bisset's shop, 85 Broad Street.

P. 28 "*Dot-and-carry-one.*"—A nickname of Professor John Stuart, Marischal College, 1782-1827 (Mrs. Rodger's "Aberdeen Doctors," p. 92), but here applied to John Tulloch, Professor of Mathematics in King's College, 1811-51.

P. 28. *John, the porter.*—John Begg, sub-janitor, King's College; for "John (Smith), the sacrist," see chap. viii.

P. 39. *Secretary or Vice-Principal.*—Professor David Thomson, elected Sub-Principal on 7 April 1854.

P. 39. *List.*—The 1853 Bursary List is here appended:—

Alex. Davidson, George Street, Aberdeen,	£30 0 0
John Garden, Rathven	18 0 0

George Morrison Macpherson (resigned), King's College.			
George Campbell Smith, Banff,	£17	0	0
William M'Gregor,	16	0	0
Henry Paterson, Ballater,	16	0	0
Donald Stewart, Aberlour,	15	0	0
Thomas Barker, Old Aberdeen,	15	0	0
Alexander Ferrier, Woodside,	14	0	0
Alexander Thomson (major), Rothes,	14	0	0
William Murdoch, Dufftown,	13	0	0
David Lockhart, Bryngwin, Swansea,	13	0	0
Stewart D. F. Salmond, Aberdeen,	12	0	0
James Wilson (minor), Keith,	12	0	0
Arthur Rattrie, Aberdour,	12	0	0
John Cosmo Macpherson (resigned), Tarland.			
Andrew Cameron, Tarland,	5	10	0
Peter Donald,	5	0	0
William J. Elmslie, Aberdeen,	5	0	0
James Anderson, Old Aberdeen,	5	0	0
Thomas Gentles, Falkirk,	3	17	0
Charles Dunn.			
James Russell, Elgin,	3	9	8
Andrew Macpherson, Inverness—Macpherson Bursary,	20	0	0

—"Aberdeen Journal," 9 November 1853.

P. 39. *James Plufferson.*—The first bursar was Alexander Davidson, M.A. 1857, Minister of Presbyterian Church, Cleator Moor, Cumberland.

P. 45. *Surgeon in Navy.*—See chap. iii on "Habe" Macpherson : married to a daughter of Principal Macleod.

P. 47. *One professor.*—Professor George Ferguson.

P. 49. *Bageants.*—The academic terminology in use at Aberdeen is based on the Paris model. Paris was "the metropolitan of the universities of the world, whose usages were the authority in all questions of form and practice. There the founder of King's College, Bishop Elphinstone, had taught for many years ; so had the first Principal, Hector Boece."—Burton : "Scot Abroad," p. 167.

P. 55. *Lockhart.*—David Lockhart, b.s.t.m. 1853-57. "At the close of his Magistrand session, David Lockhart went home to Llongor, Llanelly, Wales, where his father was a tenant-farmer. A few months afterwards he took a post as assistant master in a boarding school in Essex, but had to give it up on account of his health. An acute attack of inflammation of the lungs developed into phthisis, from which he suffered till his

death, near Swansea, in 1863 I think. He was a man of fine literary taste and faculty, which the circumstances prevented his turning to account, as he would have done, had health permitted."—Rev. Dr. Gentles, M.A. 1857; Abbey Church, Paisley, 31 Oct. 1905.

P. 55. *Samuel Martin*, "Hatter to the People," 34 Union Street.
Dr. Robert Dyce, 198 Union Street.
Rev. Henry Angus, 50 Dee Street.
Rev. John Murray, 69 Dee Street.
Sir Thomas Wyllie, a slip on the writer's part.
Peter Henderson, error for [later, Sir] William Henderson, 13 North Silver Street.
Dr. Keith, 257 Union Street.
Thomas Blaikie, Provost of Aberdeen, knighted in 1856; 32 Bon-Accord Terrace.

P. 59. *David Thomson*, house at 33 College Bounds.

P. 63. *Mitchell.*—Alexander Mitchell, Drumblade; alumnus King's College, 1853-57; M.D. 1861. Assistant to Professor Lizars (Anatomy), 1861. Staff-Surgeon R.N. Died 1885.

P 65. *Matrimonial contract.*—The allusion dates far back. It is believed to refer to the second marriage of Patrick Forbes ("Prosody"), Professor of Humanity 1817-47.

P. 66. *Café Royal.*—"The Lemon Tree," 7 Huxter Row, kept by Mrs. Ronald.

P. 67. *Fender.*—Peter Fender, b.s.t. 1851-54; m. 1855; son of David Fender, Montreal; in lodgings with Grigor Allan in 2 Park Place and 60 Spital. "Peter Fender went through the Divinity Hall curriculum of the U.P. Church, and, I think, took license, but, if so, did not long continue a preacher. He was offered and accepted a position with the Messrs. Cochrane, millers and grain merchants, Perth City Mills, one of the partners of which [David Cochrane, M.A. 1858] had been at Perth Academy and afterwards at King's College with him. On the dissolution of that firm, he returned to Canada about the year 1872. The Messrs. Cochrane are long since dead, and I have never heard of Mr. Fender since the elder of them died. The Lockhart family are wholly gone, as are the uncle and aunt of Fender, his only relatives—so far as I know—in this country. He did not return to preaching when he went to Canada."—Rev. Dr. Gentles, Abbey Church, Paisley, 31 Oct. 1905.

P. 67. *Grigor Allan.*—Son of farmer at Abernethy, Grantown; M.A. 1856. "On leaving College my brother Grigor taught in a school at Insch, Aberdeenshire, for some time, and then emigrated to Canada. I understand he held an appointment in Smith's Bank, Chicago, for some time, but his health giving way, he went to New Orleans, expecting the change to do good. Finding no benefit, he returned home to Abernethy in 1860, and after a lingering illness he died in May, 1861, and was buried in Abernethy Churchyard, Inverness-shire."—Alexander Allan, Seafield, Inverness, to Rev. James Fraser, The Manse, Erchless, Beauly, 18 Nov. 1905.

P. 67. *Givan.* — William Givan, from Moffat, b.s.t.m. 1852-56; M.A. 1857; in Orchard Cottage. See chap. xxix.

P. 70. *Red Lion.*—It is to be regretted that no picture has been preserved of this ancient hostelry, associated with the meeting of the Aberdeen Philosophical Society in the days of Reid. "The Red Lion with the Latin motto of *Serva Jugum*, painted boldly upon its capacious signboard, and which all students, from time immemorial, persisted in translating, 'Hand round the jug'." — Rev. D. Anderson in "Alma Mater," 7 Feb. 1900.

P. 77. *Donald Stewart.*—Lodgings, 14 College Bounds, with Francis Gellie (chap. xxvi). Educated at Parish School of Aberlour and Rothes, and Grammar School, Aberdeen; 7th bursar 1853; M.A. 1857; late minister of King-Edward.

P. 79. *Sub-Principal.*—Professor David Thomson.

P. 79. *Charles Grant, Alexander Irvine.*—Incident, under different names, recorded in Minutes of Senatus, 14 Nov. 1853; one to be fined in a tenth of the annual value of his Simpson Bursary, the other to lose a half of a Redhyth Bursary, and be debarred from the degree of M.A.

P. 83. *Mathematical Classroom.*—Professor Fuller's, first floor in the Tower.

P. 84. *George Morrison.*— Lodging in 19 College Bounds; from Edinkillie; Hutton, and Simpson Mathematical Prizeman; M.A. 1854; LL.D. 1891; Head Master of Geelong College, Australia. Died 15 Feb. 1898.

P. 88. *John, the sacrist.* — John Smith, sacrist, King's College, 1843-60.

P. 493. *Poet . . . second . . in their day.*—The "poet" is James Beattie; 1st bursar 1749; M.A. 1753; d. 1803; author

of "The Minstrel"; Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in Marischal College, 1760-1803. The "Theologian" is George Campbell, M.A. 1738; Principal 1759-96; author of "Philosophy of Rhetoric," "Dissertation on Miracles," etc. The "Philosopher" is Thomas Reid; M.A. 1726; Regent, King's College, 1751; Professor of Moral Philosophy, Glasgow, 1764. The "Naturalist" is Dr. William Macgillivray, Professor of Civil and Natural History 1841-52. He was M.A. of King's College in 1815; author of "History of British Birds," etc. The "Mathematician" is Colin Maclaurin; M.A. Glasgow, 1713; Professor of Mathematics in Marischal College, 1717-1725.

P. 99. *'George's' . . . Pittenweem speech.*—This clever skit is the production of George Morrison, M.A. 1854. See chap. viii.

P. 106. *Double Bageant.*—One who has attended for a second year the Bajan class.

P. 115. *Senior Wranglers.*—George Middleton Slessor, Old Deer, M.A., 1853; Simpson Mathematical Prizeman; Senior Wrangler 1858; Professor of Mathematics, Queen's College, Belfast, 1860-62.

James Stirling, M.A. 1855; Simpson Greek Prizeman; Senior Wrangler 1860; Judge of the Chancery Division of High Court of Justice; Knight 1886; LL.D. 1887.

Thomas Barker, M.A. 1857 (see chap. xxviii); Senior Wrangler 1862; Professor of Mathematics, Owens College, 1865-85.

P. 118. *Spa Well.*—For the picture of the Well of Spa at this time, prior to its transference to its present site, see "Historical Aberdeen." By G. M. Fraser. Aberdeen, 1905.

P. 121. *Adams.*—James Adams, Orchard Cottage; son of William Adams, farmer, Auchinhove, Lumphanan; M.A. 1855; Schoolmaster of Tarland. Died 12 Feb. 1860.

P. 121. *Keith.*—Alexander Dalziel Keith; M.B., C.M. 26 April 1862; Craigveigh, Aboyne, 1913.

P. 151. *Dr. Robertson,—"Filius Gulielmi, agricolæ in* Pitsligo." Gray Mathematical Bursar, Mar. Coll., 1819; M.A. 1820; Headmaster, Gordon's Hospital; Minister of Ellon; D.D. 1843.

P. 156. *Lecture on the Monday morning.*—The Lectureship on Practical Religion, held by Professor Macpherson on Mondays at 9 a.m.—Minutes of Senatus, 28 October 1853.

P. 174. *Old, cracked bell.*—"Clatter Vengeance." Cast in 1660, demitted office 1868 ; preserved in King's College Library.

P. 180. *Norwegian . . . whole of Scots.*—It is the other way. Sir Piers de Curry challenged the Norwegians at Largs. See Tytler : "History of Scotland," I, p. 16, ed. 1892.

P. 198. *Andrew Halliday.*—Andrew Halliday Duff, son of Rev. William Duff, minister of Grange ; dramatist and journalist. Died 1877. Alumnus of Marischal College 1844-6.

P. 203. *Æneas Macpherson,* 12 Frederick Street ; from Kingussie ; alumnus of King's College 1853-5 ; Chaplain, District Asylum, Stirling.

P. 212. *Greig.*—John Greig ; from Kinneff, Bervie ; M.A. 1857 ; M.D. 1860 ; surgeon in Army. Died 1864.

P. 212. *Ross.*—James Ross, 25 College Bounds ; from Maiden Street, Peterhead ; M.A. 1857 ; D.D. 1893 ; Archdeacon of Armidale, N.S.W. Died 16 Sept. 1902.

P. 212. *Forbes.*—Archibald Forbes, Boharm, b.s. 1853-5 ; LL.D. 1884 ; the War Correspondent. Born 17 April 1838 ; died 29 March 1900 ; buried in Allenvale Cemetery. Memorial to him in the ante-chapel of King's College.

P. 223. *Lockhart and the rest.*—The account in text is based on an incident supplied by one of the actors : "Lockhart lived one year in Charlotte Street, and John Adam, the bookseller, lived next door. One night Lockhart, Morrison from Grange—who succeeded Dr. Milne of Fyvie in Jamaica and died three years ago, Gerrard from Grange—who died teacher of Kennethmont School, Donald Stewart (chap. vii), and others, after speeches, went out. Donald and Gerrard went home, or went to go. The rest made for Union Street, singing for all we were worth, then up Broad Street, where we met some sailors. Such a row took place ! The police took us all to the office. Evidence was led, and Lockhart was 'celled,' notwithstanding earnest appeals made on his behalf. Morrison and I went back to John Adam and got money to bail him out, which was done and the bail forfeited."

P. 266. *Ferguson.*—James Ferguson, 1710-76. Born near Keith.

P. 269. *Dr. Melvin.*—See Professor Masson's "James Melvin." Aberdeen, 1895. His portrait is in the Grammar School (by Cassie), in the window of Marischal College in the Mitchell Hall, and in the memorial window (with Buchanan,

Johnston, and Ruddiman) in the Library, King's College. M.A., Mar. Coll., 1813; LL.D. 1834. Died 28 June 1853.

P. 309. *Francis Gellie.*—B. 6 Nov. 1834; M.A. 1856; ensign H.E.I.C.S., 20 Oct. 1856; lieutenant Bengal Staff Corps, 17 Nov. 1857; captain, 20 Oct. 1868; major, 20 Oct. 1876; lieut.-colonel, 20 Oct. 1882; retired as lieut.-colonel with honorary rank of major-general, 13 Nov. 1886. Major-General F. Gellie was with the 9th Native Infantry at Allyghur when it mutinied in May 1857. Served with the 1st Gwalior Cavalry in May and June 1857, and was present when half of that regiment mutinied at Hathras. Served in the gun escort in the action of 5 July, near Agra, with the Neemuch mutineers, and with the Agra Militia at the battle of Agra, on 10 Oct. 1857, and pursuit of the mutineers. Served with the 3rd Bengal European Regiment in minor affairs in the Agra district in Jan. and Feb. 1858; and with the Allyghur Levy in the Bundelcund Field Force, in 1859 (medal). Commanded the left wing of the 39th Bengal Native Infantry during the Bhutan campaign in 1865-6 (medal with clasp). Served in the Afghan War in 1879, first with the Khyber Brigade and afterwards with the Cabul Field Force (medal).

P. 309. *Professor Anderson.*—The "Wizard of the North." Born, 1814, at Kincardine O'Neil; died at Darlington, 1874. Buried in St. Nicholas Churchyard. At the time of the text he was exhibiting in the County Rooms.

P. 330. *Vice-Principal.*—Prof. David Thomson, "Davie."

P. 330. *Thomas Barker.*—39 Don Street. I Class Maths.; III Class Moral Phil.; Senior Wrangler 1862. Woodlea, Lightwood Road, Buxton, 1906. Died 20 Nov. 1907.

P. 331. *Thomas Gentles.*—Born Falkirk, Stirlingshire, 12 Feb. 1838; Minister of Trinity College Church, Edinb., 1872; Abbey Church, Paisley, 1878; D.D. 1891. Died 2 May, 1910.

P. 331. *William MacGregor.*—Cornhill; II Class Maths.; II Class Moral Phil.; Missionary of English Presbyterian Church, China; D.D. 1902. Died 20 April 1912.

P. 340. *Married to one of them.*—Based on John Gray, Cruden, b.s. 1855-7; M.D. 1861; surgeon-major, Army Medical Department; died 1878. Married to a daughter of Professor Ferguson.